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e written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

THE GUARDIAN

A Monthly Magazine,



The Guardian

Reformed Church in the United States



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Drawn by E. P. STEPHANOFF.

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THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

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The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JANUARY, 1855.—No. I.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE Editor greets his friends of The Guardian, known and unknown, near and far, with a happy New Year.

The heart lingers when it is called to leave behind it that which it will meet no more forever. Thus, somewhat sadly, do we turn to the year that is just gone, while we say to all its joys and sorrows, Farewell!

The Old year is gone. We stand upon the threshold of the New. What it will bring to us, or take away from us, who can know? Whatever shall meet us, may it meet us in the path of duty. What if the year should transfer us into the company of the white-robed saints—into the bliss of an endless life! What if it should shut us out forever from hope, happiness, and heaven! How many of those whose hearts and hopes, on last New Year's day, were living and fresh as ours are now, have gone to return no more.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know!

What changes can a year bring forth. The last eventful year lifts its warning voice like a trumpet: "Be ye also ready!" How have the gates of Death been thronged by the hosts, who went at but a moment's warning. From the foaming waves, that clapped their hands over sinking ships, went up the wail of horror, and the last sad sigh for the "loved ones at home." In many of our cities and towns the noisome pestilence, walking in darkness, has borne away its thousands. Still nearer to us has death silently stepped into the circle of our own nearest friends, and has carried them off, one by one, to the land of silence. They have gone. "Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep!"

We are following after. This year will bring us nearer, if not entirely to our eternal home. Let us pass on humbly, prayerfully, and reverently into the mysteries of the Future!

VOL. VI.—1.

PICTURES OF HOME.

[See Engraving.]

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HOME.

THESE are sweet words. Home! Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet, or the chairs. They are inert, material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived—the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings with such a sweet and tender force, as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of heaven: swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all; acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells love, the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart, is the affectionate wife of his maturer years.

The star that smiled on their bridal eve has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home—the circle of children—beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration as “olive plants round about the table.” We have been such. There was our cradle. That cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply our wants; watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a livelong night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, wast indebted to a mother’s love, sanctified by heaven’s blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely, too sincerely shed, for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, O, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn; the sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature’s inimitable warblers; the “tinkling spring,” where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters, as they came from the hand of the Mighty One; the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds,

the humming of the bees, the cry of the whippoorwill, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night-bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note, which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into the lower region of atmosphere—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, but without losing their power to touch the heart, and still endear that word, home.

There, too, perhaps, we saw a father die; having lived to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, "Behold, I die; but God shall be with you;" and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother, in her meek and quiet old age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore."

MARRIAGE AT HOME.

Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous bridal. When the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take the irrevocable pledge. What an interesting moment! I saw, not long since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of purest white, and in her hand was held a boquet of variegated roses. Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be—

"A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his care dividing."

As I pronounced the words that made them one, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to "home, sweet home." Not that she loved father and mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, "The Bride's Farewell," plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul, than any other combination of thought and song to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousals, or rather in the hour of her departure from her long-loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to father, mother, brother, and sister?

MUSIC AT HOME.

Music in a family is the means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family will, in spite of cares, perplexities, and even of trials, be a cheerful family. Not gay do I mean; for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gaiety. But cheer-

ful in that sense of the term which implies good spirits, and freedom from what Robert Burns calls "carking care;" and in which needless depression of spirits and morbid melancholy are kept out of a family. You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most rainy, cheerless, or wintry day that ever was, if you can have music. And if affliction, by some trying providence, has caused tears to flow, or aching of heart and sorrowfulness of spirit, music, coming to the aid of divine consolations and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of the pain which is experienced, and lighten the weight which oppresses the spirit.

Music promotes good nature in a family. And in this world, where there is so much of old Adam manifested in a thousand ways, and in the family, sometimes, as well as elsewhere, any thing which will promote good nature is to be prized. Who can be mad in the midst of music? or fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears? or keep up sour and sulky manners, when the very air around him is bland with soft harmony?

MAKING A PLEASANT HOME.

It is a duty devolving upon every member of a family to endeavor to make all belonging to it happy. This may, with a very little pleasant exertion, be done. Let every one contribute something towards improving the grounds belonging to their house. If the house is old and uncomfortable, let each exert himself to render it better and more pleasant. If it is good and pleasant, let each strive still further to adorn it. Let flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and vines and woodbines be trailed around the windows and doors; add interesting volumes to the family library; take a good paper; purchase little articles of furniture to replace those which are fast wearing out; wait upon and anticipate the wants of each; and ever have a pleasant smile for all and each.

Make home happy! Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery and by the fireside, and give it the weight of their precept and example. If they should, ours would be a happy and a more virtuous country. Drunkenness, profanity, and other disgusting vices would die away; they could not live in the influence of a lovely and refined home.

Does any one think, "I am poor, and have to work hard to get enough to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our old house more attractive." Think again—is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness, or smoking, or mere listlessness, which might be spent about your homes? "Flowers are God's smiles," said Wilberforce; and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and may be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the one as well as the other. There are but few homes which might not be made more beautiful and attractive. Let all study

to make their residence so pleasant, that the hearts of the absent ones shall go back to it as the dove did to the ark of Noah.

LOVE OF HOME.

O, not the smiles of other lands,
Though far and wide our feet may roam,
Can e'er untie the genial bands
That knit our hearts to HOME.

RETURNING HOME.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us ;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

LITTLE CHILDREN AT HOME.

Somebody once said, beware of that man who does not love children; and we have abundant proof that great minds have always been delighted with the frolics of innocence. The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for his fondness of children; and when the veteran Blücher beheld the children assembled at St. Paul's, the unconscious tear trickled down the cheek of the hardy warrior. The great Burke delighted to unbend his mighty mind amid children's play, and would lie his listless length on the floor, whilst they jumped over him in laughing sport; and as for the fairer portion of creation, Euripides hath long ago declared, they are "all fond of children."

Children are human flowers. Cares crush the spirit, and labor sobers animal life. Disappointment blights and treachery sours the sympathies of the soul, and mildew and rigidity would gather upon the face of human existence but for infancy, springing up in all highways and by-ways, with smiling and bounding step, and joyous laugh, carrying the wayworn man back to his own spring-time, whence, plucking a boquet for his buttonhole, he forgets what manner of person he is, and joys on to the smile and the tune of other days.

MOTHER AT HOME.

What is so faithful as a mother's love? From infancy to age, "through good report and through evil report," the dews of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, followed by scorn, her arms are still open; her breast still kind. Through every trial that love

will follow, cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls—
 Filled with shripes the heart hath builded!
 Home?—go, watch the faithful dove,
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us!
 Home is where there's one we love,
 Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
 It needs something to endear it;
 Home is where the heart can bloom—
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
 What is home, with none to meet?
 None to welcome, none to greet us?
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—
 When there's one we love to meet us!

TO YOUNG MEN.

WE extract the following beautiful paragraph from the address lately delivered before the graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, and commend it to the perusal of the young.

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor, and without work. Among the most pitiful objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education—who has learned how to think, and value his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, who ignobly sits down to nothing; and, of course, to be nothing; with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood—to be regarded as a drone without object or character, with no hand to lift, and with no effort to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say, that—

'If your country stand not by your skill,
 At least your follies have not wrought her fall.'"

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. I.—THE ALMOND TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[In the last number of *The Guardian* we closed our series of sketches on the Birds of the Bible. We found both pleasure and profit in preparing them, as it led us into the study of the scriptures amid rural scenes. The Bible is a true Paradise of joys and delights when studied within doors; but, some portions of it at least, seem to assume new freshness and beauty when we transfer ourselves into the midst of that rural world which brings those interesting objects of Natural History, to which it so frequently alludes, in their living forms around us. Those holy men of old, who recorded the Scriptures, lived and moved much of their time in the rural world. They were, many of them at least, husbandmen and shepherds. The Saviour himself, as well as the Apostles, taught much out of doors; and in many instances their allusions to objects of nature were suggested by what their eyes saw at the time before them. It is quite natural, therefore, that the study of their writings should possess new freshness when we look upon them from the same point of view.

It must be remembered, too, that the Scriptures were written in a distant part of the world from us, in a climate the productions of which are, in many respects, quite different from those familiar to us. This makes it necessary for us to transfer ourselves into a rural world different from our own, in order to be fully at home in the varied allusions of Holy Writ.

Then, too, these objects of Scripture natural history must not be brought to us in dry descriptions, so as to appear before us as the dead skeletons of a cabinet; but, as far as may be done, livingly ornate. This cannot be done, or at least it is not done, in any of the systematic treatises on the natural history of the Bible. We have attempted this in our former series on the Birds, and shall aim at the same thing in this on the Trees.

It must not be regarded immodest in us when we say that many assurances have been given us that the series on the Birds were well received by our readers. Before they were finished we received a request from Lindsay & Blakiston, publishers, in Philadelphia, to prepare them for publication in book form. They were accordingly carefully re-written, somewhat enlarged and improved, and have been so published, with some dozen beautiful colored embellishments of the Birds, such as the dove, swan, stork, eagle, quail, partridge, sparrow, peacock, pelican, ostrich, and swallow. In this form the matter, which the readers of *The Guardian* received for \$1, is now sold in its present beautiful dress for \$5 and \$7, according to the binding. The conception and general manner of treating the subject has been approved by the religious papers which have noticed the book.

Having this kind of encouragement, and the approbation of our readers, we cheerfully proceed still farther to cultivate this field of sacred inquiry. We ask, therefore, that our kind friends of *The Guardian* follow us pleasantly for another year, while we lead them over the hills and vallies which once were trod by the blessed feet of the Prophets and our adored Saviour, and show them the Trees of the Bible.

It is our design to treat in this series, also, the Plants and their Flowers; but we wish to accommodate our subjects somewhat to the seasons of the year. The bleak winter, which now knocks at our doors, and which, with its vegetation retired to the bosom of the earth, and its snows crowning the hills and mountains, suggests to us to begin with—]

THE ALMOND TREE.

“Mark well the flowing almonds in the wood:
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.”

The Almond Tree is several times mentioned in the Scriptures.

It is a very beautiful tree, resembling very much the peach in its leaves and blossoms, but is larger in size. It abounds in the Holy Land. It is also, at the present day, cultivated in England for its beauty, and in the south of Europe for its fruits.

The fruit which it bears is enclosed in a tough shell, and this again in a horny husk, which, like our chestnut and hickory-nut, opens of itself when the fruit is ripe. The almond was regarded as among the fruit that Canaan produced. It is a favorite nut in all lands. It is said that four hundred and fifty tons are imported into England every year, on which the duty alone amounts to the extraordinary sum of \$80,000. It appears among the desserts of most of our best American hotels, and is a great favorite among children.

Among our earliest and pleasantest recollections is the semi-annual visit of our white-haired and venerable grandfather, with a paper of raisins in one pocket and a paper of almonds in the other. Sometimes, too, there were dates. By the way, I wonder whether it was designedly that he always made his presents to his grandchildren in fruits that are the native products of Canaan. We would regard the matter of sufficient importance to address to him a letter of inquiry on the subject, but he has long since gone to the peaceful bosom of the grave! Whether this idea was in his mind or not, I will take a hint from it. It is this: the very next Christmas-tree that is made for my children and friends, shall have a little round heap of almonds at its base, and a little bag of them hanging on one of its branches. Besides this, it shall be richly overhung with bunches of raisins, figs and dates; and as many kinds of Canaan fruits as I can find. This is a fancy of my own, and it shall be done. Then I will call them around it, and tell them all I can learn of these fruits from the Bible.

Perhaps my grandfather knew that among the presents which aged Israel directed his sons to carry to the King of Egypt, to induce him to be friendly to them, there were also almonds. (Gen. 43, 11.)

The word SHAKAD, which denotes this tree, is derived from a root which signifies to make haste, to awake early, to watch. This name was suggested from its nature. It is of hasty growth, it is the first tree that feels the genial warmth of the sun in spring-time, and is first covered with a beautiful crown of flowers, thus awaking to bloom and beauty while all other trees are yet slumbering in the benumbing embraces of winter. In Canaan it flowers as early as January, and so speedy is its development, that its fruit is already ripe in the latter part of March.

This forwardness and haste of the almond tree in bringing to perfection its fruit, explains the allusion which the Prophet Jeremiah makes to it, (Jer. 1, 11 :) "Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou

best well seen; for *I will hasten my word to perform it.*" Thus the Lord himself gives an exposition of his design, in showing to the prophet in a vision an almond rod. "This is the first vision with which the prophet was honored; and his attention is aroused by a very significant emblem of that severe correction with which the Most High was hastening to visit his people for their iniquity." The rod indicates that the punishment will be severe; and the kind of tree from which it is taken shadows forth that the judgments are drawing near, and will speedily come upon them.

It is no doubt on account of the same natural significance that the mystic rod of Aaron was of the almond tree. (Num. 17, 8.) It is likely that the rods of the twelve princes, which are mentioned in the same connection, and which lay with that of Aaron, were of the same tree. This indicated to them that they were to be watchful and quick in their duties. Their influence among the people should be prominent, full of promise, early in fruitfulness, like the almond tree among the other trees.

The rod of Aaron which "budded, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds" in one night, we are told was "for the house of Levi." It is a beautiful emblem of the influence which this tribe of priests should exercise among the other tribes. They should have authority; this was indicated by the rod. They should watch the spiritual interests of Israel, and in this they should be quick and active. They should be the flower and the fruit of the tribes, for the sceptre of Aaron "bloomed blossoms, and brought forth almonds." Some have supposed that the almond rod of Aaron, which, though withered and dead, was made in a short time, by the miraculous power of God, to bud, blossom, and bear fruit, is emblematic of the great High Priest, who, though crucified, dead and buried, was the first to rise from the grave, the first bloom of hope from the rigorous winter of death, the first-fruits of an immortal life.

The bowls of the golden candlesticks, which Moses was directed to have made for the tabernacle, were to be "made like unto almonds, with a knob and a flower in each branch." (Ex. 25, 58.) These candlesticks were the emblems of the light of truth in the tabernacle; they were the watchers of the purity of the ceremonial worship, and were, therefore, appropriately shaped like the almond-flower, which appears early and beautiful, the first to represent, in bloom and fruit, the warmth and vigor of the great light of heaven.

The almond tree, with its crown of snow-white flowers, is made by Solomon a most beautiful emblem of old age. He calls upon the young to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days shall come, when the limbs of the body and the faculties of the mind shall bow under the weight of age, and the hoary head, like an "almond tree shall flourish" with the

blossoms of the grave. Eccl. 12, 5. The emblem is appropriate and touching. The almond blossoms bloom out of the bare branches, before any leaves appear; so the crowning flower of life, upon the head of age, blooms out of the remains of departed freshness and vigor.

"The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough."

Look over the landscape of Canaan; solitary and alone, on the plain and along the distant hill, is seen the white crown of the almond tree. So, when you cast your eyes over the community, or over a congregation of people, appears the venerable head of the aged. This crown is an honorable distinction, if there is purity beneath it. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Like a flower which precedes the fruit, it is a prophecy and promise of "the fruits of righteousness, which are quietness and assurance forever." It is like the robes of the sainted in heaven; and indicates a speedy transfer of those that are worthy, into that happy land. It is the earliest sign of the near approach of eternal spring.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

NEVER omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

NEW YEAR'S VISION.

BY T. T. S.

Once struggling up a rugged steep,
 What time I cannot say,
 I reached the mountains highest peak,
 Thence sloping either way,
 And down the hill, on either side,
 I saw a spacious plain,
 It seemed much like a chequer-board,
 Tho' not alike the twain :

The one, o'erhung by gloomy shades,
 Without one brilliant ray,
 The only light by mortals seen
 Seemed like to dawn of day—
 The other, 'neath a cloudless sky,
 Was brighter far and fair,
 And yet the plain seemed varied by
 A shadow here and there.

Across this chequered plain I spied
 The pathway trod by me,
 The length, if I remember right,
 Was thirty miles and three ;
 Enough, my sluggish spirit seemed
 Aroused to strong desire,
 And in my waking eyes now beamed
 The meditation fire.

While gazing thoughtful on the scenes
 Which 'round this pathway lay,
 And anxiously concerned to know
 How I had passed that way ;
 An angel, clothed in purest white,
 Stood by—with wisdom rife—
 And kindly offered to unfold
 The mystery of my life !

The angel raised his hand and said,
 "Far yonder, do you see
 A spot in richest garb arrayed,
 From sorrow mostly free,
 And in that spot of innocence
 An object strange and new,
 An infant watched by Providence—
 That infant once—were you !

"The garden gate is open wide,
 The infant, now a boy,
 Is out among the pitfalls seen,
 Of laughter full and joy—
 Even there God's arm protected him,
 But how no mortal knew ;
 Unharm'd that wayward boy is seen,
 That wayward boy—were you !

"Full out upon Life's chequered plain,
 More perilous than all,
 Behold what crowds of heedless youths
 Are yearly seen to fall ;
 Lo ! one, by sovereign grace, is seen
 In Christ created new :
 That rescued one—O favored youth—
 That rescued one—were you !

"And now upon this lofty ridge
 Of manhood's riper years,
 Review Life's imperfections all
 With penitential tears—
 And O, with manly gratitude
 In every such review,
 Confess the grace of Him who could
 Such mercy grant to you !"

Thus far the angel : when he ceased
 My heart grew faint within,
 I saw me with a vasty crowd
 Still here exposed to sin,
 While down on yonder side the ridge
 Dark lay the gloomy plain ;
 I begged him to my friends and me
 The mystery to explain.

In answer to my earnest pray'r
 The angel-friend replied :
 "To mortals what is future yet
 Is wisely here denied ;
 Be quiet, then, but child-like look
 To Him alone who knows ;
 Whatever lies within this plain
 The Future will disclose !

"One thing or two I fain would tell,
 And solemn things they are—
 How mortals may escape from hell,
 And life eternal share ;
 One light—'the light of life'—is come
 To chase the gloom away,
 And thro' the thickest shades of night
 To lead to endless day !

"God, in the gospel of his son,
 Invites his children home,
 And offers Grace to cheer us on
 Each foe to overcome ;
 Gives Faith to conquer death and hell,
 And Hope, to make us strong ;
 And Love, the bond of perfectness
 That binds the happy throng.

"And see what endless stores of grace
In Jesus Christ are found :
Life, peace and joy to every soul
That hears the blissful sound ;
And in his word the choicest rules
To mortal men are given,
Directions how to walk secure
Thro' yonder plain to Heaven !"

'Tis well—I know it must be so
Just as the angel said—
'Tis rashness to attempt to know
That which is future yet ;
O God ! may I be satisfied
With what each good man hath,
Thy word—"a lamp to guide my feet,
A light unto my path !"

"LET ME IN."

When the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door ;
"Wandering through the winding wood-paths,
My worn feet too long have been,
Let me in, oh, gentle mother,
Let me in !"

Years passed on—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the flying hours ;
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers ;
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join their merry din ;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in !"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
Murmuring still the restless heart—
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart ;
I have found in worldly pleasure
Nought to happiness akin,
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in !"

Years flew on :—a youth no longer.
Still he owned the restless heart ;
"I am tired of love's soft durance,
Sweet-voiced syren, we must part ;
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applause will win ;
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in !"

Years fled on :—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought ;
Answered hopes and granted blessings
Only new aspiring brought ;
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal,
Let me in !"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest :
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win—
At some portal ever saying,
"Let me in !"

RANDOM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"You flee with wings of after change at random where you please;
But that in time will breed in you some foul and fell disease."

SOME men *live* at random. They go by no system, and they aim at no end. They are not idle, but are always doing something; yet they do one thing without any concern as to how it shall connect with other things. What comes in their way they do, and when nothing presents itself they are just as content to do nothing. This we call living at random. Such persons may be found in any community. It would be strange indeed if such random *livers* should make any progress. They may indeed happen to move forward in a straight line, and thus get away from their starting point, but just as like as not they will, after years of random moving, be found just at the place where they started.

Some men *talk* at random. Who has not heard a random talker? You may talk with him an hour, and when you think back over the conversation you will find yourself entirely unable to say what the subject has been. Still greater is your misfortune if you get into an argument with a random talker. You will soon give up the argument from pure weariness in following him. The only way you can conquer him is to lead him off, by one of his tangent movements, till he forgets the subject. The more you endeavor to keep to the subject, the more hopelessly do you prolong the discussion. Play the ruse, like a bird—lead him away as far as you can, and then make your escape.

There are also random *readers*. They read whatever comes in their way. They read much—enough to make them wise, but wise at random. They can pick up any anything, read anything, and stop any time. They never read a whole book, never master a whole subject. Whatever falls into their hands occupies them for a whole sitting, long or short. If it is a dictionary, they will read words and definitions. If it is a newspaper, they will read advertisements, if their eye falls first on that side. If it is a child's primer they are equally interested. If it is an almanac, they will read over the weather tables, and the sittings of the courts for the year. A genuine random reader would not even stop if he should open a book in the midst of a table of logarithms!

Our young readers will permit us to warn them against forming random habits. No one that either lives, talks, or reads at random, will ever become either an agreeable, useful, or successful man. If we would make progress, we must aim at an end, and then proceed by some kind of system. One year's advance by system will accomplish more than a life-time spent at random.

MARY MAGDALENE.

III.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last article we delineated the Christian character of Mary Magdalene as it was exhibited in her ministering unto her Saviour. We have seen that for this purpose she attended him from the day she became his disciple to the end of his life. Where do we find her next? The sacred writers shall answer. John says: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." John 19, 25. Mark says: "And when the centurion which stood over against him, saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this was the son of God. There were also women looking on afar off, among whom was Mary Magdalene."

Here is a scene for the painter. There are few sights more beautiful and more moving than this.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE CROSS.

In order fully to feel its sublimity we must contrast her present with her previous condition. Think of her former deep degradation and ruin—think of her as the habitation of seven foul and fierce spirits—think of her spirit as the embodiment of every evil passion—think of her banquetings, her revellings and riotings, her hatred of all that is holy and good—and then see her again!—is that the same Magdalene who now stands at the cross! Those eyes, which were once bleared with the vaporings of passion and lust, now beaming with the radiance of more than angelic love upon the cross! Those ears, which once drank in with satanic delight the most daring curses and blasphemies, are now intent upon catching the softest sounds of complaint that might proceed from the lips of the divine sufferer upon the cross. That countenance, once so fearfully dark with the shadows of sin, now lit up with the beauty of holiness. What a change! What a contrast!

But look also at Magdalene as she stands in contrast with others who are gathered around the cross. There were many on Calvary to witness the crucifixion of Christ. We see them—some separate and alone, others in small groups—some nearer, and some farther off—some sitting and some standing. Some seem engaged in silent meditation upon the scene, while others are conversing with each other about the sufferer. Some are wagging their heads, and some are reviling him. Some countenances are clouded with anger, others are burning with revenge, and upon others is seen the smile of ridicule and the sneer of contempt. Some are deriding him, some are

mocking him, and one is directing a spear towards his side! In what lovely contrast with all these stands the faithful, devoted and sympathising Magdalene!

In what company is she? Who are they which compose the interesting group of which Magdalene is one? There is Mary, the mother of Jesus, whom the angel had once hailed as blessed among women: there is the other Mary who once sat and learned at his feet, the Mary who had chosen that good part, the Mary of the family of Bethany to which the Saviour so often retired from the noise and bustle of Jerusalem—there was also that “disciple standing by whom Jesus loved.” Besides these, also “many women were there which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him.” What a leveler is grace. The vilest become the companions of the purest, under its moulding power. She who was once at home among devils, now forms one of the loveliest and holiest groups which the earth ever bore upon its bosom. Once she would have appeared among those who are now wagging their heads at the immaculate sufferer—once she would have cried with the rest in derision, If thou be the son of God come down from the cross. Once she would have smiled approval to him who put the spear into his sacred side, but now she feels herself every pang, and her heart echoes every groan. Now she looks upon his enemies with deep pity, and is ready to join the Saviour’s prayer, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

“With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss,
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
’Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.”

Let us endeavor to fathom the feelings of Mary Magdalene, and ascertain why she stands at the cross. Now, more than at any time previous, does she manifest the deep feelings which have moved her heart ever since she became a follower of Jesus. We may learn something that shall be of importance to our own piety by beholding Mary Magdalene at the cross.

SHE EVINCES HER STRONG FAITH IN CHRIST.

There is a faith which rests merely on a selfish ground, which is actuated only by selfish motives, and which therefore only lasts till some inconvenience or difficulty rises in the way. Such was the faith of those who followed him, not because of the mighty works which he did, but because they did eat of the loaves and were filled. These cried out with the rest, He is a prophet, as long as his cause was popular and apparently prosperous; but when the

day of trial came they turned back and walked no more with him. This is a faith founded like the house of which the Saviour speaks, which a certain man built upon the sand, which the winds and the tide soon levelled with the earth. It is a faith like the seed upon the rock, which springs up suddenly out of a shallow soil, but in time of temptation dies away. Such was not the faith of Magdalene.

There are also different degrees of *good* faith; some weak and wavering, and some strong and firm. Weak faith is subject to ebbs and flows. Sometimes, as by a spasm, it seems to exceed its native strength; and then again by reaction it becomes so powerless as to put itself and its cause to shame. Such was the faith of Peter. When there was no danger in sight, and when a zealous mood was upon him, he could say, "Lord I am ready to go with thee both to prison and to death;" and, "Though all should be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended!"—and yet, when the trial came, Peter denies thrice that he knows him; and does it even with the awful emphasis of an oath!

Even the faith of all the disciples, except John, had more or less of this weakness about it; for when they saw that he was indeed taken fast by his enemies, "then all the disciples forsook him and fled." No one but John "went in with Jesus into the palace of the High Priest." When they led Jesus away to the cross, where are the other disciples?—where is Peter, so forward and bold in his professions? There is none there but the quiet and modest John, who is too diffident to write his own name, but calls himself "that disciple," or "that other disciple." The rest had all fled for fear, like timid lambs when the wolf approaches. John is the only representative of the twelve at the cross! and by his side is Mary Magdalene! How strikingly does her faith contrast with the other disciples. She followed him, not by loud professions but by silent deeds of faith; and now she follows him to the cross in the face of danger. She knows in whom she has believed; and therefore she believes on against all appearances. Her faith rested not upon the outward fortunes of Christ and his cause, but upon an inward union of life with him. Though she did not profess in words that she would do so, yet she really did carry out what Peter said he would do—go with him into prison and death. Such was the faith of Mary Magdalene.

We need not understand that Peter and those disciples who fled when Christ was apprehended and led to the cross, had had no true faith at all. As already said, there are different degrees of faith. They did believe; yet for a season they were overwhelmed with fear. Although the Saviour had been preparing them for it by his instructions, yet they were slow to believe that he who had all power in heaven and in earth, would suffer himself to be led away as a lamb to the slaughter. They did not fully apprehend the truth that Christ must needs suffer these things in order to redeem man, and

that he must enter into his glory through the sufferings of death. They, no doubt, expected that he would put forth his power, as he had often done before, to deliver himself triumphantly from the hands of his enemies. But when they saw that he was actually taken, and that he suffered himself to be led away to the cross, their hearts failed them for fear. That was the hour of his enemies, and of the power of darkness, and they made use of that opportunity to "sift them as wheat." Their faith was yet much mixed with chaff, and fierce winds of trial were needed to cleanse the precious seeds of faith. For a brief period, therefore, the storm was permitted to beat upon them, while Christ prayed that their faith fail not entirely. Cast down, but not destroyed. Bent down like a slender stem before the storm, they were bent only, but not broken. They regained their original position once more when the hurricane had passed over them. When Christ appeared to them again, after his resurrection, their faith rallied anew; even the slow and deliberate Thomas, when he laid his hand into the Saviour's side, was at length brought to exclaim, with the most child-like faith, "My Lord, and my God!"

How different from this, in quantity at least, was the faith of Mary Magdalene. Her faith was constant and steady like the bright blaze of a light-house, in the midst of black and howling storms. It was regular and ever-increasing from the beginning, as evinced by her constant ministrings to him. She had much forgiven, and therefore she believed much. Her faith was a deeper and more inward life than that of the fleeing disciples. Her faith was more like the quiet reliance of John, who was wont to lie upon the Saviour's bosom. Her faith was more like that of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." Her faith had passed beyond reason and mere outward calculation. She hung to Christ by a deep, holy, spiritual instinct, like the infant hangs upon its mother's bosom, because her life was there. Her faith was almost entirely absorbed in her love—it was the life of a loving soul. This led her to the cross. This fixed her there, in full view of her suffering Saviour. She felt that though they crucified him they could not destroy the power of his life in her, nor sever the tie that bound her to him for life or for death. Job could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" but she could say, though they slay him, yet will I trust in him. When gazing upon the cross, and hearing the groans of the sufferer, her heart could exclaim in inward triumph, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ." Such was the faith of Mary Magdalene, as evinced at the cross of her Saviour.

She EVINCES THE PURITY OF HER LOVE AT THE CROSS.

The relation between faith and love is so intimate that, in the life of grace, the two cannot be separated. Love is but the continuation

of faith. Love is the mode in which faith expresses itself. Hence it is said that "faith works by love"—*i. e.*, it works out its own life in acts of love. By faith we are united to Christ; and by love we live and are active in him. The two are united like the body and its members—like cause and effect—like life and action—like the foundation and the building erected upon it—like a fountain, and the stream which flows from it.

Faith must evidence its own genuineness by bringing forth love, or in working by love. For if faith is alone it is dead—that is, it is not faith; for faith is a living principle. This also the apostle Paul declares in that strong passage in 1 Cor., 13: "Though I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." That love rests upon faith, he declares when he tells us that, "love believeth all things."

We cannot have full confidence in any object without loving it; neither can we love it without full confidence in it. This we can see in the exhibitions of human love. Whenever suspicious fears enter the heart love dies out—the two cannot live together. So it is with love to Christ. No one ever loved him who had any suspicion that he was not all that he professed to be. Hence we find, in the case of all his followers, that the first thing they did was to believe on him; and then to love him followed as a necessary consequence. Hence also, the apostle says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth, is not made perfect in love." When the last cloud of fear has passed away from before the heart, then the sun of holy love shines into it with all its light, its beauty, and its joy. Then faith has become perfect in love. This was the case with Mary Magdalene. She believed in him fully, and therefore she loved him perfectly.

"There she stood
With folded arms, and brow bent meekly down
Beside the cross; and when from time to time
She raised her dark wet eyes, oh! what a light
Of holy worship and adoring love
Lay deep within them."

But how particularly did she manifest her love to him by being at the cross? We answer, In the same way that love always manifests itself—by her desire to be near him. She stood at the cross!—this is enough; it speaks its own language. Judas was not there—nor Peter—nor those disciples who fled because their faith failed. But John was there—and Mary, the mother of Jesus—and Mary Magdalene.

It is one of the plainest, simplest, and most striking characteristics of love that it cleaves closely to its object, and desires to be always near it. David loved Jonathan, and they always sought each other. Ruth loved her mother-in-law, Naomi, and therefore she did not consent to be separated from her: "Entreat me not to

leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: when thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—*Ruth* 1: 16-17. John loved the Saviour, and therefore he lay on his bosom at supper, followed him into the judgment hall, sat by his side during the shameful trial, and then went with him to the cross. Mary, the mother of Jesus, loved him, and therefore we read: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother." So also Mary Magdalene, loved Jesus, and hence she stands with the beloved disciple and the mother of Jesus at the cross.

The strength and purity of her love to him is still more strikingly manifest when we consider that she did not shrink back from him when, in the eyes of the world, he was put to an open shame. Others loved him as long as his person was honored, when his cause prospered, and when miracles and triumphs attended his way; but Magdalene loved him when even his disciples had fled, when his person is insulted, when his cause is derided, and when, to all human appearance, his sun seemed going down in a hopeless night. Many cried "Hosanna," when that was the popular cry, but Mary honored him with her firm attachment when the popular cry was "Crucify him!"

That only can be called pure love which clings devotedly to its object for its own dear sake—which does not die, but gathers new strength in adversity—and which burns with the same steady light amid triumphs of glory, or amid dishonor and shame. Love in adversity—love that stands in pure self-sacrificing devotion by the side of its object after all others have fled—this is pure and holy. Such was the love of Mary Magdalene at the cross.

SHE EVINCES HER DEEP SYMPATHY WITH THE SAVIOUR.

Sympathy is that warm fellow-feeling which moves us to enter with deep interest into the feelings of those with whom we sympathise. Sympathy belongs to our emotional nature. It is a melting tenderness of heart towards them, either in their joys, or in their sorrows. It leads us to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep.

Our sympathy is always in proportion to the love we bear for those with whom we sympathise. If our interest in them is deep, our sympathy will be also deep and real. From the love of Magdalene towards the Saviour we may feel assured that her heart entered fully into his sorrows and sufferings. Every sign of agony in him affected her. Every groan sent its arrow through her heart. In her, as well as in the other Mary, the prophesy was fulfilled, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul!"

Her sympathetic sorrow must have been vastly increased by the fact that she dare not now minister to him. Before, she could fly to his relief; but now swords, and staves, and stern faces are between her and her suffering friend. When he says, "I thirst," she cannot reach him with the refreshing cup; but has new anguish added to her grief by seeing that instead thereof he receives vinegar and hyssop! When he cries out, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"—which is, being interpreted, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—instead of a soothing word from her, he hears only the language of derision and mockery, "Behold, he calleth Elias. Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down!" She sees his wants, but dare not approach to relieve them. How this would deepen her sympathy, and open still deeper the wounds of her devoted heart! Oh, who can measure the deep waters that are gathering around her heart; who can count the heavy waves of anguish that roll in quick succession over her soul?

Yet in the spirit of undying love, she gazes still upon the scene that rends her heart—and would count it sin to avert from it for a moment her steady eye. She will not let the sufferer feel one pang alone.

"She cannot save—
But she will soothe, and solace, and sustain
With strength that never fails—the strength of Love."

How like balm to a wound, must have been this sympathy to him, in that hour of deep loneliness, and fearful agony!

When the scene of suffering ends—when he cried, bowed his head, and gave up the ghost, what then were the feelings of Magdalene? Now indeed is the earth dark, and drear, and lonely. Now she can roam the earth alone, and cry in vain into the ears of an unfeeling world, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth!" But who can doubt that he who shared her affectionate sympathy while hanging on the cross, remembered her when he had entered into his glory, and fulfilled to her with special tenderness the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you!"

HOME.

HOME! 'Tis a blessed name! And they who rove,
Careless or scornful of its pleasant bonds,
Nor gather round them those linked soul to soul
By nature's fondest ties—whose priceless love
And holy truthfulness make up a "Home,
And make a heaven of home"—and more, far more!
Enfold the spirit in a sweet content,
And bid it hope a second home in Heaven—
But dream they're happy.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

III.

BY THE EDITOR.

It will be noticed that there is a marked difference in the language which relates to the creation of the man and woman, and that which records the bringing forth of the other parts of the creation. The creation of man and woman was *direct*: "Let us make man"—the Lord God made woman; while the production of the other parts was *secondary*. "Let there be a firmament, lights,—let the waters bring forth, let the earth bring forth." The spirit of the Lord, which moved upon the face of the chaos, it seems, impregnated the yet unorganized mass with the seeds of organized life; and the bringing forth of vegetable and animal life was not a pure creation, but only a further evolution of what was at hand after the first direct creation of "the heaven and the earth," "in the beginning."

The vegetable and animal existences were products from the earth, developed under the influence of a general power; but man, though his body was also taken from the earth, was created, as to his best side, from heaven down, and by the direct hand of God. He was lord from heaven over the lower orders. He was not, like them, to fall again upon the earth, but to rise to heaven. He was to have his life from above, and his home there. His connection with the earth was to be one of superiority and dominion. He was to be the image of God in the earth; in which God, heaven, the infinite, were to be connected with man, earth, and the finite. "Man became a living soul"—a living spirit, like that spirit which moved upon the face of the chaos—a being in which spirit reigned over matter, causing it to culminate in its highest and most perfect form around itself.

The vegetable and animal creations were perpetuated and increased, not from one, by procreation, but from many by separate productions from the earth and water. The waters brought forth, not one, but "*abundantly* the moving creature that hath life." God created not a whale, but "*whales*." This is no doubt the ground of *species* in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Creative power was in the way of extension, not concentration. This secondary creative power was more scattered, consequently less intense, and not of so high and perfect an order.

How different in the creation of man! Here there must be unity, inasmuch as God's image is to be represented. This will allow of no species. Here creation must find its centre, both from heaven down, and from the earth up. There must be a union in the divine exertion of creative power: "Let us make." The re-

sult must be to culminate the secondary creative energies from the earth up: "Let us make MAN"—one man.

Now the increase of this higher order of creation must be by procession. The unity must be preserved. There must be no species in the human race; for God has only one image.

The image of God in *Trinity*, must be represented in man. "Let us make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness: and let *them* have dominion." Thus the unity of man, in his extension, must manifest itself in a way which will represent the divine extension in three persons. This is done. The woman is an independent being, but yet exists by procession from the man. Here are two beings, the man and the woman. Their union forms a third. The two united form a third mystic being. The language warrants this conception: "Let us make *man* in our image, after our likeness, and let *them* have dominion"—"*male and female created He them.*" They, the man and the woman, perfect beings in themselves, shall, after the union, "be one flesh." This is a mystery.

Thus the unity is preserved; the woman proceeding from the man and gaining a personality of her own, and then falling back again to the man, and in union with him constituting one mysterious being. Thus in the Trinity the Son is born from the Father, and the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son, and is the bond of union again of both.

The Trinity is the ground of the social in God. God is not a solitary but a social being. His social nature requires for its satisfaction beings equal with Himself. Thus, He loves the Son, is loved of Him again. He enjoys communion with the Holy Spirit, and, through both, with all his creatures. Now, His image, in its social side, must be represented in man. How wonderfully is this done in the mystery of marriage.

"But for Adam there was not found an help-meet for him." Among all the creatures that passed before him, to receive their names, there was none meet, suitable, to answer to the dignity of his own being—none fit to fill out the wants of his social nature—none that he could love without stooping.

That the being which should be an help-meet might be a true original creation; and not like the plants and animals, a secondary one, He placed Adam in a negative state. She was to be produced as independently of Adam, as he himself was, that she might have an origin of equal dignity. Hence, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept." The LXX. translate the word sleep, *ecstasy*. He was accordingly not only insensible to pain, from the opening of his side, but he felt those dawnings of joy, which in the gift of his wife should be consummated. In this ecstatic vision there seems to have been shown to him what was done to him, as well as the mystery of the transaction. For when Eve was brought to him, without any information, but by intuition,

he at once recognizes her in her intended character, mentions her origin, and gives her a name wonderfully expressive of her nature. "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man."

"And he took one of his ribs." Though she was an independent and direct creation, yet she was not, like Adam, made out of the ground. She was taken from the man, that she might still be part of himself. This he recognizes when she is presented to him: "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh." Here is the same being extended, made objective to himself. "Meet for him"—that is, *as before him*. She shall stand before him, in the Hebrew sense of that phrase, to be an "help-meet," to answer to him, to observe him, and to be the completion of his own being. The vulgar Latin translates help, "meet for him," an help *like him*. Like him in dignity, but only later than he as to time, and from him as to order. Her equality to him is in this, that she is a complete echo of his own being. He from God; she from God through him; and so she is now to exist to God through him.

God "brought her unto the man." That is, to present her to him as his wife. God himself joined them together. The mere formation of the woman did not constitute her his wife. That requires a new exercise of goodness, a sanction from God, and a holy consecration from him. Hence Adam does not say, I will take her to wife, but he receives her as his wife: "This is now flesh of my flesh." The instinctive readiness with which he recognizes and receives her as part of himself, shows that her procession from him laid the ground of a deep natural preparation and affection in which lies the mysterious basis for marriage. Marriage is a consummation—a completion of what already exists before.

"She shall be called Woman." The word which denotes woman is the same as that which is used for man, except that it has a feminine termination; *ish* is the man; *ishah* is the woman. She shall be called the female-man, because she was taken out of the man.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife." "Therefore"—that is, because she was taken from him, and is the complement of his being, and it is not good that he be alone without her; therefore she shall return to him. The deep natural necessity which requires this union, forms a tie stronger than that which binds the man to father and mother. When he becomes "a man" the ties that bound him back to the unity of the family to which he belonged shall be now broken. He shall himself become the centre of a new circle; "not remain alone," for this "is not good;" he shall cleave unto his wife. "His wife;" she exists, God has provided one for him. It is *his* wife, he shall acknowledge and cleave to her.

"They shall be one flesh." Here shall be a full, perfect consummation of social life. It shall be a stronger, more intimate, more perfect union than that which unites parent and child; for that shall be broken to form this. Our Saviour says, "they *TWAIN* shall be one flesh;" they are twain, but so completely shall their social natures answer to each other that it shall be the harmony of one being. "One flesh." This is the highest form of union that is known on earth; hence it is the symbol of that between Christ and his church. It is a mystery. It is the image of the trinity—the three are one. The *man*, the *woman*, and the *one flesh*, which is the joint being—each in the other, each in all, and all in each.

The image of God then comes to its full revelation in the mystic man, constituted by marriage. "Male and female created *he them*;" this same *them*, had just before been called *him*. The unity of the "him," is not broken, but completed in the "them." The male and female, "one flesh," is the mystic man which represents God's image. As in the Trinity in Heaven, so here in marriage on earth, "each to other like," is exhibited the highest form of sociality. Hence it is the symbol of the union of Christ and the church. Hence the relation of saints to God and Christ is so frequently set forth by reference to this union. Hence the consummation of the church militant with the church triumphant is to be a marriage. Hence home is, more than anything else on earth, like heaven.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE summer days may smile again,
 The flowers may blossom bright,
 And earth may wear o'er hill and plain
 Her robe of golden light;
 Soft winds may sigh, and birds may sing,
 In vain is nature's art—
 If love be cold, she cannot bring
 A summer to the heart!

'Tis only smiles of love can warm
 The spirit's flowers to life;
 'Tis friendship's voice can quell the storm,
 And soothe the spirit's strife.
 When smiles of love and friendship's voice
 Forsake us and depart,
 Though summer days the earth rejoice,
 'Tis winter in the heart.

THE WALL WHICH GOD BUILT.

(From the German of Rukert.)

BY THE EDITOR.

"O MOTHER, how the snow-flakes are storming down from heaven. The snow will bury us. And what is worse, there sounds through the village the din and tumult of thronging troopers; they tramp and trot. If we only had bread in the house, it would not be so much to quarter a few soldiers."

"The night is upon us, O child, and the winds are raving without. Go, lock the door and close the shutters. God will protect us from the storm and the perils of the night, and also graciously from enemies. My child, I will pray; pray with me. If God, the Lord, will stand before us, the enemy will not be able to do us harm."

"O mother, what good will praying and pleading do? It cannot help us against the troopers. Hark, mother, they come riding fast. O, listen, how the little dogs are barking. Go to the kitchen quick, and make ready, so that when they come we may please them, and keep them as well as we can."

The mother sits, and moves not from the place. The cellar is empty and the kitchen. She holds fast to the last, the only refuge. She prays by the feeble lamp from her book: "Build a wall around us, that our enemies may be afraid before it." She refreshes her heart with the consoling passage.

"O mother, who will build us a wall that can keep out the troopers on horses. They go where they will, and are not afraid of mounds and walls."

"Child, think, as a good Christian should, that nothing is too great for God to do, if only we do not loose our faith in him."

The mother prays, the child smiles. He listens at the bolted door. He hears the troopers trotting. The peasants are hastening to and fro in the village. Here and there doors are creaking.

"Now surely, now they are coming also to our door to distress us, mother."

Nothing comes to the door but the roaring of the wind, waving, and whistling, and wailing. The troopers are now have passed by, and are quartered in the houses throughout the village. The silence grows deeper here, and yonder.

"It seems they are all quartered, and we are to have no guests."

"Child, may God forgive you the evil that faith does not dwell in your heart. In penitence pray for pardon, and lie down to sleep. He has rewarded my trust in him."

"Hey! my uncle, the magistrate, has spared us out of special favor, as he has often done before."

The boy falls asleep, but he does not rest well. The mother reposes in sweetest confidence. Early in the morning he is up to see the departure of the troopers. As he opens the little door, he looks and is astonished, and looks again, that heaven after all can build walls.

"This my uncle, the magistrate, has never done; no, never. The servants of heaven, the winds, they silently built this wall; and instead of stones, they have used soft flakes of snow."

Behold a wall of glistening snow round the whole house, to convince the unbelieving child that God can build walls.

Now the boy feels as if he must tell his mother. He runs with the news, and wakes her from sleep. Then he hears the troopers; they are trotting out of the village. But, alas! he cannot see them, for the wall stands high all around.

The mother, as a punishment to the boy, makes him break a way through the wall. Now he must dig and shovel. Now, when by cutting and spading he has made a way through the wall of snow, the troopers are gone! And the neighbors are standing all around talking with each other about the wonderfull wall.

AN ANGEL.

In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful and touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all; tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother leaned her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. "She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?" whispered the mourner. "She is an angel, my child," replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face, "she is wiser now than any of us, for she has read the great mystery."

WASTED.

Wasted!
 Precious pearl of time,
 Moments rich as diadems!
 One by one they came unnoted,
 One by one afar they floated;
 One by one! till myriads sped
 Far away to join the dead,
 Drifted to the fearful shore,
 Helpless, hopeless, evermore!

BAR-OMER AND HIS SONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MANY ages ago there lived a pious shepherd in a small, but comfortable hut, in the shadow of Mount Lebanon. His name was—Bar-Omer. His good wife, whose chief aim and happiness it was to bless God and her husband, died after they had two sons. On a serene autumnal evening, with the fading of the last summer flower, and the last rays of the sun, her spirit returned to the bosom of her God.

Then it was night on earth, and in the heart of Bar-Omer!

When she had been buried out of their sight, and Bar-Omer sat in the door of his hut in the quiet of the evening, the earnest words which his dying wife had left behind in regard to their two sons, came like sweet voices from heaven into his heart. He thought he heard again what her last accents had whispered, with such a world of meaning in her eyes: "Bar-Omer, the Lord be with you and our sons; teach them to love you, and God, and to do good to men."

Then he looked upon his sons and sighed; and his lips moved in silent prayer.

The good man, as his sons grew up, bethought himself earnestly how to bind their hearts to that which is good. He feared all his words would be forgotten unless he could connect them with something that would bring them ever afresh to their memories.

So he thought he would cause them always to think of his words in connection with the setting sun, and their own mother. So he took them to the brow of the hill near the hut, just as the sun was going down; and as its last yellow beams were falling upon his aged brow and upon those youthful locks, he said to them:

"Ye sons of Bar-Omer, on such an evening, just as the glorious sun went down as it does now, your mother breathed her last, and her spirit rose to the Salem of peace and rest in Heaven! All her thoughts, and especially her last words, were of God, and you, her sons. She entreated me with her last breath to teach you to love God, and do good. But how shall I lead you, O my sons, so that you will not forget?"

"You have taught us, dear father. We will think of our mother's prayers, and of your words, every time we behold the setting sun! Then we will weep over the errors of the day, and pray for protection during the night. Then we will look long into the golden vista between the dark clouds that hang around the face of evening, and it will seem to us as if we saw our mother in Heaven."

Then said Bar-Omer silently, but with a grateful smile, "God be praised, His setting sun shall preach to my sons when I am dead!"

He grasped again the staff of his pilgrimage, and journeyed on toward his rest. It was not far—and his sons followed him.

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

DR. JUDSON thus wrote to a friend in the hour of trial: "So the light of your dwelling has gone out, my poor brother, and it is all darkness there, only as you draw down by faith some faint gleams of the light of heaven, and coldness has gathered round your hearth-stone; your home is probably desolate, your children scattered, and you a homeless wanderer over the face of the land. We have both tasted of those bitter cups once and again; we have found them bitter, and we have found them sweet too. Every cup stirred by the finger of God becomes sweet to the humble believer. Do you remember how our late wives and others used to cluster round the well-curb in the mission premises, at the close of day? I can almost see them sitting there with their smiling faces, as I look out of the window at which I am now writing. Where are ours now? Clustering around the well-curb of the fountain of living water, to which the Lamb of heaven shows them the way; reposing in the arms of infinite Love, who wipes away all their tears with his own hand. Let us travel on and look up. We shall soon be there. As sure as I write and you read these lines, we shall soon be there. Many a weary step we may yet have to take, but we shall get there at last. And the longer and more tedious the way, the sweeter will be our repose."

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the American Messenger, relates the following narrative: "I found in prison a sailor considerably advanced in years. A few questions drew out the following short story of his long life. He was born in the State of Maine. He was left an orphan when very young, and went to sea at ten years of age. He had been many years in the commercial marine, and ten in the U. States navy. 'Had you religious instruction,' I inquired, 'when you were young?' 'Yes; my mother was a pious woman and taught me such things.' 'Do you remember any thing you learned from her?' He walked the room for a while, and at length repeated a broken couplet of a hymn. I wish I could remember what it was, but it has escaped me. Nearly, or quite half a century had passed away since that soft and loving voice had spoken the words of divine instruction in the ear of her child. But all the years and storms and temptations and changes through which that rough man had passed, had not quite obliterated them. How deeply do a mother's tones penetrate the soul—how indelible the impressions of God's truth. This poor fellow was in jail for a fit of drunkenness. I saw him after his release, and he was well clad, and seemed serious and thankful for the instruction and the books I gave him. May his mother's God have mercy on him."

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.—The first prominent event of the last month was the opening of the Second Session of the Thirty-third Congress, and the delivery of the President's Message. This being the short session, it commenced on the 4th of December, 1854, and will terminate, by constitutional limitation, on the 4th of March, 1855. In the absence of Senator Atchison of Missouri, President of the Senate and Vice-President pro tempore, Gen. Cass was temporarily elected. On the following day Hon. Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, was chosen permanently.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE to this session was looked for with unusual interest. The organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, by which the restrictions laid upon Slavery by the Missouri Compromise had been removed, and involuntary servitude thus virtually admitted into that virgin territory, had been justly regarded as the most prominent measure the Administration had carried at the first session of this Congress. The fact, also, that this same measure had since been passed upon by the "sovereign people" at the ballot-box in nearly every northern State, and by them overwhelmingly rebuked, placed expectation on tip-toe to know what our President would have to say on the great question. Yet, the over-anxious public were doomed to disappointment. The Chief Magistrate found twenty-nine other topics to discuss—of which the bombardment of Greytown came in for over one-sixth of the space allotted to the whole message—but not a single word on the Kansas-Nebraska fraud! That the Administration has been zealously engaged in a scheme for the acquisition of Cuba, is no secret. Everybody knows the general fact. The diplomatists of France and England, Russia and Austria, are well informed of its chief details. Was it not reasonable that the American people—more deeply interested than all others—should have had some light on this subject? Yet President Pierce carefully avoids an allusion to it! We have a negotiation going on with St.

Domingo—in which that celebrated strong-minded woman "Cora Montgomery" (Mrs. Gen. Canneau) plays the part of diplomat-in-chief with her usual extraordinary abandon—yet there is no notice of it in the message—no explanation of its objects—no reasons given for it—not even a hint of its progress? And, if we are to believe the newspapers, the Sandwich Islands are on the eve of being annexed to the United States by negotiation. The message was looked to for a little light on this topic also—a very grave question by the way—yet we find not the slightest allusion to it! With these omissions and a due allowance for Greytown exaggerations—or apologies for that outrage—the message is a reasonably well written document, and contains a large amount of valuable information. We regret, however, to see the Chief Magistrate of a Christian people, in the middle of the nineteenth century, favoring an increase of the army and navy. We had hoped the day for recommendations of this kind had passed by. We want to engage in no aggressive or unjust warfare. The people would not sanction it. A large army and navy are otherwise useless. For defence, this country has something more reliable than the armies and navies of all the despotisms of Europe. It can always be found in the prosperity and patriotism, the happiness and gratitude, of her people. If President Pierce has apprehensions of any encroachments from foreign powers upon our rights and liberties, every intelligent American can assure him they are visionary, and cannot, under any circumstances, justify his call for an increase of the army and navy: the first alarm-note of such aggression would rally an army of freemen—citizen-soldiers of undaunted bearing—whose invincible courage in defending the "land of the free and the home of the brave" might well excite both the admiration and the envy of a Napoleon or a Nicholas. But if the Administration, in the vaultings of an unhappy ambition, should determine to rob Spain of Cuba, in defiance of

England and France, then, an army and navy will indeed be needed; for Americans, whose proclivities as a Christian people are for peace, will ever be found averse to engaging in a bloody contest of doubtful justice. And may the blessed Prince of Peace perfect this sentiment in every heart until we hear no more of recommendations of an increase to the army and navy. THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS have thus far been marked with nothing of special interest—business there being usually dull during the holidays. An attempt was made to pass the River and Harbor Bill in the House, over the President's veto of last session, which failed by a vote of 95 to 80—not a constitutional majority. The bill for the better protection of life on the Long Island and Jersey coast has, we are pleased to say, been passed, and we hope its provisions will be at once carried out. Mr. Walbridge, in a very interesting and able speech, advocated a repeal of the duty on foreign coal. He examined the coal statistics of the country, compared the facilities for its production here with that of other countries (showing them to be largely in favor of American miners,) together with the prices, the increasing enormous demand, and the extravagant prices now demanded, concluding that every principle of justice demands that the shackles on this trade, which the existing tariff imposes, should be stricken off, and that the traffic in this important necessary of life should be opened to the freest competition. The Slavery Agitation will creep into Congress in spite of all precautions real and feigned to keep it out. In the Senate Mr. Seward moved that a chaplain of a different denomination be elected from the one in the House, who, as well as the old Senate chaplain, Rev. Mr. Slicer, belongs to the Methodist Church, South. This motion was at once assailed by gentlemen of the South as a covert attempt to foist an abolitionist upon them! and called forth a pretty warm discussion, after which Mr. Slicer was re-elected. In the House the war was opened between Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, and Mr. Stephens, of Ga., the latter of whom denied that the late elections of the North were a rebuke to the authors of the Nebraska bill. On this point Mr. Campbell proved too strong for his adversary, when Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, and others, flew to his rescue. Mr. Mace has given notice of a

bill to restore the Missouri Compromise, and the indications are that Slavery discussion will occupy a good deal of the time of the session. FROM KANSAS we have had exciting news. The first battle between Slavery and Freedom was fought there on the 29th of November in the election of a delegate to Congress. Gen. J. W. Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, was elected by a large majority over Hon. R. P. Flenniken, opposition. The election appears to have been carried by the Missourians, who sent over large numbers to out-vote the actual settlers. This was done by an organized movement led off by Senator Atchison—which may account for his absence from Congress at the opening of the session! Gov. Reeder has decided not to order an election for a territorial legislature this year, because no census of the inhabitants has yet been taken, and there is no fit place to hold a session. The Missouri slaveholders don't like this decision, as they had made arrangements to carry that election in the same way as they did the one just held, and thus secure the legalization of Slavery in the Territory. The excitement there seems to run very high between the contending parties. IN UTAH, affairs are verging to a crisis. The term for which Brigham Young was appointed governor has expired, and the President has nominated Col. Steptoe, of the U. S. Army, as his successor. The Colonel has been at Salt Lake city for some time, in command of a detachment of United States troops, destined for service in California or Oregon. It is thought that the wintering of these troops in the Mormon city was not accidental. Brigham Young has frequently boasted that he would be governor of Utah until the Almighty should say to him, "Brigham, you needn't be governor any longer." The issue will soon be made direct, and the question settled whether the decrees of the Mormon polygamists or the laws of the United States shall govern the people of that settlement. THE result of the election in New York, so long in doubt, has been finally decided by the State canvassers, Myron H. Clark, the Whig and Temperance candidate, having a majority of 300 over Seymour, opposition. This is regarded as a great triumph by the friends of Temperance in that State, and will secure the passage of a stringent prohibitory liquor law this winter.

The official recommendation of Postmaster-General Campbell to increase the rates of newspaper postage, in order to enable that Department to meet its own expenses with its own income, does not meet with public favor. No such proposition to increase the tax upon the diffusion of knowledge should be tolerated. There is no more reason why the Post Office Department should support itself than the War Department—not half so much. . . . The Prohibitory State Central Committee have called a mass convention of the friends of Liquor Prohibition, to meet at Harrisburg on Wednesday the 17th of this month, to agree upon some plan of action in the present crisis. It will be an important meeting. . . . The closing month of the year has been a very good specimen of winter throughout. We write under the music of the merry bells of the icy-footed sleigh. Happy hearts, in their gay holiday costume, are preparing a merry welcome for 1855. A Happy New Year to you all, dear readers!

NOTE.—It is designed to include in the *RETRACT* several matters not found in this number—among which we may mention a glance at the affairs of OUR NEIGHBORING STATES—Canada, Mexico, South America, Cuba, Sandwich Islands, etc. Indisposition prevented us from giving that attention to it which was desirable, but our readers will no doubt find it interesting—and we promise them that it shall be more so in future. G.

THE OLD WORLD—The news from the seat of war has been most exciting, and the arrival of each mail steamer has been looked for with the most intense interest. The boast of the Allied Powers of the ease with which they would take Sebastopol has turned out to be idle rant. The prediction of that great statesman, Kossuth, is being fearfully fulfilled. He made a speech at Edinburgh, directly after the expedition to the Crimea had been agreed upon, in which he held this language: "To take an entrenched camp, linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for a garrison in it, and new armies pouring on your flank and rear, and you in the plains of Crimea, with also no cavalry to resist them, is an undertaking to succeed in which more forces are necessary than England and France can ever unite in that quarter for such an aim. Ask about it whichever staff officer who has learned something about tactics and strategy. And in that position is Sebastopol—thanks to your Austrian alliance, which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in Wal-

achia, made the Czar free to send such numbers to Sebastopol as he likes. You will be beaten, remember my word! Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Danubian fever. Not one out of five, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again." These remarks were made by Kossuth on the 5th day of July—ten weeks before the Crimean expedition embarked. On the 30th of November he made another speech at the Anniversary of the Polish Revolution, in which he thus refers to facts terribly verifying his prediction: "All I have wanted to quote from public reports is these words—'The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not; the siege, though not raised, may be regarded as at a standstill. We are reduced to the defensive!' Such is the situation—the leaves have turned: Russia is the besieger—you are the besieged. And at what price has this situation been purchased? *** Now it is a sad reality. Number your dead, your wounded and your disabled—more than 20,000 men out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled. And here, at home? Why here the number of widows and orphans applying for support to patriotic charity amounts to 11,000." Such is a true glance at the state of the war. Our readers must gather the details from the newspapers. And terrible enough they are! The last contest, the battle of Inkerman, is claimed as a victory by the allies—and they did succeed in repulsing the Russians with a loss of 10,000 men—but one or two more such victories would ruin the victors! Their loss was between 4,000 and 5,000, including much of the flower of the army. . . . It is sad to contemplate the character of the war in the East. The active parties in the bloody drama are the representatives of the three great Christian powers of the world. The English represent the Protestant church—the French the Roman Catholic—the Russians the Greek Catholic. The quarrel also—it is sad to remember it—began about the spot of ground where the Prince of Peace proclaimed "peace on earth, good will towards men"—the Roman Catholics denying certain superstitious privileges to Greek Catholic pilgrims to the Holy Land, which Russia insisted upon. The infidels (Turkey) being unable to settle the dispute, the three great Christian powers have taken the matter into their

own hands. "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done!".....FRANCE AND ENGLAND have been in a mine of trouble, from which there is little hope of early extrication. The visit of Lord Palmerston to the French Emperor has been the subject of much conjecture. The impression is that as England has no men to spare for the war, his lordship has proposed that France shall supply the men and England foot the bill. The equivocal position of Austria still continues a matter of vexation. It is very doubtful whether the House of Hapsburg will join Russia or the western powers. We incline to the opinion that she will fall in with her old friend and ally against Hungary, the Czar. The allies confidently look for her aid—but we fear they look in vain. However, Napoleon is determined that Austria shall do one thing or the other, and we shall soon see the result.... AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA are both very haughty in their language towards England and France, and "the Russian party is rampant both at Berlin and Vienna." A campaign against France in the spring is openly talked of at Brussels by the friends of the Princess Lieven. According to these Russian agents, the armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia and the German States, are to march against Paris "to restore the divine right and the legitimacy of the Count of Chambord, in 1855, and to extinguish the volcano of Revolution for ever." It is believed that Lord Palmerston's visit to Paris has something to do with these schemes, and that the allies will threaten to attack Austria in Italy if she does not at once square up with the western alliance.....THE friends of POLAND are beginning to cheer up. The policy of Kossuth has always been to attack Russia in Poland as her most vulnerable point, and the public now begin to see that his is the true policy after all. In proof of this, in his late speech the Maygar says: "If England did disregard the fact that Poland is the vulnerable part of Russia, the Czar was prudent enough to mind it. In the Crimea proud England and France attack him—he is content to oppose 100,000 men to them; on the Danube the flower of the Turkish army, elated by victory, defies and menaces him—he is content to oppose them with 80,000. But to Poland, where there is not one man in arms, but where the unquestionable fire of a heroic nation's hatred is smouldering,

he sent an army of 300,000 men to be prepared for any emergencies." Regarding this policy, the late Anniversary of the Polish Revolution was invested with unusual interest in England: and any movement in that oppressed nationality will be viewed with deep concern by all Europe. Truly, a political volcano threatens to devastate the Old World!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.—Dr. CUMMING'S LECTURES ON THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR—being a third series of that eminent author's "Apocalyptic Sketches"—has been received through the American publishers, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Dr. Cumming is minister of the Scotch National Church in London, and is said to be the most eloquent pulpit orator in England. He is certainly one of the most voluminous of modern theological writers, all his works being of a practical and popular character. We have eight or ten of his volumes, published by this enterprising firm, while an eastern house has published as many more—all being works of recent date! These Lectures on the Seven Churches we regard as among the most interesting and profitable for the general reader of any from his pen. In this connection we may be permitted to remark that the publications of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston are of a high character, and such as must eventually place them in the lead of American publishers. All that issues from their press is solid—instructive—inviting: gladly would we say as much of other publishing houses; but, we suppose, so long as readers will have literary trash, publishers will be found to furnish it.....LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. We are indebted to Messrs. MURRAY & STOKES for a copy of the third edition of this charming work by Rev. Dr. Williams, from the press of Gould & Lincoln, Boston. In the volume before us the author has treated his sublime subject in a captivating manner—happily blending a richly figurative style with a remarkable depth and comprehension of thought—and presenting innumerable hidden beauties of the Model Prayer for the contemplation of the pious reader.... In this connection we would speak a word in commendation of Murray & Stokes's extensive variety of books. Their stock of Theological, Scientific, Classical, School, and Miscellaneous Books, is very complete.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—FEBRUARY, 1855.—No. II.

THE DOMESTIC FOWL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Within this homestead lived, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble chanticleer;
Whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his roost and sung."

"O Iruusalim, Iruusalim, how ofte wolde I gedre togider thi children as an hennæ
gederith togidere here chychens undir hir wyngis, and thou woldist not."

WE fear some of our friends who reside in the country have already felt themselves thereunto moved to make hard speeches, or at least to think hard thoughts against us, because, among our Birds of the Bible, they did not find the noble Chanticleer and the plump and quiet Partlet of the barn-yard. Where are our tame domestic birds—the cock and the hen with her loving brood? Are they not prominent in all our associations? Do we not know them well, as they scratch and scrape among the chaff in the barn-yard and the chips of the wood pile—as they huddle in the warm sunny corner on a cold wintry day—as they run toward us from near and far when we sow the daily corn before them? Hold! we plead guilty. It was a sore neglect, and we now feel ourselves fully impelled to give our readers also a chapter on the domestic fowl.

The only domestic fowl mentioned in the Bible is the watchful cock, and the devoted hen with her brood. These, with their habits and ways, are so well known to all, that in our account of them we will confine ourselves more particularly to such matters connected with them as do not so readily come within common observation. Familiar as they are to us, they are not without interest. In addition to their connection with Scripture truth, they bring back to us also many pleasant associations of home and childhood, which clothe themselves with a peculiar sacredness when we view them as

"Pictured in memory's mellowing glass."

The cock and hen were evidently the first fowl domesticated,
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and seem to be the oldest companions of mankind. Aristophanes, says Goldsmith, calls the cock the "Persian bird," and tells us that he enjoyed that kingdom before some of its earliest monarchs. It does not appear that they were known to the Hebrews before the time of Christ; at least there is no reference to them in the old Testament. It is supposed that they were first introduced into Europe from Persia; but it is not definitely known how early. This fowl was known even in the most savage parts of Europe so far back, that we are told it was one of the kinds of food forbidden among the ancient Britons. It was brought into America by the early settlers of this country.

These fowls are no more found in a wild state in Persia; but they still exist in their state of untamed independence in the woods on the coast of Malabar, in the island Tinian, and in some other islands of the Indian ocean.

In their domesticated state they are found in almost endless varieties. Scarcely two can be found that look alike. In this respect they are like domesticated and cultivated flowers, which are known to become very much modified and altered. We think it will be found even in the human species, that there is a certain sameness in the form, features, habits, and general appearance of savages, which does not appear among civilized nations. The cause may be sought partly in external influences, but chiefly, we think, in the power of the life over the external form and appearance. "All birds," says Goldsmith, "taken under the protection of man, lose a part of their natural figure, and are altered, not only in their habits, but their very form. Climate, food, and captivity are three very powerful agents in producing these alterations; and those birds that have longest felt their influence under human direction, are the most likely to have the greatest variety in their figures, their plumage, and their dispositions."

The male, however much he may have changed in other respects, has not surrendered that majestic independence, and conscious self-importance for which he is so remarkable. "Domesticated, but not subdued, he marches at the head of his train of wives and offspring, with a port of proud defiance, not less ready to punish aggression against his dependants, than to assert his superiority upon the challenge of any rival." The following is graphic:

"The widow hath unbarred the door,
And chanticleer went strutting out before.
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As showed he scorned the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurred the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
He chucked again when other corns he found,
And scarcely deigned to set a foot to ground;
But swaggered like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call."

The bravery, courage, and pugnacity which characterize the cock, have become to man the occasion of sport and speculation. The "mean and ungenerous amusement" of cock-fighting, as Goldsmith calls it, has much prevailed in the world. It is of heathen origin, and truly heathen in its cruelty and inhumanity. It was very anciently practised among the Greeks and Romans. They had cock-fights annually at Athens, to which the great, as well as the vulgar, resorted. "In China, India, the Philippine Islands, and all over the East, cock-fighting is the sport and amusement even of kings and princes." It is well known that this barbarous and brutalizing diversion has been a favorite sport with the English, although it has been repeatedly denounced and prohibited by the laws. It has of late gone out of repute; we can only say, it is high time for Christian nations to put away the childish and cruel practices of pagans. In some parts of Maryland and Virginia, this species of heathenism prevailed yet very extensively only a few years ago. The practice is not only injurious, in that it calls into exercise the cruel passions of men, but that it strengthens and feeds man's own pugnacity. It was ascertained, by experience, that a great deal of human fighting always found place on every occasion of public cock-fighting. A practice so plainly against the Christian spirit, and so repugnant to all the finer feelings of our nature, can only flourish in communities where deep moral darkness and depravity reign.

The cock is celebrated for his watchfulness. He cries the hour with all the regularity of wakeful watchmen; hence he has been called, the clock of the shepherd:

"In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows—the shepherd's clock—
Jocund that the morning's nigh."

Some derive his name from a Greek word which signifies "without a bed, without rest or sleep;" because he rouses men from their repose. Others trace it to a Hebrew word, which means, "the coming of the light." This is most likely the true derivation. Shakspeare calls him the "bird of dawning," because he ushers in the dawn of day. For this reason also he was, among the heathen, sacred to the sun. So regular and sure is this fowl to note, by crowing, certain periods of the night, that there is real ground for the quick retort in the following apt lines of the poet Montgomery:

"Who taught thee, Chanticleer, to count the clock?
—Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock?
Long before the wheels and bells had learned to chime,
I told the steps, unseen, unheard, of time."

Our Saviour referred to the cock, in connection with certain periods of time, in the ever-memorable and melancholy case of Peter's denial. In the midst of those strong and confident professions of eternal faithfulness which the impetuous Apostle made, on their way from the upper room in Jerusalem to the Garden of Gethsemane, his Lord confronted him with the fearful prophecy: "Verily, I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice!" A few hours pass. The sorrows of Gethsemane are over! The betrayer has come with his band, and the adder has kissed the lamb! Jesus is in the judgment-hall of the high-priest, and John is by his side! See, yonder among the low rabble that has gathered back in the palace, warming himself at a fire, is Peter! A maid passing says to him: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." But he denied before all: "I know not what thou sayest." Then he goes out into the porch, where another maid passing says to those that stood by: "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." He again denied with an oath: "I do not know the man." After a little while those that stood around said to him: "Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee." Then he, being angry, began to curse and to swear: "I know not the man." The third time! "And immediately the cock crew! And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly!"

It is known that Peter recovered from his fall. He sought, with tears of penitence, until he found his Lord again, and received His pardon who casts no one out that comes to Him. He became again, and remained to the end of his life, a faithful follower of the Lord. An old tradition beautifully says, that during his whole life, Peter always wept when he heard the cock crow! As it was the voice of the crowing cock that reminded Peter of his sin, and called him to penitence for denying his master, it became customary very early to place weather-cocks upon towers and steeples. It was well, if this emblem reminded men of watchfulness, and became a silent monitor to wanderers.

There is a slight variation in the narrative of Peter's denial, as given by the different evangelists, which may be noted. In Matthew, Luke and John, our Saviour is represented as saying, that "before the cock crow," Peter should deny him "thrice;" whilst in Mark he says, "before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." "These texts may be very satisfactorily reconciled, by observing, that ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, mention two cock-crowings; the one of which was soon after midnight, the other about three o'clock in the morning; and this latter being most noticed by men, as the signal of their approaching labors, was called, by way of eminence, "the cock-crowing;" and to this

alone Matthew, giving *the general sense* of our Saviour's warning to Peter, refers; but Mark, more accurately recording *his very words*, mentions the *two* cock-crowings."

It seems, that sometimes the cock-crowing soon after midnight, and that at the early dawn were taken together, in a general way, as the period of cock-crowing, by way of distinction from the other periods of time. The Saviour seems to refer to this more general division of time: "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning."

The female domestic fowl differs very much in disposition from the male; being remarkably quiet, patient, modest, and humble. She is very affectionate, faithful, and devoted to her brood. Though naturally averse to strife and contention, she defends her offspring with great courage and determination, attacking with equal boldness, a swine, a mastiff, a horse, or a human being. Strong and deep concern appears in every movement as she leads forth her little family, calling them to the food she has scratched up with her feet, by a variety of tender notes; and warning them, in her own affectionate way, of the approach of danger.

The affection of the hen for her brood is made, by our Saviour, the subject of one of the most beautiful and touching metaphors to be found in the wide range of sacred literature. Think what that divine heart felt, while you read what those sacred lips pronounce: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Who has not noticed how affectionately a hen gathers her brood under her wings, especially when a bird of prey hovers near. Could the Saviour have had reference to the Roman army, upon whose banner there was an *eagle*, and which should soon come down upon those whom he was so willing to shelter, if they only gathered to him? Though this would scarcely heighten its tenderness or beauty, it would only refer what is so mercifully general to a particular application.

Plutarch, who died 140 years after Christ, very beautifully describes this parental affection of the hen. "Do we not daily observe with what care the hen protects her chickens? giving some shelter under her wing, supporting others upon her back, calling them around her, and picking out their food; and if any animal approaches that terrifies them, driving it away with a courage and strength truly wonderful."

There is also a very fine Greek epigram illustrative of the affectionate habit of this domestic fowl, which leads her even to sit till she perishes over her brood. It has been translated thus:

"Beneath her fostering wing, the hen defends
Her darling offspring, while the snow descends;

And through the winter's day unmoved defies
The chilling fleeces and inclement skies ;
Till vanquished by the cold and piercing blast,
True to her charge she perishes at last !"

MEDITATIONS.

BY K. Y. Z.

INFINITE GOODNESS ! say, what meed of praise,
What love, what gratitude is due thy grace ?
What sentiments should in my bosom glow,
And from my pen what tho'ts exclusive flow ?

When all thy varied mercies I review—
Thy kindness shown, each morn and evening new,
Each want supplied from out thy boundless stores,
My heart o'erflows, my wondering soul adores.

And shall I hush—conceal the gifts divine,
And in the swelling heart my tho'ts confine ?
Or shall I speak thy love—thy grace declare,
And with me cause each, all, thy gifts to share ?

Great source of Light ! do thou my bosom fill
With "tho'ts that breathe" and words that sway the will ;
And may my soul, illumined from above,
Incessant feel and gladly speak thy love !

Where'er I stray or turn my ravished eyes,
Such scenes of grandeur to my vision rise—
Such beauty, grace and loveliness combine,
As shows the hand that made them is Divine !

Here on this earth, and in yon vaulted sky,
A thousand tokens of thy love I 'spy—
Each twinkling star appears a gem of light,
To beautify the varied scenes of night !

And O, when I with steady gaze survey
These splendid scenes of night and charms of day,
My spirit, winged with rays of purest love,
In vision soars to sweetest joys above !

Yet other wonders, more stupendous still,
Do the blest pages of thy volume fill ;
'Tis there, I ween, the depths of love divine
Do in their most resplendent beauties shine.

'Tis there we learn—the only wisdom this—
The way to present joy and endless bliss ;
How sinners lost may be restored to God,
And saved by virtue of redeeming blood !

How condescending and how strangely kind,
Seems the Divine Restorer of mankind ;
His love so boundless, so exceeding great,
He died—to glory changed our vile estate.

'Twas not for self the son of God came down,
And cheerful wore on earth the martyr's crown ;

His loving heart, by pure compassion moved,
Urged him to leave what he so dearly loved.

He left his home on high, and ~~here~~ became
A man of deepest sorrow, grief, and shame;
Betrayed by secret foes—by friends denied,
To court and judgment led—then crucified!

My dearest Lord—my Saviour and my God,
What varied paths of anguish hast thou trod;
And yet how feebly burns the flame of love,
O take my heart—fix all my thoughts above.

'Mid trials sore and persecution's frown,
Help me to wear, with Thee, the thorny crown:
And when Life's every ill I've meekly born,
Then take me, Lord, where mourners cease to mourn.

ORIGIN OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

LAST summer, an old gentleman from western New York, came to Williamstown. While there it was discovered that he was one of those who joined Mills under the haystack in praying this Board into existence. He knew all the men, and was the only survivor who could point out the spot on which the scene occurred. He said that as Mills and his companions were out one Saturday afternoon, they were overtaken by a storm, and crept under a haystack for shelter. They spent some little time in devotional exercises, when Mills said he had been studying geography, and had found that Asia was covered with millions of people who had no gospel, and knew nothing of Christ. It was here that he uttered that memorable saying, "We are a little people, but we must be felt the world over." Here they consecrated themselves anew to God and to the world. That place now pointed out, and twenty acres of land have been purchased, and are to be ornamented and preserved as a monument of this scene and its actors. The dust of Mills lies in the ocean. We cannot raise a monument there, and it is not to Mills that we would raise it, but we would have one which shall inspire the young men, who are there preparing to go out into the world, with the spirit of Missions, and lead them to consecrate themselves to the work to which the sainted Mills, and Hall, and Everts, and so many more have given themselves.

Young man! what do you intend to do for God, for the church, for the heathen? Consider well that your happiness lies in your finding your proper place and your proper work. Your whole life may become a miserable failure just by your failing to find the post and position to which you are called. Let your prayer be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do!"

FASHION.

BY J. B. A.

SOME terms, as well as things, are liable to abuse to the extent that they are perverted from their proper employment. There are indeed very few if any of those who croak against fashion, of whom Cæsar's remark to Brutus, when he stabbed him, may not be used with equal propriety and significance. *Is there any evil in fashion itself?* or, perhaps, it had rather been said *in fashion under proper control*, for fashion in the *abstract* might turn out like the man's abstract dinner, perfectly harmless if no one touch it.

There are almost as many notions of fashion as it has forms, but with some allowance, where the shades blend and commingle with each other, as they do in classifications which nature itself has made, we may pretty safely place them all under three general divisions: the "fast man," the "old fogy," and the "conservative." Fashion is not exactly the same thing for all of these classes, but each is equally confident of his own judgment of the case. The first and second differ most widely; for, whilst Sir Fastman has been pulling at the skirts of old Mr. Fogy's coat for a long time to get him ahead faster, the old man has persisted in "backward progression," and even cut off the corners of his coat and all his buttons, so that no hold is left.

We have sundry faults to find with both of these characters, and indeed have about as little respect for the one as for the other; for neither is progressive either backward or forward really; about every ten years, as at the present, when young men are donning their grandfather's coats again, and young ladies their grand-ma's bonnets, they meet and shake hands, then Fastman is off again, and Fogy folds his arms and heaves a sigh over the degeneracy of the age. If there is no good in fashion, fault-finding with those who are thought to pervert it will not come to much. Is that however the fact? Fashion ought to be controlled by good taste, and have comfort and convenience for its objects, says Conservative. Old Fogy says taste must be contingent, and Fastman reverses this order, and declares that comfort and convenience must become secondary considerations.

Comfort and convenience may themselves become objects of taste, but may exist with scarcely any, or at least very bad taste, and that taste which regards these as mere accidents is unworthy of the name. Philosophers, to whom we may refer the discussion of such points, declare that the outward in morals and religion (and who will deny that taste, in its pure form, is a moral subject?) has a necessary connection with the inward, in the form of ideas; and

require of us, in order to understand this subject properly, constantly to make the former the exponents of the latter, and to treat the subject in this relation. So marked have been the fashions of different periods, that we can pretty clearly identify the age to which any given one may have belonged; and there is something in the appearance of the modern gentleman and lady that distinguishes them from those of every other period. The taste of many persons has become offended, and perhaps justly, with Greenough's statue of the Father of his Country, which stands in front of the capitol at Washington, in consequence of its being clad in the folding drapery of a former age, instead of the costume of the one to which he really belonged. One not apt at deciphering physiognomy might question the propriety of placing a Grecian philosopher in front of an American capitol, yet an American will very easily recognise the benign and dignified countenance of the great Washington.

If taste thus rests upon ideas, it is something more general than our mere notions—is not capricious and dependent in an arbitrary manner upon the will of individuals. Paris may manufacture fashions for the world, but only so far does she succeed in gaining for them general circulation as she becomes the true interpreter of good taste. Her judgment in such matters is relied upon with great confidence, but the right of appeal is nevertheless sacredly reserved. If New England, or even Paris, should say that the bloomer costume should prevail among American ladies, it would, after all, give it character only among a few of the leather-wing tribe, who perambulate at the misty period of twilight. That was a sort of an embodiment of the idea of woman's rights, but it had not developed itself sufficiently to sustain its outward character, and popular vote has only given it a place in the cabinet of social curiosities.

Fashion addresses itself to our highest sense—the sense of sight, and, under its proper form, seeks to unfold our love for the beautiful. Nature is profuse in her assistance to this end. The pages of that volume are not filled with a dull monotony, but everywhere profuse with living variety and beauty. Among the flowers we find no foppish notions, and the painter finds his best models in the wild woods, where nature is left untrammelled in her work. No fault is found in the symmetry of her productions in this sphere, and art has striven in vain to rival her colors. No flower is so lovely or beautiful as nature's own. While rambling here the critic lays aside his spleen, and if he does not adore, maintains a dignified silence. Taste is all alike here to the extent that it has been cultivated and brought out. How many little natives of nature's ample garden have obtained undying names from the poet's lyre! How many prominent places in the picture gallery of the Bible by the pen of inspiration! But what difference does

that make, says the matter of fact man; Satan too has a place there; true, but not a very enviable one.

So, also, the birds have their fashions, and renew them every spring. The same regard for variety and beauty is seen here, but they do not *alter* their fashions—only renew them. Here the old man thinks he has a decided advantage over the fashions of the age, and feels more assurance in sticking to his buttonless, round-cornered coat; but, Conservative says, the argument proves too much, and is not good, for Mr. Foggy might have the birds and flowers on his side in more respects than one, and he might insist on dismissing the preacher and the schoolmaster.

Many persons, in whose minds the distinction between the true and perverted fashion is not more clear than it ought to be, are forever decrying the fashions of the day, and yet following after at a distance, just far enough to elude the search of Barnum in quest of specimens of antiquities. They don't like the fashions, yet with them the adage is fashionable, "better out of the world than out of fashion." Conservative does not indeed keep much closer, but says less. He thinks the present is the *Shanghai* period, and that the style last winter—broad sleeves, short mantles, and "tites," represented the idea pretty well; the fact that the tail has grown considerably, he regards as indicative of *speed*—a sort of rudder.

Not every thing that is fashionable is right, yet not all that is so, is wrong. The most fashionable are not always the proudest, nor is pride always absent in minds most abhorrent of fashion. "Pretty feathers make pretty birds," but intelligence and liberal mindedness need no external trappings to give a passport to honor and respectability; if these be present, the interior graces shine through them, and they constitute but the drapery of the image beneath them. "The fashion of this world passeth away," but there is something that will survive them all. That is the inner man; that may be either cursed or blest, according as the gifts of God are employed in this world.

It is often remarked, that what pleases one person displeases another, and, where tastes in this subjective view are so diversified, we seem willing to allow every man to his taste; but doubtless this diversity grows out of the disturbances in our own minds, so that the laws of beauty, inherent in its own constitution, are not apprehended alike by all. The same diversity, though perhaps not to the same extent, exists in respect to truth in other relations, so that scarcely two men agree in all things as touching the highest truths of religion. All these differences, then, are inward and not outward. Beauty and ugliness are not what men make them, but have a character of their own, and are controlled by laws which are above our thinking or willing. The appeal in all cases of disagreement is to these laws, and not to the caprice of the individual.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE PALM-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Hebrew name of the Palm-tree is Tamar. In the Greek it is called Phoinix. It is sometimes called the Date, though this is properly the name of only its fruit.

The meaning of the word from which its name is derived is straight, or upright. This also is the character of the tree. It resembles a vast reed growing straight up towards heaven, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet. Like a reed, too, it is not solid wood within, but the heart of it is a kind of pith or marrow, round which grows a tough bark full of strong fibres when young, which, as the tree grows older, becomes hard like wood. The leaves, which are often from six to eight feet long, grow out of this bark; they seem indeed but a continuation of it. The leaves expand very wide on every side of the stem, and as the tree grows they fall off, leaving a kind of short rugged knots extending forth from the tree all around it. "These, whose stump or policies, in being thus gradually left upon the trunk, serve like so many rounds of a ladder, to climb up the tree." The tree is in reality without knots, for these projections are not properly knots, being, not the remains of limbs, but one of leaves.

The straight upright nature of this beautiful tree is frequently alluded to in the sacred writings. In the Song of Solomon (vii: 7) the stature of the bride is compared to a palm-tree: "This thy stature is like to a palm-tree." A somewhat tall, slender form was regarded as indicative of grace, gentleness, and dignity. Hence Tamar was a common name among the ladies of Palestine; it occurs a number of times in the Bible.

Palm-trees were anciently very common in Judea and surrounding regions. They flourished especially about Jericho, Engeddi, Scythopolis, and along the banks of Jordan. Jericho was called "the city of Palm-trees," Deut. 34: 3. 2 Chron. 28: 15. Dr. Shaw says, "that although these trees are not now either plentiful or fruitful in other parts of the Holy Land, there are still some to be seen around Jericho." There is everything in that locality which they need, such as moisture, sandy soil, and a warm climate.

When we keep in mind the adaptation of a moist soil to the growth of the palm-tree, how natural is the allusion of Moses to these trees. Speaking of the journeyings of the children of Israel he says: "They came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm-trees: and they encamped there by the waters." Ex. 15: 27. It is said that when, in

1801, the English army landed in Egypt to expel the French from that country, Sir Sidney Smith assured the troops that wherever date-trees grew there must be water near, and this, on digging, proved true, for they found water within such a distance that the roots of the tree could draw moisture from the water.

The fruit which, as already observed, is called date, grows in large rich clusters below the leaves. It is sweet, and very agreeable to the taste. A good tree yields yearly from fifteen to twenty clusters of dates, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds each. When cultivated they bear earlier and better than when left to themselves. They are propagated chiefly by transplanting roots of full grown trees; these will yield the sixth or seventh year if well attended. They may also be raised from the kernels, but in that case scarcely yield fruit before about the sixteenth year. They reach the height of their vigor at about thirty years, and continue in that state until they are about one hundred years old, when they begin slowly to decline, but often live until late in the second century. The Psalmist alludes to this tree when he says of the righteous, "They shall flourish like a palm-tree—they shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Ps. 92.

The palm is a highly useful tree even beyond the excellent fruit which it bears. "The diligent natives," says Mr. Gibbon, "celebrated either in verse or in prose, the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches, the leaves and the fruit were skillfully applied. The extensive importance of the date-tree, says Dr. Clarke, is one of the most curious subjects to which a traveler can direct his attention. A considerable part of the inhabitants of Egypt, of Arabia, and of Persia, subsist almost entirely on this fruit. They boast also of its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date stone. From the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches, cages for their poultry, and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes, and rigging; from the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel: it is even said, that from one variety of the palm-tree, the 'phoenix farinifera' meal has been extracted, which is found among the fibres of the trunk, and has been used for food."

The liquor, or honey of the palm-tree, is much used in the East among the higher classes on festive occasions, in the entertainment of guests. "This," says Paxton, "they procure by cutting off the head or crown of one of the more vigorous plants, and scooping the top of the trunk into the shape of a basin, where the sap in ascending lodges itself, at the rate of three or four quarts a day, during the first week or two; after which the quantity daily diminishes, and at the end of six weeks or two months the juices are entirely consumed, the tree becomes dry, and serves only for timber and fire-wood. This liquor, which has a more luscious

sweetness than honey, is of the consistence of thin syrup, but quickly grows tart and ropy, acquiring an intoxicating quality."

It is a remarkable fact that these trees are male and female; though this is also the case with many other trees, as for instance, the mulberry and the locust. The dates are produced by the female; but the fruit is always dry and insipid when the tree stands alone at a distance from the other kind. This fact is carefully observed and considered by those who plant them for their fruit.

The palm-tree was always a great favorite in the Holy Land. It was worthy of it, being beautiful, evergreen, became venerable by age, and very extensively useful. It became in time the emblem of Judea. The Emperor Vespasian, upon the conquest of Judea, cast a medal with a palm-tree upon it, under which sits a solitary, disconsolate captive woman, and over which is the inscription, "JUDEA CAPTA." This lonely woman reminds us of Deborah the prophetess, who in sad times "dwelt under a palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel in Mount Ephraim." Jud. 4: 5.

The leaves of the palm-tree in their form resembles the solar rays, and hence it is a very proper emblem of natural and also of spiritual light. Hence these trees were among the carved work of the holy place of the ancient sanctuary. 1 Kings 6; Ezek. 41. Hence, also, they were used in the construction of booths, on the great Feast of Tabernacles. Lev. 23; Neh. 8.

Palm branches were emblems of victory and triumph, and hence were carried before conqueror's when returning crowned with success. This explains the conduct of the people when, on Christ's entry into Jerusalem, they "took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna." John 12: 13. This explains, too, why those whom John saw before the throne and the Lamb in heaven, had "palms in their hands." Rev. 7: 9. They had overcome, were at home from the conflict, and celebrated their victory in joys and triumphs without end.

The Greek name of this tree, as we have already observed, signifies also that fabulous bird called Phoenix, of which the ancients speak. Some of the fathers, says one, have supposed that the Psalmist (92: 12) alludes to this bird, and hence have made the Phoenix an emblem of the resurrection. "Tertullian calls it a full and striking emblem of this hope." This is no doubt the reason why it has been cultivated in some burial places in the East. The circumstance that when the old trunk dies young shoots in great abundance succeed it, growing out of its roots, may have given rise to this fable of the Phoenix, "which perishes in a flame of its own kindling, while a young one springs from her ashes to continue the race."

It is certainly a very beautiful sight, that circle of scions which grow out and around the stumps of the aged tree while it is turn-

ing to ashes in their midst, feeding the life of the young shoots by its own death, and they, standing as a guard around, as if to protect it, and then to take its place and perpetuate in themselves its own life! It will do as an emblem of the resurrection, but also equally well to illustrate the relation which children in a family sustain to their aged, fading, departing parents.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown—
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home—
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come:
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart—
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

EVENING AT VENICE.

BY D. THOMPSON.

The gay Rialto dances
Where crowds the revel hold;
The sparkling billow glances
In lines of liquid gold:
The yielding waves dividing,
Around our vessel play,
As onward, swiftly gliding,
She wins her easy way.

The glowing rays have faded—
The breeze has died away—
And lofty domes are shaded
With twilight's mantle gray.

The silver beam of Hesper
Above the wave is flung—
The bells that call to Vesper,
Along the shore have rung.

As o'er the wave retreating,
We faintly hear, afar,
Some oar in cadence beating
To lute or soft guitar;
But, soon as evening closes,
Those sounds are heard no more;
The gondolier reposes
Along his weary oar.

A PASTOR'S ADVICE AND WARNING.

ADDRESSED TO A CLASS OF CATECHUMENS AT THEIR CONFIRMATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"As my beloved sons I warn you."—1 COR. 4: 14.

By the goodness of God we are assembled once more to engage in and witness the solemn rite of confirmation. This is always an occasion of peculiar interest, of deep impressiveness, and of humble joy, not only in the church on earth, but, we may believe, even in Heaven. If there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that returns to God, is not heaven the more moved by the solemnity in which a whole band of youthful, willing souls, cast themselves upon their knees before the altar, and utter the most solemn vow of eternal consecration?

It is an occasion of interest and joy to parents, who behold here their children assuming their baptismal vows—it is the fruit of their anxieties, prayers, and cares.

It is an occasion of joy to Sabbath-school teachers, to behold those who grew up into stature and into Christ, in their classes, at last prostrate at the feet of Jesus, to whom they had pointed them with many words of earnest exhortation, and with many warm prayers of faith. The seed, sown in tears, is now opening into glorious fruit.

It is an occasion of interest and joy to a pastor, who has sought through a long and anxious course of instruction to point them to Jesus—to prepare them for full membership in the church, for a worthy approach to the table of the Lord, and for an entrance into the blessedness of the righteous.

It is an occasion of solemn interest to all members of the church, who are here reminded of their own confirmation—in whose hearts its solemnity is again revived and reproduced. While reviewing their own lives since that event, they find much to move them to humble penitence, as well as to gratitude and praise, while they silently renew their own vows with those who are kneeling at the altar.

Even such as are no professors of religion, and have no personal saving interest in the great salvation, must more or less feel the impressiveness of the scene—must feel the silent reproof, and the keen chidings of conscience—must feel, when they see those before them so earnestly laying hold of the refuge, as though they heard a voice behind them crying, "Flee ye also to the mountain, tarry not in all the plain."

Our remarks, while they may apply to all, must have a more direct application to those about to be confirmed. This is an hour of special solemnity to you. To this time you have long looked

forward—for it you have made solemn preparation. It has come at last, and behold! we are here together before God, and angels, and men—we are here to witness and confirm your vows.

To this time you will long look *back*. If you should for a time loose it from your memory, future occasions like this will bring it fresh again to your mind; your conscience will remind you of it; if you go astray some sore afflictions will remind you of this hour; on beds of sickness you will think of these vows; in a dying hour these scenes will crowd around you like angels of peace, or of woe—bringing to your hearts smiles of gratitude, or tears of bitter repentance. Even after this life you will think of this hour, a heaven or in hell!

Believing that what is said under these solemn circumstances will the more deeply impress your minds, and be the longer remembered, I desire to address to you a few words of advice and warning. “As my beloved sons, I warn you.”

I. Do not loose or abate your interest in studying and improving in the doctrines and teachings of religion.

The things necessary to be known in religion have been revealed to our minds, not in them. If we would know them we must study them, learn them. The prophets, the Saviour, the apostles, were all teachers. It was their mission to teach all nations—to teach them the things of religion. It was the duty of the people to learn, to study, to know what was taught. The very meaning of a disciple, is a learner.

It is so still. If we would know the way of life—if we would understand our duties and privileges—we must study and learn them. Oh, how much is there for us to know!

You have for some time been learners in religion. Some of you have been for years in the Sabbath-school class, and some of you have for a long time been catechumens. You have heard much, and much of it you have treasured up. But how much is there still for you to learn! What a mine of sacred wisdom still lies unfathomed before you! What heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths are still not explored! You have but barely commenced. You have but a few of the first principles.

It is not only that you may know these things that you ought to study them, but especially on account of the influence which they exert upon your hearts. You have found that your interest in religion has increased with your study and learning. Your hearts have been warmed by the truths to which you have paid attention. The truth, as you took it into your minds and hearts, was as food to the soul. This is the true nature—these are the legitimate effects of the truth. When we know it right we feel its power—ignorance of it is of course indifference to it.

You have no doubt sometimes thought—for this has been the experience of many—that if the lectures would continue it would

be easy for you to continue warm-hearted and devoted, and faithful. It is your constant feeding upon the truth that keeps you strong.

Now if, after you are confirmed you loose your interest in improving in religious knowledge, you will certainly also grow cold in your zeal, and love, and devotion. On the other hand, if you keep up your diligence in learning more and more of religion, you will find your heart continuing its warmth and vigor. These two things go together. If we would grow in grace we must grow in the knowledge of Christ. Religious knowledge is just as necessary to a vigorous growth in piety as food is to the growth of the body, or as water is to the roots of a tree. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion, but the mother of darkness, stupidity, superstition, and all kinds of error and degradation.

I warn you, therefore, against the neglect of your religious studies. You have abundant opportunity to go on in the future as you have in the past. Future classes of catechumens are open to you. The adult classes in the Sabbath-school, with pious and able teachers, are open to you. The instructions of the pulpit and the weekly lectures are open to you. The Bible, and all kinds of instructive religious books, together with the religious papers of the church are open to you. You have every opportunity that heart can desire, to become a well-informed, enlightened, intelligent Christian.

There is a great defect at the present day in just this point. Religious instruction is not sufficiently thorough. Christians do not care to be indoctrinated as they should. There is too little earnest study of God's word, and the doctrines of the church. If these things were more faithfully attended to, there would not be so much back-sliding, wavering, weakness of faith, and indifference.

You may hear it said that religion does not consist in knowing and learning—and this is only what I have told you over and over—it includes also the power of what we know upon the heart. But beware of the insinuating error that knowing does not belong to religion. If a mind—if brains, belong to a man, then does also knowing and learning belong to religion. Seek to have warm hearts, but also clear heads—let the mind know and the heart feel—these two God hath joined together, let no man put them asunder.

Against loosing your interest in the study of Christian doctrines and duties I most earnestly and solemnly warn you. "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."

II. Be regular in your attendance upon the church and all its ordinances and means of grace.

Here is the rock on which thousands have split. The first step in back-sliding is a neglect of the ordinances.

Peter never would have denied his Saviour if he had not first begun to "follow him afar off." If, like John, he had kept near him, and not gone out among the rabble at a distance, he would not have prepared the way for future bitterness and tears.

If Judas had continued with the Saviour and the disciples in the passover solemnity in the upper room, and in the holy supper which followed, he would not have appeared among his enemies to betray him.

If Thomas had been with the disciples in the upper room when Jesus came in and said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," he would not afterwards have been so unbelieving as to say: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger in the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." John 20: 22—25.

So, if professing Christians were always present when God blesses his people through his various ordinances, they would not be led astray by temptation, or overcome by their own remaining infirmities and the power of the world. He that does not eat is not strong—he that misses the blessing is also without the grace.

You will always find that those who are most regular in their attendance upon the ordinances, are the most firm, consistent, and least likely to back-slide. Those who most disgrace their profession, are those who most neglect the means of grace.

It is easy to see why this is so. Let any one undertake to do any thing whatever, and it will always be found that he succeeds best when he rightfully uses the means. If one who is weak in body would walk, he must use a staff; by this means he can sustain himself to walk. If one who is weak in spirit would hold on his way, he must use the means of grace—the very means instituted and adapted to give him strength and aid.

Prayer brings him aid. The word, as read, as heard from the pulpit or weekly lecture gives him light, reproof, encouragement, and comfort. The Holy Supper unites him more closely to Christ, brings him into communion with his power, and grace, and life, and feeds, nourishes, refreshes and renews his drooping life. O, how can any one expect to walk steadily on in the way to heaven without the help of the means of grace. Against the neglect of them I most earnestly warn you.

III. Look well to the character and habits of your associates, and avoid all such as would endanger your piety.

A holy apostle has said: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Experience and observation prove that the most of young persons who make shipwreck of their piety, their good name, and their character, are led astray and are ruined by bad

associates. Little do we dream of the power which a companion has over us for good or for evil. Our confidence in a companion, our fondness for him, places us in his power.

Young Christians, in the buoyancy of their spirits, in the joy of their youthful hearts, in the vigor of their social feelings, are easily drawn into the circle of the giddy and the vain; and what seems to them at first but a source of innocent enjoyment, soon becomes a snare to their hearts. They become less and less serious; the holy restraints of the church loose their power more and more, until they first grow careless, then wander, then despise, and at last perish.

The only path of safety lies in your selecting your companions of such as are known to be pious. In such a circle there is not only the most honor, but also the purest happiness and the greatest safety.

Moreover, there can be no true enjoyment for one that is pious in company with the careless and the ungodly. They differ in the deepest and most important circumstances of their life; how then can they be associates? Their sympathies, their tastes, their desires, their thoughts and feelings are all different. How then can they be companions? What fellowship hath light with darkness? You cannot, therefore, comfortably associate with such, unless you first depart from your own Christian position. But woe unto that professing Christian who will give up Christ for the fellowship of a sinful companion. Those that choose such company here, will also be sentenced to continue in the same company when the Judge shall say to those on his left hand, Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you!

Against such associates and such an end I most solemnly warn you!

IV. Strive to make yourself useful to the church and to the world.

This itself will do much to aid you in carrying out the last advice. If you labor with Christians in the church, and in every good work, this itself will throw you among the right kind of associates. Those that constantly labored with Christ, were also in each other's company, to support each other by mutual example and encouragement. In every church, those young Christians who truly labor for its interests, are by that very circumstance formed into a circle of friendship and affection for each other, in the midst of which it is not easy to grow cold or indifferent.

In every church there is abundant room to stand in such a circle of useful laborers for the church. There is the Sabbath-school—there are meetings for social improvement—there are meetings for instruction and prayer—there are meetings for cultivating the voice and the heart in singing the high praises of God. In some one or more of these circles every young Christian can find a

place in which to be useful, and where he may cultivate his social nature.

How much safer, purer, and more elevating are such social circles, and such companionships, than such as are formed outside of the church, and which have for their end, not usefulness, but mere pleasure, and that of the lowest and most evanescent kind.

Moreover, there is nothing better calculated to keep us firm in the pious way than to be engaged in laboring for the church, and for souls. It is by watering others that we are watered. As the body which exercises is healthiest, so is it also with the soul. The active Christian grows most in grace.

Does not observation convince us of this. Do not the idlers, the loiterers in Zion, mostly back-slide entirely? Are not, on the other hand, the most active also the most persevering?

O, we are kept from a thousand temptations and snares by keeping ourselves in the circle of those who labor in the church, in the Sabbath-school, and in all the various enterprises of doing good. Be you not an idler in the ranks of Jesus. Against this I earnestly warn you.

V. Think often of solemn things.

A Christian must be sober, solemn, earnest. He must not treat as a light matter his responsibilities, his duties, his vows, his relations to man and God, and his solemn account at the last great day.

You need not be morose, gloomy, cheerless. But be earnest still. Life is not a play, sin is not a trifle, death is not a sport—judgment and eternity, heaven and hell, are not a dream.

Our own lost condition by nature, our own lying under the power of sin and death is a reality that ought to arouse us, and cause us to tremble and pray. We are candidates for eternity—we are hastening towards its awful realities—and shall we amuse ourselves and sport with vanities upon this dreadful brink.

Eternity! stupendous theme!
Compared herewith our life's a dream:
Eternity! O, awful sound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned!

The thought of what Jesus has done for us, ought to make us earnest. Redemption was not a trifle! The humiliation, the sacrifice, and the sufferings of our Immanuel, were such as to astonish heaven, earth, and hell. There, in our nature, hangs the atoning God!

"The skies he formed, and now he bleeds for me!
There hangs all human hope! that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop!
O what a groan was there! a groan not his;
He heaved the mountain from a guilty world!"

O, think often of that price, "all price beyond," and neglect not that soul which is the purchase of his blood.

Think often of your vows. They are heard on earth. They are recorded in heaven. They will meet you in a dying hour. They will meet you before the "great white throne." Fulfil your vows, by a life of piety. Often refresh and animate your heart, with the solemn remembrance of them at the table of the Lord. And may—

"High heaven that hears your solemn vow,
That vow renewed still daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour you bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

THE MANAGER IS DEAD.

"The manager is dead," said a lad to me as I passed the Bowery Theatre this morning. The walls, the pillars, the arches, the log cabin, the old arm chairs of Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, the bulletin boards, the hand-bills and the door ways to the pit were all deeply draped in black, for the manager is dead.

A theatre in mourning—a place made for mirth in mourning! Oh, it was a sad sight. Even the Bowery boys seemed all subdued because death had been there and called for the manager.

There have been frequent deaths there before, and sudden deaths, living deaths, and yet no sign of woe appeared. The young have often entered those walls alive, but when they come out the leprosy of death was upon them. A great school for the youth was kept there, and the manager, who is now dead, was the principal of that school. He had apt scholars, and he taught them whatsoever he pleased, and never had he a sleepy, uninterested scholar; all were wide awake. Was that favorable moment improved to teach noble and exalted things? Say, manager, how does it all look from your present stand-point? A man who can manage a theatre well has gifts of no ordinary character. A man of mean talents could not do it. Were those gifts and talents well improved for the best good of mankind, and the accomplishment of all life's great objects? How does thy work compare with the work of the noiseless, faithful Sabbath-school teacher, who approaches a home where a child dwells with blessings on his lips, and who watches blank moments to speak to that child somewhat of the delicious narratives of Christ's love. Said a good man to me once, "Of all the places in the world, I would love best to die in the Sabbath-school," but to go from the theatre to the grave is a mournful passage.

There is no harmony between the theatre and the grave. Oh, then, let the theatre remain in mourning. Forever let its walls be shrouded in black. It is a fit place for mourning, not for mirth. Its Alpha and Omega is death. Then let the death token hang as a beacon to every passing traveler.

JAMES POLLOCK, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

WE have desired, for several reasons, to give the readers of *The Guardian* a sketch of the newly inaugurated Governor. One reason is that there is a general desire to know something of the history of a man whom the people, by their free will and vote, elevate to such a position of power and honor. Another is, that the life and career of the Governor is another illustration of the grand fact that the way to eminence, honor and usefulness, is open to all who have the energy and industry to prepare themselves for it, and the moral excellence to deserve it. We have before us a man who begins in a small village in the interior of Pennsylvania, as he grows worthier his influence extends wider; modestly and humbly and faithfully, he acts in each sphere to which he is called, and as he wins on the confidence of the community the circle of his strength widens, until he finds himself crowned with the highest honors in the gift of a free and mighty State.

We need scarcely say that we are no politician. Our *Guardian* moves in a more quiet range. It is not, therefore, for any political ends, or in a political spirit, that we desire to speak of the Governor. We love to catch hold of such examples of what is called "rising in the world," and hold them up to young men, with a view of stimulating them to become industrious that they may become honorable, and good that they may become great.

James Pollock was born in Milton, a small but pleasant town on the east bank of the Susquehanna, in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of September, 1810, of respectable parents, in easy circumstances. His father was engaged in mercantile pursuits, but died before his son James had attained his eighth year. It was designed that the son should pursue the business of the parent; and he was, accordingly, early put behind the counter, having previously enjoyed no great amount of school advantages. Tiring however of shop-keeping, and a better course of academical instruction than is usually found in the interior having offered itself in the village, under the direction of the Rev. David Kirkpatrick, he was induced to embrace it, and speedily became prominent in the institution as an apt scholar in all the branches taught, but especially in the classical and mathematical departments.

Having completed with credit his academical career, he entered the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in the junior class, half

advanced. He there prosecuted his studies with zeal and industry, and graduated in the fall of 1831, receiving the highest honors of his class.

Returning home, he shortly after entered the office of Samuel Hepburn, Esq., as a student of law, and was admitted to the bar as a practising attorney in November, 1833. He had undoubtedly chosen the profession most in accordance with his tastes, talents and attainments, and soon gained a handsome practice, high character as a sound lawyer, and able and eloquent advocate.

In 1837 he was married to the daughter of Mr. Hepburn, and in the same year received the appointment of deputy attorney for Northumberland county, and retained the appointment for three years under different attorney generals—William B. Reed and others. His popular manners, the strong hold he had upon the public mind, his eloquence as an advocate and on public occasions, where frequent opportunities called for the exhibition of it, soon however drew him in a great measure from his profession, and embarked him in political life.

In 1844 he was presented by the whig party, at the special election to fill the place in Congress from the XIIIth Congressional district of Pennsylvania vacated by the death of its then late incumbent, the Hon. Henry Frick. His success was hardly deemed possible, the district being so overwhelmingly democratic that an opposition candidate was received as put forward on a forlorn hope. He, however, carried the district by a flattering majority, and in two succeeding elections, to the XXIXth and XXXth Congresses, was equally successful, until the opposition had some difficulty in finding a champion willing to enter the lists against him.

His Congressional course, embracing a period of six years, had interfered with his private affairs, and especially, and largely so, with his professional pursuits, and he with difficulty, but positively, declined a fourth canvass.

His career in Congress redounded much to his credit, and gave him a wide spread reputation. He sustained with ability the great conservative principles of the party which elected him, as his speeches and votes on the tariff, internal improvements, and so forth, will show. His report, in the first session of the XXXth Congress, on the Whitney railroad to the Pacific, of which committee he was chairman, is the ablest and most extended exhibition of the advantages that might be expected to result from that road of any paper we have seen. He was, during the various sessions while he occupied a seat in Congress, a member of some of the most important committees of that body, as, on Territories, Claims, Ways and Means, and so forth, and always brought competent learning, ability, and industry to the faithful and able discharge of the duties devolved upon him. He gained many friends, in and

out of Congress, and returned home with an increased reputation, fairly acquired in the public councils, as an able debater and an unflinching advocate of every measure he deemed promotive of the best interests of his country.

Once more at home in private life, he resumed the practice of the law, and rapidly regained the ground his Congressional career had lost him, till, in January, 1851, he was again called into public life by Governor Johnston. The death of Judge Anthony, in 1849, had left a vacancy on the bench of the Eighth Judicial District of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pollock was not an applicant for the vacant presidency, but the commission was conferred upon him without his solicitation or knowledge that it was designed for him. He accepted it, however, and retained the office of president judge of the district, embracing the counties of Northumberland, Lycoming, Columbia and Montour, till December, 1851, when the Pennsylvania law providing for the election of judges by the people, brought another individual (Alexander Jordan, Esq.) in his place on the bench. In the canvass Mr. Pollock peremptorily declined being a candidate, and Mr. Jordan was elected without opposition.

His services for the short period he occupied the bench, eminently established his fitness for the position. He was mild and courteous in his deportment, prompt and untiring in the discharge of his duties with unquestioned learning, impartial and honest in his decisions. On retiring from the bench, public dinners were tendered to him by the bar in the counties in which he had presided, and numerous resolutions passed, showing their appreciation of his merits as a judge, by those best enabled to estimate his qualifications and to pronounce upon the honesty and ability of his administration.

Now he is again at the bar, in the vigor of life, and with the prospects of a successful career before him; and while about reaping the rewards of assiduity, perseverance and industry in his profession, a telegraphic communication announces his nomination for Governor of the State by the Whig party. He accepts the nomination in accordance with the wishes of his friends and those admiring his sentiments on the great topics, National and State. He is put at the head of several reform tickets, and the people at the late election confirmed the choice by an unusually large majority, thus elevating him to the Chief Magistracy of the State.

Behold the eminence of honor, but also of responsibility, which he has reached. What guarantee have we that these responsibilities will be met, not with infallibility, but at least in the utmost honesty of purpose? We answer, in his strictly moral and religious character. We have a Christian Governor—not in name merely, but in reality, as we have reason to know and believe. Mr. Pollock connected himself with the church—the Reformed Presbyterian—in early life. The influence of religion, as a reno-

vating, sanctifying, and beautifying life, has run through his whole history, giving consistency, honesty, earnestness, unity and ornament to all his public and private acts.

"His religious life," says one who has the opportunity of knowing, "is unimpeachable. Being prominent in the church of his home, and active in sustaining its prosperity, especially the Sabbath-school, of which he was a teacher. He was and is yet the president of the Milton Female Bible Society, which has been actively engaged in distributing the word of life not only in his own county, but in several adjoining counties." We heard his pastor, with whom we were intimate at the time, say, several years ago, when Mr. Pollock was yet a member of Congress, that "he knew his catechism, and would humbly join with his family in repeating it whenever he came round on his pastoral visits."

Last fall, while in Philadelphia, speaking on public topics during the week, he attended church on Sabbath morning, and addressed the Sabbath-school in the afternoon, in Dr. Wylie's church.

Soon after his election, we met with an intelligent citizen of his native town, who has grown up with him, and asked him whether he thought the Governor's moral and religious character would be proof against the seductions and corruptions of our present political atmosphere? He replied with much emphasis and solemnity, "I have full confidence. His moral and religious principles will prove adequate to the temptations." We believe the same, and most sincerely hope and pray that his religious consistency may be so maintained through his whole term of office, as to be a decided answer to all such as are in the habit of repeating, to the disparagement of Christianity, the old sneer against Christ, "Have any of the rulers believed in Him?"

We are sure, and so will our readers be from what has been said, that the beautiful sentiment at the close of his Inaugural address is not empty cant with him—"invoking the aid and blessing of the God of our fathers, and desiring to rule in His fear!" Consistent with this solemn profession he did not leave the stand, where he had solemnly avowed this "fear of God" before thousands of men, and in the presence of Heaven, to mingle in those undignified follies which generally close the inauguration day at the capital.

Hear the following incident, which has been made public, and which we have had confirmed from private and most reliable sources, in confirmation of what we have said. In the evening after the inauguration, a committee of very prominent men in the State called on the new Governor, informing him that they had come to escort him to the Inauguration ball. "A ball! gentlemen—I never attend balls!" The committee informed him that all the arrangements for his presence had been completed, that it was a special occasion, the Inauguration ball, and that the ladies

were already waiting in anxious expectation for his introduction. "I am very sorry, gentlemen, to occasion any disappointment, but I am conscientiously averse to balls, and these arrangements were made without my participation, and of course without my consent." There is firmness and consistency. How could he, who had just taken his seat as Governor of a Christian State "in the fear of God," begin his administration with the folly, effeminacy, and frivolity of a ball. "A ball! gentlemen—I never attend balls!"

We thank the Governor, in the name of every Christian in the State, for those sound words—for that noble example. It is the existence and practice of these follies in high places which keeps them up throughout all the circles beneath. This praiseworthy example will be felt throughout the State, to the credit of the Governor, and to the honor of religion. For once the giddy, the fashionable, and the foolish at the capital, have felt that their circle of vanities is not to be the bosom in which the Christian governor of a Christian State is to live more and have his being. The position which the Governor has so nobly taken in reference to dancing is entirely in harmony with his general reputation as an earnest, grave, sensible and Christian man.

May that God in whose fear he has desired to rule, whose honor he has thus nobly recognized, and whose friends he has cheered by all the influence of his high official station, grant him grace, health, long life and an honorable administration.

THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

THE late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In this progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see far off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer and the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him. With Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and, as he dwells with rapture on those enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gates of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

LESSONS FROM THE GARDEN.

(Translated from the German.)

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—THE FLOWERS.

LUDWICK stood still in the garden before a blooming rose-bush, and said to his sister, "Indeed the rose is the most beautiful of all the flowers."

Caroline said: "The lily yonder upon the flower-bed is just as pretty as the rose. I think both these flowers are the loveliest in the garden; no others can be compared to them."

"But," says little Louisa, "you must not overlook the lovely violets." They are very beautiful, and they gave us last spring a great deal of joy."

The mother who had listened to the remarks of the children, said: "The three kinds of flowers which please you so well are beautiful likenesses and pictures of three beautiful graces. The violet, with its modest dark-blue color, is a picture of Humility. The snow-white lily is a picture of Innocence. The red rose signifies: your hearts are to bloom and glow with pure goodness, and love to God. Humility, innocence and goodness are the most lovely blossoms of youth."

II.—THE CABBAGE.

An industrious mother raised in her garden herbs of every kind. One day she said to her little daughter: "Lizzy, see here upon the lower side of the leaves of the cabbage these little, neat, yellow things. These are the eggs from which come the beautifully-colored but destructive worms. Search this afternoon over all the leaves, and break these little eggs, then our cabbage will grow nicely, and be always fresh and green."

Lizzy thought it would be soon enough at any time to attend to this, and at length forgot it altogether. The mother was for some time not well, and came not for several weeks into the garden. When she was well again she took the negligent little girl by the hand and led her to the cabbage bed, and see! every leaf was eat up by the worms. Nothing was to be seen but the stems and the ribs of the leaves. Little Lizzy wept. She saw the fruits of her neglect. But the mother said to her: "What you can do to-day, always do to-day, and never put it off till to-morrow."

"And another lesson," said the mother, "you can learn from these sad looking leaves: resist and destroy evil in its bud and beginning, or it will get the upper hand as it grows, and at length destroy you."

III.—THE PEAS.

Once upon a time a juggler asked to be admitted into the presence of the king, to show him a trick of art which no one had ever yet been able to perform. The king permitted him to be brought in. The trickster brought a plate of softened peas, and asked some one to hold the point of a needle toward him, and he threw the peas so straight and sure, that at every throw a pea stuck fast on the point of the needle.

The king said: "My dear man, you have truly gone to great pains, and have devoted much time to acquire such extraordinary skill. I will reward you for it."

Hereupon the king said something to one of his servants privately, who immediately went out, and in a short time returned with a heavy bag. The juggler was glad at heart when he saw the bag, for he thought surely the bag is full of gold.

The king directed the bag to be opened, and behold it contained only—peas! And the king said to the juggler: "Inasmuch as your artful trick, though it be smart, can be of no use to men, and will therefore also likely be but poorly rewarded by them, you will no doubt soon be without the needed peas with which to perform your trick. For this reason I have provided the necessary peas for you!"

Beware of employing your talents and time on such things as can do no good to you or any one else.

A STEP FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE.

A young man, of handsome person and pleasing address, was married on Thursday evening to a sweet and beautiful girl, and on the Sunday following was a lifeless corpse; and the same minister that met him at the altar, followed him to the grave. His funeral solemnities were performed in the same apartment in which his nuptial rites were celebrated. The same persons were present; but how changed the scene. The voice of mirth was changed into the voice of lamentation. The light-hearted and gay ones that danced on the festive evening, were now the mourners around the dead. She who wore the bridal attire on the wedding evening, was now, in three brief days, muffled in the gloomy habiliments of mourning. The faces that but yesterday were wreathed in smiles, were now wet with tears. What a change; and how sudden! But a step between the altar and the grave. We are always exposed to death. There is no condition of life that furnishes an indemnity against his summons. Wealth, honor, pleasure, worldly engagements, nothing can turn aside his shaft, or relax his grasp when he claims his victim.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

ASIDE from questions of a "political" nature we can find very little of general interest in a retrospect of the events of the past month. Congress, now-a-days, does very little but talk politics—we mean party politics—decidedly the last thing they ought to do in the halls of national legislation. They are sent there to make wholesome laws for the regulation of government, but instead of attending to that duty they spend much of their time in making capital for this or that aspirant to the presidency, or for that or the other party. The most important question which has been under consideration is the Pacific Railroad bill, a measure in which Col. Benton manifests a deep interest. From what we have read of the action of Congress thus far upon it, we have no doubt this great measure of improvement has friends enough in both houses of Congress to pass it, if they could only unite upon a particular route for the Road. But they are divided into three parties, and, by way of satisfying all, three routes have been proposed—a Northern, Central and Southern route. This plan, which does look as if it might satisfy all interested parties, puts thunder in the mouths of the opponents of the measure, and will be very likely to defeat it, unless its friends come to an agreement upon a single route. The construction of such a road will be a new era in the history of American internal improvements, and will undoubtedly add much to the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural prosperity of the nation. It would, especially, hasten the development of the great resources of the western territories, by linking them in bonds of commercial and social intercourse with the more densely populated States and the manufacturing marts of the East.

The rapid success of the new American, or "Know Nothing" party, as it is generally called, has raised new questions of controversy in Congress and several of the State Legislatures. It has called forth a number of speeches in Congress, one of which, delivered by

Mr. Chandler, a Catholic, of Philadelphia, has elicited much comment. The aim of the speech is more especially to repel the charge that the Pope claims temporal as well as spiritual supremacy. Mr. C. denied that he did so in any other than what are known as the Papal States. The speech is an able one, but does not agree with the doctrine held by Prof. Bronson, "the great expounder of Catholicism," who asserts the rights of the Pope as "supreme chief"—"supreme alike in spirituals and in temporals," and that temporal governments hold the sword of power subject to and under the direction of the Church. Both Chandler and Bronson are able men—converts from Protestantism—but the latter stands highest in favor with the sovereign Pontiff, having recently received an autograph letter from Pope Pius, granting an apostolic benediction "for valuable services rendered." The question of a change in the naturalization laws has also been agitated by the Know-Nothing in the National Congress and in several State Legislatures, the design being to increase the period for acquiring the rights of citizenship to twenty-one years. The new party are very sanguine of having sufficient strength in an early Congress to carry this project, and a President of their own to approve the measure. Of course, their accession to supremacy in the national government will be as determinedly resisted by the old parties, north and south.

The Pennsylvania Legislature organized on the 2d ult., the "Know Nothings" having a large majority in the House. Henry K. Strong, of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker, by a majority of 58 over Mr. Richardson, the Democratic candidate. The Senate, after twenty-seven ballots, organized by electing Wm. M. Hiester, Democrat, of Berks, to the Speakership. Governor Bigler's valedictory message was a well written state paper, and gave more general satisfaction than its predecessor. He took ground in favor of more stringent laws to lessen the vice of intemperance—in favor of improving our system of Com-

mon Schools—and against the sale of the public works, although he admits a majority of the people of Pennsylvania are in favor of a sale. His suggestions on this point will not be likely to have much weight with the present Legislature. An act providing for the sale of the main line or for the abolition of the Canal Board will certainly be passed. A bill for the latter object has been already introduced, which provides for the appointment, of a Superintendent of the Public Works by the Governor, the Superintendent having the selection of all subordinate officers.

The inaugural address of Governor Pollock, which was looked for with more than ordinary interest, from the fact that he was elected by a fusion of parties, all of whom expected to be pleased with the new administration, gave pretty general satisfaction, altho' an inaugural must be regarded in the light of a manifesto of general principles. He takes the same ground on the Liquor Question that Gov. Bigler did in his message. He, however, stands pledged, by his letter to the State Temperance Convention of June last, to approve a prohibitory liquor law, in case the Legislature pass it. Several Acts relative to this subject are now on the files of the Senate and House, and there is evidently a disposition among a majority of members to enact a stringent law repealing the present license system. The State Temperance Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on the 17th ult., passed resolutions in favor of a mild and efficient prohibitory law, and called upon the Legislature to enact it, on the ground that the vote in October was not a true indication that public sentiment was opposed to such a measure—one-half the voters of the State not having voted against it. The interests of Humanity imperatively demand that something be done to stay the swelling tide of intemperance—and it should be done at once. Every hour of delay adds new victims to the fearful scourge, and the suffering wife and children of the drunkard, even the drunkard himself, implore PROTECTION at the hands of their Representatives.

The sufferings of the Poor in the larger cities during the present winter have been and still are heart-rending, and the entire time of hundreds of benevolent persons is taken up with measures for their relief. A few cases of actual starvation have been made

public. One case in New York was peculiarly distressing. A mechanic, who had been thrown out of employment, through the pressure of the times, made repeated and ineffectual attempts to procure work by which to gain bread for his family. He was solicited by a fellow workman to apply to one of the ward committees for relief. This he refused to do. Finally, when his wife saw that their youngest child must die of starvation unless it got speedy relief, she started to seek aid of the committee. During her absence the husband and father, driven to desperation by the distress of himself and family, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The wife and mother returned just in time to behold the sad spectacle of her husband weltering in his own blood by the side of the bed on which their famished child was breathing its last! We trust every reader of THE GUARDIAN will consider the wants of the poor and give liberally of the good things of this life, for "God loves a cheerful giver."

OUR NEIGHBORING STATES.

We have few items of general interest or importance to note. The annexation of the Sandwich Islands, it is said, has been rendered a question of doubt, by the President regarding the sum asked by the Hawaiian authorities as too far overbalancing the benefits to be derived in return. The government would like to have a coal depot there for our steamers, but not at such a cost.

The Mexican troubles still continue. The farce of electing Santa Anna President of the Republic was gone through with much in the manner which resulted in the election of Napoleon III to the Presidency of France. The people voted under the surveillance of the military, and Santa Anna has since been hanging some who voted against him! The revolutionists have generally been worsted in the late battles.

Rumors have transpired relative to the acquisition of Cuba and certain filibustering movements looking thitherward; but the presumption is that while the administration will discountenance the filibusters it will also hesitate long before venturing upon annexing the "queen of the Antilles," in opposition to popular opinion in the United States, which sets strongly against the measure.

Central America is again a point of solicitude with the English and Ameri-

can governments. Our government has been making inquiry into the motive of Great Britain in recently sending a large naval force to that quarter. The reason returned for so doing is, the report that Captain Hollins, the hero of the bombardment of Greytown, was to be sent back there with an increased force.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of War is confirmatory of the views expressed in our last—"Sebastopol is not taken!" There has been no further fighting of any importance in its results. The English army is in a sad condition, suffering from exposure to a Crimean winter and from camp diseases which are carrying off thousands of "England's bravest sons." The alliance which Austria formed with France and England appears to have been a sort of *ruse* to gain time for further consideration, as it did not meet the approbation of the allied powers, England especially. By the last arrival the hoped-for prospect of peace apparently receives confirmation. The Czar accepts the basis of negotiations proposed by the Allies, and a congress to settle the definite terms of peace, or rather to attempt it, is about to meet at Vienna. But, in the meantime, no armistice has been agreed upon, and hostilities still continue. What looks most against the prospect of peace is the fact that the Russians have again invaded the Principalities, capturing Tultscha and Babadagh, after repulsing the Turkish forces left there for their protection.

Sardinia has joined the Allies.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BARNUM AND GREELEY—A CONTRAST.

—Two books have recently been published which have been the subject of much criticism and, from the extensive circulation they have acquired, may be considered of more than ordinary importance in their influence for good or evil. We propose to take these books as a text from which to deduce some practical reflections which may be of general interest to the readers of *The Guardian*, more especially the young men whom we number among our numerous monthly auditors. The one of which we shall speak first is the "Confessions of Barnum the Showman," or *The Auto-Biography of Phineas Turnpenny Barnum, Esq.* The notoriety which Barnum has attained as general-in-chief of Humbugs, and the immense

fortune he has made in that especial line of business, were enough of themselves to create a great demand for a book in which it was announced, with an unusual flourish of trumpets, that the author would tell the public to what exact extent, and by what particular means, he had been successful in humbugging it. The performance fully redeems the programme. Barnum "makes a clean breast of it," and coolly plumes himself, not on his penitence, but on his stoicism, his absolute indifference to all sense of shame. He tells us very gracefully that Joice Heth never nursed Washington; that the Fejee mermaid was an article of home manufacture, or at least not what he had assured the public it was when placed on exhibition; that the woolly horse, instead of being caught by the gallant Fremont, in the wilds of California, was purchased in Cincinnati; that Tom Thumb was only five years old when he represented him to be eleven; in a word, Barnum admits, without exactly meaning to do so, that the whole business of his life was a cunningly devised system of obtaining money under false pretences. He calls it humbug, business tact, etc., but we regard it as a grand system of varnished fraud, which, if perpetrated by a poor devil on a smaller scale and in a more bungling manner, would have landed him in a penitentiary instead of a palace at "Iranistan." Barnum has devoted the best years of his life to what he calls humbugging the people, and made an immense fortune by the operation; and now he gives us the finishing touch in extracting a few more thousands from the capacious pocket of a good-easy public by selling it a handsome edition of his "confessions"—for the copy-right of which he refused \$75,000! We regard this book as calculated to do much harm. It will be read extensively—many thousands having already been thrown on the public. Young men, ever anxious to learn the secret of success in business, and to overleap the mountain difficulties which rise between them and fortune, will be in danger of being captivated by the false glare of Barnum's magnificent achievements. He began the world without a dollar. He is now in possession of a princely fortune, and the lord of the most imposing mansion in the country. The young man, in beginning his struggles with life, may think, if it is right

and proper for Barnum to make a fortune under disguised false pretences, why may not others do so with equal impunity? May not the merchant misrepresent the fabric and quality of his goods—how many do it! and yet be a respected business man? May not the grocer sell sand for sugar and chickory for coffee? What matters it if he becomes respectably rich by these deceptions? Such is the lesson taught in the life of Barnum, and to which he confesses with the most unblushing impudence. True, he gives it the mild title of "humbug," and insists that if the public were willing to be humbugged he had the right to do it. He claims to have operated on a respectable as well as extensive scale; and it is to this we wish to enter our demurrer. Barnum's sins should not be forgiven by the public simply because he confesses without repenting. The boldness of his ventures should not excuse him. He merits, and his book should receive, the condemnation of all right-judging minds. The lesson of his life is a bad one. Let all young men who read his book beware of its gilded poison.

We turn to the contemplation of a more pleasing picture. The Life of Horace Greeley is not written by himself; yet it bears within itself the evidence of a true picture of the man. In some respects the history and circumstances of the two men are similar. They are now, in the meridian of life, equally known throughout the length and breadth of the land—they are distinguished among their fellow men—fortune has smiled upon them both, though Mr. Greeley is not the monied lord of a princely palace, and would not boast of it to the world if he were. Yet these two men have lived for very different purposes, and have consequently attained distinction by entirely different paths. Horace Greeley began the career of his fame and fortune as a printer's apprentice. He had neither money nor a liberal education. Compelled from the start to rely upon his own resources, he nerved himself for the battle of life, and bravely has he fought it. The history of his apprenticeship is full of instruction and encouragement for the young men of our country. His first aim was to form habits of temperance, frugality and industry. These have followed him through life and, as the Editor-in-chief of the most influential journal in the

United States, he has done much towards implanting these principles in others. We do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the principles of Mr. Greeley or commending the adoption of many peculiar notions entertained through the columns of his paper, the New York Tribune. Our object is to draw a lesson from his life—to place it in contrast with the one we have just discussed. Whatever may be said of Mr. Greeley's peculiar political, social, or religious views, all who know him must admit his honesty and integrity of purpose, as well as his talents and influence. He never sacrificed his honest convictions of right or wrong. When Barnum was calculating how much money he could realize by humbugging the public with his "woolly horse," or some cunningly devised deception, Mr. Greeley was evolving such ideas of Social Philosophy or Human Progress as he believed would conduce to the happiness of his fellow men. When an apprentice, he employed all his leisure hours in reading and study. He pursued the same course when a journeyman—and even now, occupying a position in which he might enjoy a life of ease and pleasure, Horace Greeley is never idle for an hour. He takes a view of the duties and responsibilities of an editor which precludes even an approach to idleness—a view which should be taken by every young man who expects to succeed in whatever worthy occupation he may engage. He said not long since that a single lifetime was not sufficient for any one man to acquire the ability to make a popular daily journal what it should be; and while he has sought, by a division of labor, to perfect each department, he esteems it a pleasure as well as a duty to labor himself, in adding to his own stock of knowledge as well as imparting to others. We would commend his example to all young men who must rely upon their exertions to gain for themselves an honorable position, and point them to that essential element of his success, HONESTY, which must be followed as a guiding-star. They should be what they appear, and never be ashamed of an humble position. The effort to deceive must eventually ensnare the deceiver; and even Barnum, with all his wealth and boasted "business tact," may yet become the victim of the very fortune he has built upon that sandy foundation.

The Guardian.

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OUR ORCHARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Pictured in memory's mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard, and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!

"Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Bless'd Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight."

I have strolled once more through the old orchard that lies directly in front of "our house." How quickly they have passed away, those twenty or more years, since this orchard was so familiar to my boyhood! Well, that is the fashion of years; and we travel as fast, even though we do not finish our work so well. But let that rest, to be thought of, and prayed over some other time.

Now I am here once more after so long a time. I have been abroad since then, in the wide, wide world. Have seen, and heard, and learned, and felt many things; have known joys and sorrows; have met friends and parted with them; and what now do I testify? This: It is a glorious struggle in which we are involved on this platform of earth, for ourselves, for all men, and for God. The warfare is nothing compared with the victory and the gain; and every day gives the earnest man new assurance that the issue will be good, and eternally in his favor. This thought and this joy, now come back to me when I look out once more, from the home of childhood, into the world with which I have somewhat mingled.

Even now also I think by what a strange way does God lead us. But let that pass now, to be wondered at, to be grateful for, and to be shouted over forever in heaven.

Behold now I am in the old orchard. The trees have grown older—the small trees are larger—the old trees are older, some are dead. See here! nothing but a blacker, richer soil marks the place where they once stood. The soil has a grace because they were there. The grass is greater and greener on the spot which once their branches shaded—it rises up to call them blessed. There is a resurrection from their ashes, which speaks as a prophet, and darkly hints at a hope much greater and better than itself. The lower stretches forth its hands toward the higher, and though it never reaches it, is always pointing it out. We shall—yes, we shall reach it.

Though I have no one to speak to of the virtues of these trees, I must nevertheless call them by name for the memories which hang like a sacred savor around their venerable shades. Some have asked. What is there in a name? We answer, nothing to one who can ask such a question. But to one who has loved any object long enough to weave associations with its being, a name is like ointment poured forth.

I will call all the names of the dead. There was first of all the "early-apple tree." It stood near the middle of the orchard. Here, I am on the spot where it stood. See! as I now, looking four ways, range with the few that remain in the rows, even so did the tree. Here it stood. In this direction it spread its largest fork, toward the morning sun, and on this side the apples first became red-cheeked and ripe. With what anxiety we watched the increase of coloring on the fruit. To this spot earliest of all did impatient feet wear a well-beaten path. How unwelcome the truth, newly learned from day to day, that the yellow ones which fell were not ripe but wormy! Alas! so I now think, in other ways than this do we find that the first hopes of youth are doomed to disappointment. Many a bud of early hope has a worm in its heart, which causes it to fall before it is ripe. But the worms were not in all. Gradually the fruit ripened; and there was much that became full grown.

It did not grow old, the "early-apple tree." It seems as if its capacity of ripening its fruit so early were a kind of precociousness which exhausts its life by its intensity. We have seen the same in children and youth. When their intellectual and spiritual nature ripens so fast and so early it seems as if the dawn of the eternal summer were bearing over upon them with special warmth and vigor. Out of the bosom of earth's cold winter they waken early to the life which is from on high. Such are soon glorified. So young, so good, they are taken up. Piety, like genius, ripens the faster by its own intensity.

“O, sir,
The good die first, while those whose hearts are dry
As summer dust, burn to the socket.”

Now pass on along the slope of the hill. A sadness comes over me to see how the good trees have been thinned out here. Their familiar forms have disappeared—disappeared, did I say? Yes, from the face of the earth, but not from my memory. I can call them all up, give them form as they had, and place them as they stood, around me.

Here stood the “red stripe.” Just as far back as I can recollect the storm blew down the half of it—split one fork, and with it one side, down to the root. But it survived the shock. The one half continued to bear fruit. The wounded side grew more and more shut by a smooth round bark that stood like columns at each edge. But the wound was never fully healed. It was too great. The rains rotted the exposed heart. Yet still it stood. Insects made their homes in it, and lived upon it. Many a time did I, with my hand, scrape out the moist flowery dust below, finding in it the large white fat worm, which collected all the fowls in the yard when it was thrown in among them, and which was so much better than aught else to bait a hook for the stream. At length the rot prevailed. It was reported, on a morning at the breakfast table, that the storm in the night had wrung off the “red stripe.” The tree was loaded with apples at the time, and the bark that hung fast ripened them that summer—it was the last! It was, like a good man, fruitful to the end. It was but a tree, and yet we looked at each other as if a friend had fallen. Here it stood—the thick bunch of clover betrays the spot—this was the rotten side!

I see also yonder, that “the crooked apple tree” is no more. It was not so called from anything that appeared in the fruit, for that was as plump and mellow, and as delicious a combination of half-sweet, half-sour juices as ever pleased a palate. It received its name from a mishap with which it met when yet pretty young. It was nearly thrown down by a storm. Too large to be set up, and too good to be cut away, it was permitted to recover its strength, which it nobly did, by growing erect in several of its branches, while the trunk continued to lie horizontally along a few feet above the surface of the ground. No common tree could have dared to ask the indulgence of so much space, for it was hard to plough and to harrow round it. Yet for its goodness it was spared; and yet many a precious apple did it afterwards shake to the ground. At length the upper surface of the fallen part began to decay. No doubt the bruises which it received from my own shoes—for I often ran up upon it—very much hastened the process. Then, too, how often did we boys sit upon it and whittle the edges of the rotting part. While it fed us we wounded it! Never did I think of this ingratitude as I do now. It is, alas! too late to weep over

it. The tears that fall upon these ashes will never revive the tree. I will, however, take care that I do not serve the good father in heaven as I have thoughtlessly served one of his creations.

Every few paces, as I pass along, brings me to a spot sacred to memory. There was the "yellow apple," there was the "big apple," there was the "sour apple," there was the "pound apple," there was the "big-red apple," there were the "sheep-noses," there were the "oats apples," and many others. There, too, was the "rambo-row"—alas! how it has thinned out.

A stranger would wonder why the tree that stood here where I now stand, should be called "pole-apple tree." Surely no apple looks like a pole, and no apple tree. It was from this circumstance: Yonder, not far away, was the row of cherry trees near the fence. In cherry time a host of wood-peckers would sally forth from the orchard, seize upon the ripe cherries, and bear them back to their dry limbs, and there devour them. The apple-tree that stood here, being favorably situated for that purpose, became the popular retreat of the cherry pirates. Therefore it came to pass that "the boys" conceived the idea of setting up a pole through its branches, letting it extend a few feet above the top of the tree; which, when done, proved an acceptable service to the wood-peckers, which delighted to sit against it whenever they returned with a cherry, or before they went when they alighted half way, and hesitated whether it was safe to fly to one tree for a cherry when there was a boy upon the other. Thus sitting against the pole, it was only necessary for a boy, who had silently stationed himself for that purpose at the foot of the pole, under the tree, to strike it hard with an axe to bring the unsuspecting bird giddy, if not quite dead, to the ground. Ah, full many a "red-head" dead we stretch upon the earth during the noonday resting time in hay-making and harvest. It was a cruel sport, I see it now! Hardly did the small crime of stealing a cherry justify this punishment by death; I see it now. Nor did the birds grow wise to stay away from the pole after many had fallen; but still they came again, and still were killed. But at this I wonder not so much, for they were but birds, and knew no better. More have I wondered, when, since then, in my mingling with the world, I have seen men with wisdom gifted that hastened, as if blindly, to the place where hundreds before had met their end! This is the tree where the pole stood, and thus, and from this circumstance was it called the "pole-apple tree." Now, behold, it is as if I had awoke from a dream, and the tree, the pole, the birds, are all gone!—and "the boys," where are they? This I have not said sadly.

Speaking of birds reminds me of the "sweet-apple tree" that stood yonder by the side of the path that led to the "back fields," which had one fork cut off years before, and in the somewhat long stump of which a "yellow hammer" made his nest from

year to year. It was glorious sport, and something of a victory, to steal softly up to it and lay ones hand on the hole, and then reach in and catch him. But it was only for the feat, and not for the bird, that it was done, for many, many times was "yellow hammer" caught and as often left fly again. Indeed, it seemed to be regarded even by him as a sort of privilege that belonged to "the boys," for very little did he care when he was caught three times a day. Yet it took more bravery to catch him than might at first be supposed; for was it not currently reported and firmly believed by all "the boys in the neighborhood," that there were sometimes snakes in those holes—that they went in to eat the eggs and devour the young, and there lay in wait for the old parent bird, which was seized upon the moment its head darkened the hole. Woe then to the luckless wight that should reach in for the bird at such a time. No wonder that many a time the boy stood in solemn silence at the tree, with his hand near the hole, revolving in his trembling heart, "A bird or a snake, that's the question?"

Many a time, on a summer evening after the five o'clock supper, when "the boys" were returning through the orchard to the "back fields," already from the threshold of the door the race began with the shout of, "Who will catch the 'yellow hammer?'" But ill-luck was to the foremost one; for as soon as he raised his hand towards the hole, the rest, envious at his success, began to cry out: "A snake in the hole!" Alas, for the poor fellow! It was more from a sense of shame than a true desire to catch the bird, that he now ventured to thrust in his hand. But so much the more he feared the snake, so much the more did he rejoice when, having been brave to reach in, he was able to hold up the "old yellow hammer" to the unsuccessful boys.

Here, where I stand, stood that tree. Though the very path has changed its location slightly, and now passes by on the other side, yet I am not deceived. I know the spot by the slope of the hill—yes, and by the range of the two trees yonder that remain of the row. Here stood the "sweet-apple tree;" and on this side was the hole and the nest. Strange that after so many years I should have so clear and exact an image of that tree in my memory; and, as if instinct guided me, I pointed out to myself the spot where it stood to the inch before I ranged with the rest. Herein there lieth, as I now think, a great lesson and an earnest admonition in favor of early instruction in right ways. Though much that is contrary cometh after it, still it doth remain, having been first there, and therefore lies deepest and longest in the heart.

A kind of sad, and half-painful remembrance causes me to turn aside to the right. Two rows from the path, one row east of the "pear-tree"—here stood the "bitter-rot tree." I remember it well. It was so called because all the apples it bore were rendered

useless by a destructive bitter rot, which grew like plague spots upon them as soon as they began to ripen. The fruit could never be used. Not even the swine would touch it, as long as there was an apple elsewhere upon the ground. The tree was thrifty, well studded with graceful limbs, and covered with dark-green leaves; and it always bloomed as beautifully as the rest. Ah, that tree! how often did my father threaten it with the fearful execution, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." And yet it stood, another year, and another, through hope and mercy. At length my father said, "Cut it down, why doth it cumber the ground." Then, on a wintry day, while the winds moaned drearily through its branches, we laid the axe to its roots. Here it stood; and here for many, many years, was the stump to be seen. Yes, like a great, solemn parable, stood that stump—stood and preached, for the good trees were not cut down—only this one!

I have since seen men like this tree—men whose fruit was not only the bitter rot of sin, but who even corrupted others near them, causing them to bring forth fruit unto death. This the tree never did. Only its own fruit was "bitter rot," and for that it was hewn down and cast into the fire.

Now, if it were as it was in my childhood, I would here strike for the fence and pass along the row of peach trees that stood, like sentinels, along the upper fence. But not one of them remains! Their blossoms used to look like flame through the trees of the orchard, or like the red rays of the evening sun upon a hedge. Many a luscious peach did I break from their fruitful and friendly branches. Nor did they seem to me to be growing old; but yet they did so slowly, and so silently that we did not heed it from year to year. Now they are gone. I have since learned that peach trees, like we ourselves, do not live long.

Before I bid adieu to the orchard, I must yet visit one tree more—the "pie-apple tree." See! it still lives. It shows some marks of age, but yet it may renew its foliage for many a spring.

Now, as I stand under this tree, what do my boyhood fancies bring to my mind? This, namely: It stands directly in front of the barn-door in the distance yonder, and here Echo used to answer from the barn. We were wont to call him "the little man in the barn." I will call him now—yes, I will. I will see if he is still there. Why do I look around to see if any one is near? Because it seems a boyish sport, and becometh not the dignity of a man. Again I look up and down the lane—no one coming. But they will hear me in the house, and come out, and look in wonder. Well, so be it, but I must call "the little man in the barn." I must know whether he will answer. Boyish or not, I *will* call:

"Ho! ho! still alive?"

—ho! still alive.

"Little man in the barn?"

—man in the barn.

"Are you getting old?"

—getting old.

"Still your voice is good?"

—voice is good.

"Little man, farewell?"

—man, farewell.

Yes, farewell orchard, trees, birds, and "little man in the barn."
Farewell, years and scenes of happy boyhood! I am back in the
world again. But I will bear with me those fragrant memories of
earlier days which no wasting influences of time have been able to
banish from the heart, and which show that it is still in bloom.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

SAY, toilest thou for gold?

With all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which Mammon makes thee loose?

Or waitest thou for power!

A proud ambition, trifter, doth thee raise!
To be the gilded bauble of the hour,
That fools may wondering gaze!

But would'st thou be a man—

A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill

Thy soul with love and goodness: let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—

This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal:
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man

A high-souled freeman, or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon grave!

VICTIMS OF THE NEEDLE.

A ROMANTIC SKETCH FOR YOUNG LADIES, BACHELORS AND OTHERS.

BY SELDOM.

A POOR girl sat by her window busily plying her needle. She was doing some common sewing on coarse garments for a large and prosperous clothing establishment. From where she sat, she could look into one of those mammoth iron-works of which there are many in our State. As the heavy strokes rang out, at each whirl of the huge sledge in the hands of the brawny-armed workman, she wished it possible to change places with him. That she could not was a reflection which almost made her repine, however much her faithful heart urged her to stitch away.

What a foolish girl, some will say, to wish to wield that great sledge! To raise its ponderous bulk, requires, in those unaccustomed to the exercise, almost superhuman might. The needed strength, however, grows with daily toil, and new force with more ease comes to the hardy laborers. When the ten hours work is done his cheerful home, with comfort bought by the generous wages which his hands have earned, stands open to receive him, and in his family circle his weary limbs amid refreshing pleasures soon forget the toils of the day. All that is very well; but let us see why she would change places with him.

Sledges are not the heaviest things to work with. The common needle is heavier by far than the sledge, and harder in its demands on human strength! A "number-eight-betweens" will sooner wear out the energies of life, will sooner paralyze the arm, exhaust the vital functions of the system, deform the members of the human frame and bring on premature decay and death, by the continued expenditure of effort required in the ceaseless toil it imposes, than will, under corresponding circumstances, a sixteen-pound sledge. Thousands of pale, haggard, care-worn, dying seamstresses give unequivocal testimony to the fact just now stated, whether believed or not by the multitude.

The needle is killing more of the human family than the sword. Nay, we had almost said its victims are more numerous than those of the sword, cannon, gun, pistol, powder and ball, siege, sack and war-camp together. Though it be a little instrument it does its work of death as effectually as the bayonet, carbine or lance. What multitudes has it not already slain—is it not yet slaying?

Victims sacrificed to Juggernaut are indeed many, and these we pity; but the sacrifices offered on the point of the needle are, to say the least, as vain, and perhaps more to be commiserated, because more selfish—and if anything more sinful too. These sac-

rifice to Mammon, and certainly he is a no more benignant god than other cruel idols.

Sewing, stitching, toiling, there sit the victims while their very life is passing out in its extreme tenuity at the point of the needle. It never stops. Not like other labor that sometimes finds rest; day and night, almost in constant devotion, the dying victims offer up the sacrifice of their lives. In the name of our common humanity, what right have they to make such sacrifice—or rather what right have Mammon's priests to demand it? To kill a poor dependent widow in the slow, torturing inch by inch death, is of all murders the most inhuman. To cause a tender, helpless and defenceless girl to commit a lingering suicide with a needle, is a cruelty unknown to barbarism. Poor toiling millions nevertheless are continually immolated under the plea of self-preservation.

Low murmuring sounds of plaintive discontent rise from the aching hearts and through the hungry mouths and pale lips of the helpless victims of the needle; and while the stifled notes of misery remain unheeded by their cruel oppressors, the recording angel registers their cries. These, in eternity will roll back in echoing tones of seven thunders, resounding to the lowest hell, upon the ears of Mammon worshippers who heard not the entreating moan while here in life.

The invention of this useful instrument, the needle, is undoubtedly a blessing which demands the gratitude of the human race; but the abuse of it in turning it into an instrument of torture and death deserves the reprobation of a curse. To many of God's poor it has been and yet continues to be, the only means of keeping death at the door, where he has long been standing in the image of starvation knocking for admittance. Instead of gaining for them, by rigid economy and uninterrupted diligence, a substantial competency, as in other departments of labor, they can only manage, by dint of incessant exertion, stealing time from required rest and sleep, at the sacrifice of every comfort and health, for a time to keep body and soul together—for all that a man hath will he give for his life.

Having, by their "killing wages," been required to live from hand to mouth, when once thrown out of employment, with not even a pittance left of their hard earnings, death is their only hope. Seven thousand seamstresses in one city alone, out of employment, is a sad picture. Add to this the many who in the same city still barely have enough to live, and then increase this sad roll by the multitudes in other cities equally destitute—and the heart of philanthropy sickens. Small towns and the country generally may not afford such sights as these—at least they did not a few years ago; but they are year by year becoming afflicted by the same evil. How many hearts might not sing the "Song of the Shirt," with the deepest pathos of experience!

What is the cause of this state of wretchedness and misery? There must be some assignable reason; for the Scripture law that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," is as true now as ever before. Trade seeks its level and labor its value. This is a plain law in political economy. If a disarrangement ensues, and the natural order be destroyed, it must therefore be owing to some cause which should be sought out and removed. Hard labor produces its equivalent, and this must be found somewhere. If not in the hands of the laborer, then the profit has accrued to some less deserving one. The products of the needle ought to pay as well as equal toil and expenditure of effort in other employments. It is plain, therefore, where this has not been the case, there is a wrong done the sewer.

Looking for this cause, it is evident, in the first place, that, from convenience of resort in case of emergency, the sympathy of the employment, the immediate yield in exigencies, the small capital stock in trade needed to begin with, and many other reasons, there are too many persons engaged in this branch of industry. The same energies expended in other employments, and far less severely taxed and strained would yield a better reward.

Then, the fault for which many of the needle's victims are themselves to be blamed is, that they congregate too much in large towns and cities. More equally distributed throughout the small towns and country would afford them better wages from first hands, and thereby they would destroy those wholesale monopolies that now grind down the poor and amass large fortunes for themselves. The city is no place for poor people. The poor get poorer and the rich, by that fact, grow richer. Take an example: A poor woman who sews for a livelihood, pays, in the city, four dollars and a half a month, or upwards of \$50 a year, for the rent of two small rooms in a back building, besides the highest market price for all she and her family live on. Now in the country, the same conveniences and living would cost her one-half, or over one-fourth as much, while her wages at the same time would, if any thing, be better and work plentier—the air purer and health much improved.

One's loss is, however, another's gain. Taking advantage therefore of the misfortunes growing out of the fault just named, the Shylocks make their money. Wholesale and retail clothing stores spring up and abound. We all know how cheap clothing may be bought there. Splendid establishments some of them are, fitted up too in fine style and kept so at great expense. Whole squares almost, in some cities, where rents range the highest, are taken up by this lucrative business. Something much like princely fortunes are acquired in a comparatively short period of time. These are the priests of Mammon, sacrificing human life, and their own souls too, we fear, on the altar of this pitiless, heartless, cruel god.

If the question be asked, how is all this expense met, when they sell so cheap (especially when they cannot get big profits,) we

need not look far for the answer. Who pays the fiddler? Who pays for the whistle? Of whom do they make the profits? It comes out of the hard earnings of the poor oppressed seamstresses, whose just dues the rewards of honest industry and self-sacrificing labor, are reduced in price as the times grow harder, till, at "killing wages," they are ground down to the starving or stealing point. The gnawings of unsatisfied hunger there cramp their vitals and the overtaken heart moans hopelessly for relief that it should not, aye, would not need, if it had been rewarded according to its deserts. The hungry orphan's fruitless tears ought not to have been wept, and the pure fresh fountain from which they started, gushed out and trickled down, should not have been disturbed from its sunny placidity. The widow, toiling at midnight as well as through the day, pours her plaintive moans for help into her Father's ear, as she hears the night winds howling around her dreary home, and breaking through the ill-stopped crevices in mournful cadences. No adequate reward is given for her work, and hence to feed those other mouths, the needle still moves on, till nature yields, no longer able to sustain the load.

Another class who make the needle's victim suffer, are the proud daughters of fashion. If they find their expenses growing enormously heavy, the first place they begin economy is to rob their milliners and seamstresses, by forcing them to work for less than a fair compensation. Here again the suffering party must bear the increase of the burden. The profit and the saving are forced out of stern necessity and helpless distress. The suffering soul fears to seek redress lest thereby it be made to feel a double injury and treasure up a deeper woe.

Oh, there is a God of the helpless, who is a God of justice! He is, according to his promise, a friend and husband to the widow, a father and protector to the orphan, and will avenge their wrongs. The blood of these dying victims has cried up to heaven, and the priests of Mammon shall be overthrown—though it be too late to save many of those who are now devoted to the sacrifice.

Kind reader! when you see any of these victims suffer, extend a helping hand of relief, and "the blessing of them that are ready to perish," as Job says, will be yours. Add not to the weight of the needle, already so heavy to many hearts. Soothe the pang of anguish, hear the plaintive suppliant cries, give color to the pallid cheek, send pleasure to the desolate home and cold hearth and bare table and scanty bed; and the sobs and suppressed groans of the needle's victims will be known no more, the rayless hope will be lit up with joy, and the beams of peace will take the place of distress and sorrow. They that labor with the heart-piercing needle are as worthy of their hire as they who wield the sledge. They should not be defrauded of their hard-earned and just dues. Hear, then, the plea of the Victims of the Needle.

"I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR."

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

OH, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next-door neighbor,
But bid me still to be stout of heart
And cheerfully follow my labor;
You must know, the last of those little debts
That have been our lingering sorrow,
Is paid this night! so we'll both go forth
And shake hands with the world to-morrow!
Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am a king, and you are a queen,
For we owe no man dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,
While we sat down to our cheerless board
To a crust and a cup of water.
I saw that a tear-drop stood in your eye,
Though you tried your best to conceal it;
I know that the contrast reached your heart,
And you could not help but feel it;
But knowing now that our scanty fare
Has freed my neck from the collar,
You'll join my laugh and help me shout
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,
In fact is a wretched debtor;
I pity him oft, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot was better.
Why he is the veriest slave alive;
For his dashing wife and daughter
Will live in style though ruin should come—
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;
But he feels it the tighter every day,
That terrible debtor's collar!
Oh, what would he give could he say with us
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more,
Within two hours I met him,
Sneaking along with a frightened air,
As if a fiend had beset him.
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,
Whom I met with the greatest pleasure;
Whom I called by name and forced to stop,
Though he said he was not at leisure.
HE HELD MY LAST NOTE! so I held him fast
Till he freed my neck from the collar;
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,
"Now I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truths I've been repeating;
I knew that a downright honest heart
In that gentle breast was beating!
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor:

But ere we sleep, let us humbly pray
 For our wretched next-door neighbor,
 And well pray for the time when ALL shall be free
 From the weight of the debtor's collar;
 When the poorest will lift his voice and cry,
 "Now I owe no man a dollar!"

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

BY X. Y. Z.

It is assumed in the following sketch that the generous reader sincerely admires the excellent character of our Lord and feels anxiously concerned to be like Him in so far as such resemblance is attainable by poor erring mortals. Having his assent to this charitable assumption, I shall proceed to notice as briefly as possible a few of the leading traits in the Redeemer's character, which it is our duty and privilege to imitate.

In seeking a starting point for our sketch, we are not left to doubt and uncertainty. The Saviour has himself indicated the course which we are to pursue. He says very beautifully: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Here we have a few important traits in the character of Christ given us. They are contained in the words "meek and lowly in heart," and in these respects we are evidently to imitate him as intimated in the preface: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."

Meekness, according to Webster, signifies "softness of temper, mildness, gentleness, forbearance under injuries and provocations." It is in some sense a gift of nature or a peculiar natural characteristic; but then it is only in connection with divine grace that it acquires its full perfection and beauty. "Lowly in heart" properly signifies humility, or freedom from pride and a haughty spirit. It belongs more exclusively to the Christian man. In its very nature and essence it is moral and religious, and accordingly is never found in the impenitent. These two virtues are very properly linked together here, inasmuch as they both rest on the same general basis, and in Christ are necessarily found in close connection. So also more or less in every believer according to the measure of grace enjoyed.

Sweetness of temper is important in many respects—being excellent and praiseworthy in its own nature and for its own sake, and also greatly conducive to human happiness in general. Nothing contributes so much to adorn and beautify the life and character of an individual as a "meek and quiet spirit." Hence the Apostle Peter commends it so highly, and urges the cultivation of this grace, as one of the brightest ornaments of the female character.

"Whose adorning," says he, "let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting of hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, even *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, which is in the sight of God of great price."

In this exquisite description of Christian character, the inspired penman represents "a meek and quiet spirit" to be the chief ornament of the female sex, in the light and beauty of which all other graces find their perfection. Nor is it less becoming as an ornament to the sterner sex. They too appear to better advantage, and reflect in greater power and brilliancy the glory of the divine image in the light and power of this grace. Meekness and humility should be earnestly sought after by all and esteemed above pearls. Especially should the young—both ladies and gentlemen—seek to possess these chief ornaments of the Christian character. Nothing would conduce so much to render them amiable and respected. It would win them friends at home and abroad and procure them an introduction to the very best society.

And then, too, how like unto their Saviour would the young and beautiful appear if "meek and lowly in heart," they were found walking in the paths of wisdom and of piety!

But likewise in its relation to the world at large is such a character of the utmost importance. Whoever can go forth "meek and lowly in heart," will avoid a thousand snares and temptations. Asperity of temper and pride of heart are the fruitful sources of difficulty in the intercourse of men and women, whereas the opposite qualities are always sure of winning the hearts and affections of associates. They secure respectability and success for the possessor, and render his pilgrimage through life agreeable and pleasant. They who are "meek and lowly in heart" enjoy the peculiar favor of God and are "blessed." Heaven smiles upon their undertakings, and the work of their hands is established. Such is the universal experience of men. Felicity is the certain lot of the righteous; for "God has respect unto the lowly," and strews their pathway with flowers of various hue. "The meek will He teach his way," says the Psalmist, and surely no one could well be a more competent judge. His own abundant success in life and his various fortunes were doubtless attributable, in a great measure, to this cause. From all we know of him he appears to have been a man of a very excellent and amiable spirit, sincerely pious and devoted—"a man after God's own heart."

How touchingly beautiful is the example of friendship between David and Jonathan; and yet nothing is more certain than that the virtues referred to formed the basis of this exquisite picture. Both of them seem to have been eminently characterized by sweetness of temper, gentleness of spirit, and an uninterrupted exercise of genuine affection!

In the life and character of the Redeemer these virtues appeared in their highest and most perfect form. He was perfectly free from all vain ostentation and pride. In his own expressive language, he was "meek and lowly in heart," and therefore invites men affectionately to come and learn of him. Without these graces he would not have been, as he claimed to be, "the Son of Man"—the highest and fullest embodiment of human excellence. All that is beautiful in man, both intellectual and moral, was found in full perfection and most sweetly blended in the character of Jesus of Nazareth. He was the *chief* among ten thousand, and the one *altogether lovely*! This highest and holiest one among the sons of men we are called to imitate, when it is said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

And now, shall the Redeemer's voice and example be heeded? And shall the path, once trodden by his own feet, illustrious by his superior excellency, and consecrated by the blood and tears of the Son of God, be trodden by us? Or shall we refuse obedience to that voice which, in the days of his flesh, subdued the violence of the storm, calmed the angry surges of the deep, broke the power of disease, and allured by its exquisite sweetness and grace the hearts of the rich and the poor, the high and the low? Shall we disregard the power of that life which imparted grace and beauty to all who came within the magic circle of its influence?

Certainly such should *not* be the case! Our hearts *ought* to be allured by the sweet music of a Saviour's voice, and our feet *ought* to follow in the footsteps of the adorable Redeemer. His doctrine, life, bloody sweat, death, resurrection, and ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high, all should lead us to exclaim with the sainted Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

TIME.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
(Tis a truth that's worth revealing,)
More offend for want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it—
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Of unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

So in many a lovely breast
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed!

DESPAIR OF SALVATION.

THE Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg relates that about one hundred years ago, a certain worthy widow was very much distressed upon hearing a sermon on Election. She would not be comforted. Her mind and body wasted away by melancholy as under the power of a fell disease. Neither physicians, nor ministers, nor friends could do aught with her to restore her health, or cause her to hope. She earnestly persisted that she was not one of the elect, and consequently was lost forever!

At length an aged, very sensible, and wealthy elder heard of her case. He bethought himself, took, in a small bag, one hundred pistoles (Spanish gold coin,) and called to see her. He addressed her thus:

"Madam, I have heard that you have no part or interest in Christ the Saviour of the world, but that you are damned! Is this so?"

She answered, in deep wo, "Yes, it is so."

He told her that he had examined the scripture with much care, and that he found there was not one absolutely excluded from the hope of eternal life. True, he did not find her last name recorded there, but he did find her first name, Mary, and that among sinners who had been saved by Christ.

She referred again to her own feelings, and declared with terror that all was dark in her soul.

He assured her again that the deep sorrow of soul for sin which God graciously permitted penitent sinners to experience was designed to prepare them for Christ and grace, and not to drive them into despair. These were the Father's drawings.

She answered him with new objections, and persisted that she was lost! lost! He then said to her:

"Well, madam, I will not dispute with you, but have only one request to make of you, namely this: Since you cannot believe, and do not surely know whether you have an interest in Christ, but know that you are lost, sell me now your right and interest in Christ Jesus! Here are one hundred pistoles. I will risk it, for I know you have an interest in Him, since I have read it in his word. Take the money; it will do you more good than a lost hope."

"Oh, God forbid!" she exclaimed, "how can I sell my part in Christ and his salvation. That be far from me. If there is yet any hope, it is worth more to me than all else. If you could offer me the whole world, I would not sell my part in Christ. May God graciously preserve me from this!"

This brought her at once to herself again. She began to search carefully in the Scriptures, believed its promises, and received grace and peace in believing.—EDITOR.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. III.—THE JUNIPER-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"With sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright that burns not with the fire."—BR. HALL.

THE Juniper is a well-known evergreen tree of the cedar family. Its Hebrew name is *ROTHAM*. It is three times referred to in the Bible.

It grows in the midst of burning deserts, and never becomes large; it is perhaps rather a shrub than a tree. It is very common in the East, and is also known in our own country. The only fruit it bears is small berries, which are frequently used to give a certain flavor to liquors.

The wood of the juniper is the very best to burn into charcoal, which has the property and power of giving out a very great quantity of heat and of retaining it for a remarkably long time. "The camel is very fond of its leaves," says Paxton, "although they frequently affect him with pains in his bowels; and under its shade the wolf so commonly lurks, that it has become a proverb among the Arabs, 'The wolf is near the gadha.'"

The twigs of the juniper are very tough, pliable and tenacious, and have been plaited into baskets. From this property the tree has received its name *rothem*, from the verb *ratham*, which means to bind, or to tie—the twigs serving the same purpose as strings or cords.

Its name in English is derived from *junior*, which means younger, and *parere*, to bring forth. It is so called, says Minshew, "because as his first berries be ripe, it *bringeth forth* younger and *junior* berries to them."

The first reference to this tree in the Bible is in 1 Kings 19, where Elijah is forced to fly for his life from the wrath of Jezebel, the wicked wife of the wicked King Ahab. Of Elijah it is said: "He himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree: and requested for himself that he might die: and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat."

The mention of this tree, as located in the wilderness, is very natural; for that is its favorite place, and there it flourishes most. The learned have speculated considerably as to the reason which induced the prophet to choose a juniper-tree for his place of rest, especially as it is but small, and must afford, it is thought, but a

very imperfect shelter and shade. Besides this, moreover, it was a general belief among the ancients that its shade was noxious and hurtful to health. Thus Virgil—

*"Solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra ;
Juniperi gravis umbra."*

Grotius thinks that the prophet chose the shadow of this tree in a desperate and suicidal spirit, being weary of his life he cared not for his health, but courted death from the poisonous shadow of this tree. It is, however, now well known that this idea of death loitering under the juniper-tree is but an Eastern fancy; and besides this we are not warranted in attributing such a spirit to this firm and devoted prophet.

Another of the learned supposes just the opposite of this. He thinks the prophet sought the juniper-tree with the desire of the more effectually preserving his health; "the shade of it being, according to him, a protection from serpents; and alleges that it was the custom of the people in that part of the world, to guard themselves by such precautions against the bite of these venomous reptiles." This is equally visionary. It has been well remarked, that the glowing embers of juniper wood, and not the shade of the living tree, have the power of driving away serpents.

The true reason will very naturally suggest itself. The prophet was traveling, hungry and weak, in "the wilderness," the very place where the juniper loves to grow, and where few other trees are likely to be found; at length he is ready to fall from exhaustion, and being near one of these trees, which from its thick top affords a shelter from the rays of the piercing sun, he sinks under its branches, and soon slumbers in its cool and refreshing shade.

The scene is a touching one. Though in a wilderness, lonely and sad, in flight from the cruel wrath of those who sought his life, he finds shelter, repose, and refreshing sleep. He finds not only surcease from sorrow in sleep, but enjoys the visit of an angel, bringing him food, and drink, and words of encouragement and comfort. The desert is more friendly to him than is the face of man; and—

*"God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where His vital breathes there must be joy."*

The juniper-tree is also referred to in Job 30. He says that the poor in former time were driven into such extremes of distress by "want and famine," that "fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste" they "cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat." It does not appear that the roots of this tree have any peculiar adaptation to being used as food. This tree is evidently only mentioned because it is the tree most commonly found in very waste and desolate places in the wilderness.

It has been no uncommon thing for persons, in extreme cases of famine and want, to subsist on the shoots, bark, leaves, buds, and roots of trees. "Thus, for instance, Herodotus informs us, that when the routed army of Xerxes was fleeing from Greece, such of them as could not meet with better provision, were compelled by hunger to eat the bark and leaves, which they stripped off all kinds of trees. The hungry Laplanders devour the tops and bark of the pine; and even in Sweden the poor in many places are obliged to grind the bark of birch-trees to mix with their corn, to make bread in unfavorable seasons." It is well known, also, that hermits have, in a spirit of voluntary poverty, fled often into deep deserts, and lived, to a great extent, on roots, buds and wild vegetables. Such instances abundantly illustrate the allusion of Job to those "solitary" ones, who in the wilderness had only "juniper-roots for their meat."

The psalmist, speaking of the "false tongues" of his enemies, says they are like "sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper." Ps. 120. The appropriateness of this allusion will at once be understood, when we remember that juniper wood, like pine or cedar, abounds with oil or pitch, which causes a most vehement flame. In addition to this, we must also bear in mind, as has already been remarked, that the coals of juniper have the power of giving forth a great amount of heat, and also retain the fire for a very long time. How strikingly does all this set forth the tongue of slander. How fiercely it burns. How hot, keen, and burning is its breath! For what a length of time does it retain its fire!

The Apostle James uses a similar figure when he speaks of an evil tongue: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. It setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell!" Not only in the hearts of the slanderous themselves, but also upon them that receive the wounds of its arrows, does malice burn like "coals of juniper!"

Let the juniper-tree remind the reader of God's kind protection of his forsaken and persecuted children, as it once threw its friendly shadow over the sad and dejected Elijah, and became to him the scene of the most blessed manifestations of heavenly care and love.

Let it bring to our mind also the sad condition of the poor; not forgetting, while we sit at loaded tables, that often have the children of want fed upon juniper-roots! May this thought make us thankful to God for our mercies, and more charitable to the poor whom "we have always with us."

Let us also learn from this tree the truly hellish nature of malice and slander. He who carries a fire of juniper coals in his bosom

cannot but be miserable, and he who builds such a fire upon the heads of others must be a true child of Satan.

Learning these things, the tree shall not have grown in vain; nor shall the Bible in vain have alluded to it; nor yet shall The Guardian in vain have directed the attention of its readers to this Tree of the Bible.

WHERE CORK COMES FROM.

CORK is nothing more or less than the bark of evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain, and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes, and after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals, for even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk when it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to it, and at some distance from the former, and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water and are placed over a fire when nearly dry; they are, in fact, scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

BE CONTENT.

BY X. Y. Z.

THINGS are transient here below,
Joys incessant come and go,
Pleasures here are ALL, we know,
Mixed with wo.

Still each season kindly brings
With it bitter sweetest things,
Many a bird, with drooping wings,
Sweetly sings!

Glad the limpid waters flow
In their channels meek and low,
Nor a plaintive feeling show
As they go.

So, too, speak in notes of love
Voices from the field and grove,
And the starry hosts above
As they rove.

INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD UPON THE LIVING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He being dead yet speaketh."—HEB. XI. 4.

WHAT relation do the living sustain to the dead? This is no idle question; nor has the human mind been unconcerned in regard to it; nor yet has the sacred scripture left the question unnoticed.

Men have ever been prone to fall into two extremes of error on this point; they have either made too much or too little of the relation between the living and the dead.

Of old already God found it necessary to make a law against necromancy—the holding of forbidden communion with the dead—turning away from those revelations which He gave by inspiration of the living, to seek knowledge of future events from the spirits of the dead.

All acquainted with history know how extensively this forbidden wisdom has been sought after in all ages, and among all nations. It has of late been revived wonderfully in our own country. Swedenborg, as is well known, professed familiar intercourse with the dead.

It is known also that in a portion of the Christian church in former ages, and perhaps it is so still, reverence was paid to the dead, and assistance sought and expected from them, to an extent not warranted by scripture.

On the other extreme men have erred by entirely sundering the living and the dead, and denying all fellowship and sympathy between them.

Some, like the Saducees, have denied the very existence of human spirits after this life. Others, though they have believed in the continued existence of the dead, have denied that their existence in any way concerns or influences us. They have thus supposed the dead and the living separated by a cold and impassable wall of partition, over which no cares, sympathies, interests, affections, or influences can pass.

These ideas are both false. They are also both evil in their tendency and influence. The first leads to superstition and idolatry; the second leads to unbelief.

The scriptures teach, and the church has always believed, that there is a very intimate and solemn relation existing between the living and the dead—especially between *saints* living and saints departed. This the church has embodied in the article of the Creed: "I believe in the communion of saints;" which article was always made to include the living and the dead.

The deep and extensive hold which this idea has had upon men is beautifully exhibited and preserved by many customs and usages.

It was this which led the Jews to embalm the bodies of their dead. It was this which led the early Christians to bury their dead around their churches, that they might still be with the congregation of the living, and that the voice of their prayers and songs might float, as a breath of life, and love, and hope, over their graves. It was this which led them to celebrate the holy communion of the Lord's supper, upon their graves on the anniversary of their death, in token of their firm faith in a continued communion with them. This feeling also it was that led to the planting of evergreens and flowers upon their graves—the evergreen was to show that the life beneath lived on through the winter of the grave—the flowers were to show that the fragrance of their love and goodness is still preserved.

In different ways, but still in the same spirit, do the living still show their belief in their continued union with the dead. Their deep sense that respect is due to the lifeless body; their desire to bestow affectionate attentions upon it; their pious preservation of various memorials of the departed; their desire to ornament the shroud, the coffin, and the grave; the lonely delight they find in visiting their resting-places alone; all this shows that we feel the dead still to be *our* dead. It is, at the same time, an evidence of the extent to which they still influence us. Being dead they still speak to us, still move us, influence us. They speak to us, though it be but as in a soft whisper, and that through our own instinctive feelings and affections. They hold a strong though silent power over us, which induces us to do many things on their account, for their sakes, and by their influence.

Following now this train of thought, I desire to speak of the influence of the dead upon the living. We say the influence of the dead upon us, not our influence upon them. Although the very idea of communion implies that it be mutual, yet their influence upon us is set forth more prominently than our influence upon them.

This may seem strange. They are the dead and we the living—so we say and think—and yet their influence upon us is to be greater than ours upon them.

But let us reflect. They are the living—they are in advance of us—they are the higher—they are nearer the seat of all power and grace. They have emphatically entered into life, while we are only struggling in the faint dawn.

As in the natural world heaven above is greater than the earth, so the higher world of spirits is the home of the greatest power, and of the most controlling influence. It is, therefore, agreeable to the divine order that the higher and greater, shall be over the lower and lesser.

Let us direct our attention to the influence of the dead upon the living. We can see how largely the dead influence the living when we reflect that the effects of their acts are still working on in the

world after they are gone. What they have done is not buried with them. The arm, the heart, the brain which labored are indeed at rest in the grave; but not so what that hand wrought, what that heart devised, and what that brain ripened.

The fountain which a man has opened through the rock flows for ages, and thousands drink at it, and bless the hand that opened it. The tree which a man has planted spreads its shadow and shakes its fruit over generations after he is dead. The sowman goes forth to sow, and when the seed is cast into the earth he also sinks beneath its surface; but that does not hinder the coming of the harvest—upon the hills around his tomb wave the golden fields!

Shall this which he does for earth and the body live and work on after he is dead; and shall not that which he does for souls, for the church, for heaven, not much more do likewise.

The word he spoke to a friend, to a Sabbath-school class, was not that also a seed that has not yet run its full course of increase? The impression made upon some mind and heart, is not that a fountain opened that is not yet done flowing. The confidence, courage, and zeal, which a pious, consistent, and earnest life has inspired in the bosom of another is not that the beginning of endless results? Every act of the dead that made the least impression—and all acts do—lives on in the earth forever.

The *effects* of acts may disappear, but are never lost. The small dew-drop that hangs upon the blade may vanish from view, but it is not annihilated. It has only changed its form. In a still smaller form, and too subtle for our sight, it has been carried through the air, and in some other combination it has refreshed a drooping blade, or cooled the burning lips of beast or man.

It is just so with the smallest acts of man. It may be lost in the current of a larger series of influence; but it cannot be annihilated. Its part and power will be found working amid the results of the ages to come. Able still speaketh!

The widow's mite has not yet completed its history—it has not only wrought itself, but it has by its example, moved not only mites but millions toward the treasury of the Lord. Who will trace out and record all the impressions which that little act of self-love has made upon human hearts since she rests with God. Oh, how often has the man of abundance stood quaking with the stings of conscience, before the open treasury of the Lord, thinking how little it would do to give, while before him he saw fall from the open hand of the widow "all her living." Fear came upon him, and he reached deeper, and gave double what he had at first thought, for fear that she who met him at the treasury would meet him at the judgment and condemn him.

If we look again, we will find that in a still wider sense, the dead are ruling and directing the world. All our activities, though they are seeds for the future, are at the same time fruits of the

past—though they are causes of what shall be, they are effects of what has been. Though we operate upon the living, it is by a power already exerted upon us by the dead.

Our acts and doings, while we live, scarcely take hold upon the surrounding life as a permanent and steady power. They are much hindered by our own imperfections and those of others. It is only when the leaven is once rightly buried in the meal that it attains a true and sure power over the loaf.

The greatest amount of the good men do is after they are dead. It was only after Abel had died as a testimony of his faith, that he spake so as to be heard. His example had no power on Cain, nor on the world, while he lived. But as soon as he was dead, even Cain heard the voice of his brother's blood crying from the ground; and all generations since have heard him.

This same truth is illustrated in Jesus, the great seed of the new creation. After his death, he said I have all power in heaven and earth. From his grave burst forth in eternal vigor the life of the world! His departure from men, brought the spirit, the promise, the real advent of the eternal kingdom. Scarcely had he departed, when he shed forth the ascension gift, when men were converted by thousands, when the new life took hold of hearts, families, kingdoms, and when through every grade of society, from the cripple beggar at the gate of the Temple to the royal bosom of Cæsar's household, the shout was heard, "Jesus and the resurrection!"

Our Saviour himself has very beautifully taught us this lesson. He compares the Christian life to a seed. It is only itself until it dies and rots in the ground. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12, 24-25. The history of increase begins after the death and disappearance of the seed.

Where is there a saint that has not done more since he is dead than while he was living. It seems that every Christian, like Christ, must first ascend to the home of power, before the shedding forth of the spirit, the glorious baptism of power, comes down upon his earthly labors. "His works follow him."

Oh, what a truth. The pious and earnest saint, however humble his sphere, bends to the toil, and with a tear lays his seed into the bosom of the great world; then composes himself and lies down to the rest of the grave. When he closes his eyes—no, not a blade is seen. But behold, he has buried a great hope. See at length the blade, the ear, the full grown corn in the ear—behold thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. Hark! how the glad song of the reapers is heard over the stillness of his grave.

Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;

They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessing home.

What is there in the world that is pure and powerful, which is not from the dead. Our faith, we have it by the hands of the dead. The strong streams of holy influences which bear us along, are from the dead. Our learning, our arts, our sciences, they are the legacy of the dead. The examples which inspire us, are the dead. The models which we imitate, are the dead. We have inherited their treasures; we have entered upon their work, we are rich and blest in the fruits of their faithfulness and labor. Though dead they still speak to us every day, and in all places. We are drinking at the fountain which they opened. We eat the fruit of the tree which they planted. We are rejoicing in the midst of the harvest which they have sown. Our pastors, parents, Sabbath-school teachers though dead are still speaking to us.

Let us not forget here to remark that what has been said is true of the evil as well as of the good. The wicked acts of men do not die with them, but live on in the world.

The wicked dead also reign in the world. The wickedness which is now doing by the living is but a small matter compared with that which is now doing by the continued acts of the dead. Thomas Paine has poisoned many more souls since he is dead, than he did while living. Your acts, O wicked man, though they make their black marks now, will only come to their full harvest when you are dead. The seed of a tare, which an enemy cast into a man's field, will overspread the man's whole farm—but not while he who sowed it is alive! After he is dead it will still travel from acre to acre, from field to field. Nor will it stop at the borders of that farm. The ripened heads will lean over, and shake the seed upon the other side. The wind will bear it on its wings and sow it where it will. Yea, the birds will carry it far; and wherever it is dropped it will be the beginning of things—the seed of a new wo and sorrow!

It is said that the first weeping willow that ever grew in England was brought from the East seemingly by chance. It came as a sprig to the poet Pope with a basket of figs. He planted it; it grew, and all the weeping willows in England and this country have been derived from that sprig. So the first Lombardy poplar in this country was a scion imported and planted by Thomas Jefferson some seventy years ago. All the poplars spread over this vast country are from that scion. Behold the small beginning, behold the wonderful results. This illustrates to us the momentous consequences which flow from one small act, evil or good. This may serve to show us how our acts live on in the earth when we have been long dead. So do the acts of the dead live on among men in the world. Solemn thought.

We have no right to restrict and confine the influence of the

dead upon the living to the continuance of their acts in the world. Their influence is not confined to what they *have* done; it also includes what they *are* doing still. They do not only operate in this world in the legitimate results of their acts, but they, from that world, act upon this, and continue their communion with men, and their interest in them.

That their love for us, and interest in us, should become less, or be entirely lost as they rise higher and are nearer the fountain of grace and bliss, is unreasonable, unscriptural, and contrary to the very nature of love.

Love never dies. Our interest in our fellow beings increases as we grow in grace. The more we learn the value of eternal life in our own experience, the more are we anxious that others may possess it also. On the same principle, and much more, will the advance of a saint from grace to glory, increase his interest in all that are still in the strife and struggle.

That the dead continue their interest in us was fondly and firmly believed by the ancient church. "There," said Cyprian, "a vast multitude of them that are dear to us, await our arrival—a multitude of parents, brethren and children, who are now secure in their own salvation, and anxious only about ours."

The communion of saints is a real interchange of sympathies, not only of all saints on earth, but of all on earth and in heaven. In Christ the head, and in the church his body—which joins in one life and in one love the whole family in heaven and earth—every member has the sympathy of all. In the body the eye is a higher and more glorious member than the finger; and yet the eye fails not to look on it when it suffers. So the saint that is greatest in the kingdom of heaven, turns in sympathy towards the least. Those who suffer no more, still remember those who do.

What saith the scripture? The saints inspire us by bending in earnest interest over us. Heb. 12, 1. You do not see them, but FAITH does. They rejoice over our success: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15, 10. They offer prayer for us: The "golden vials full of odors" which the elders offered before the throne "were the prayers of the saints." Rev. 5, 8.

"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And some of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God." Rev. 8, 3-4.

The souls under the altar prayed. Rev. 6, 9-11.

The saints in heaven are spoken of in Revelations as *priests* unto God. Rev. 16, 5-10. They are priests already here; but have need here to make offerings for themselves. Yonder they are

priests that need no more offer up sacrifice first for their own sins. They pray, not for themselves, but for us. In that temple their supplications are pure incense, unmixed by the alloy of sin. In white robes they bend at the very feet of Jesus, for us.

The communion of saints is a mystery which is not to be fathomed by knowledge; it can only be shared in by faith. In how far beyond the ways now mentioned, the living are mysteriously influenced by the dead, we cannot now know. That there is a silent, an unseen influence, bearing down upon the spirits of men from higher spheres, through divine and angelic agency, is plainly revealed; and that the church unseen, thus communicates with the church visible is involved in the very nature of the unity of the church, and of all saints, in Christ. When, in the body, the eye is feeble, it is not only assisted by the ministrings of the hand to it; but it is also sustained and strengthened by the *silent energies* of the general health and strength of the whole body. So, the blessed vigor of the glorified members of the body secretly and silently sustains the members below, who are faint and feeble from the conflict and the toil. As once the hills of Dothan were covered by an unseen army, so faith may recognize, just beyond the visible and known, the silent presence, the warm powerful sympathy of that communion which has its proper home in the church triumphant. Thus, too, "they that be with us are more than they that be with them." A very sober poet has beautifully said—

"I love to know that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side:
Mine is no solitary choice,
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast."

The dead exert a powerful influence over us as they dwell in our own thoughts and memories.

The thought that those forms and faces which we knew so well are in the grave, speaks to us of death, of earthly vanity, like no other voice. As often as we think of them, it is as if they came to us in the crowd, and beckoned us away. We follow them, and whither do they lead us? To the grave-yard! There the familiar face is transformed and becomes pale; the familiar form is clothed in a shroud, and lies down to sleep. We return again to the world, until a similar visit takes us again to see the dead.

Think how extensively the living are bound to the dead. There is not one on the broad face of the earth that is not bound to some beloved form in the grave. Not one, but even many—a parent, a brother, sister, wife, husband; a child, a friend. All these cords awake at the touch of memory, and soften the heart with sad

music of other years. No where else but in the cemetery, this city of the dead, do so many thoughts congregate—to no other shrine do so many hearts make pilgrimage—and no where else are hearts so deeply moved. Behold the power of the dead over the living.

Moreover, at the most favorable time do thoughts of the dead come over the living. Not in the din and rush of wordliness—not in the case of vanity, but in the hours of sober thought, in the twilight of evening, and in the silent night. Often when sadness, from some other source, has already softened the heart—when the coldness of the living remind us of the warmth and true devotion of the dead, or when some new bereavment reminds us of the old.

But not only as being in the grave do we think of the dead, but as being in heaven. How the soul stands still and adoring wonders, when we think of those so lately with us, in their glorified state. They have but just passed beyond our sight, and yet they know the solemn mysteries of another life. We feel as though their experience were also ours; and as though our very familiarity with them had brought us into their "silent company," and surrounded us with the holiness and the mysteries of heaven.

Not only does the thought of those we knew affect us, but the whole host of the glorified, as they rise before our faith shed a holy, soul-subduing influence down upon our spirits. Life the soft radiance of the silent stars is the mellowing, holy influence which at the remembrance of the saints of light, falls down upon our hearts.

The thought of their holiness reminds us that only by being holy shall we ever enter their sainted circles. We fall back in deep penitence and humility into the dust of self-abasement. We earnestly cry for a new baptism in the blood of the Lamb. We pray to be clothed in those pure white robes, which alone can fit us to be happy and at home with the saints in light.

Thus do the dead speak to us, act upon us, influence us. They do it in the ever-growing results of what they have done—they do it by what they still are to us and do for us—they do it in the power which they hold over us by means of our remembrance of them.

And now, shall we hear their voice, shall we own their power, shall we yield to their influence? Shall this touching appeal be repelled; and shall not the shout of the glorified, heard by faith, cause us to look upward, and make us long to join their ranks, to learn their songs, and to share their bliss.

Among them we hear too the voice of our own beloved dead. They, being dead, speak to us. They have gone from our hearts and our homes—they have gone from our sides to the silence of the grave and the glories of heaven! Shall not the living lay it to heart?

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS "drags its slow length along." Before this number of *The Guardian* reaches many of our subscribers, the second session of the XXXIII^d Congress will have ceased. While we write but six more working days remain, and yet much remains to be done—so much indeed that there is evidently too little time left in which to do the work well. In their mania for taking care of the interests of their respective parties, by manufacturing public opinion for each successive presidential campaign in speeches made for Buncombe, the heavy work of the session is invariably put off to the last, to be rushed through in night sessions, or to bear the ear-marks of "hasty legislation." One of the public journals has aptly remarked that we have all been waiting and wondering when the work of Congress would begin—like that innocent Jonathan who sat out half an evening of one of Ole Bull's violin concerts, listening patiently for what he supposed was the tuning of the fiddle, to end, and the concert to "start;" and with us as with him it is pretty nearly over before we discover that we have got almost all that we have paid for or had a right to expect. Still, our M. C.'s have done a very large share of their usual work. They have talked—talked—talked—Buncombe into an ear-ache and the watchful public into a profound slumber. They have succeeded in getting up some scenes and given the galleries an opportunity to hear one honorable gentleman call another a liar. There are a few things which they might have either killed or cured before their dissolution drew nigh which may be thus summed up:—

There was a project for a Pacific Railroad that many trusted would not utterly fall through. It can hardly afford to wait—but doubtless that is its doom—until a new Congress is installed. The Subterranean Telegraph bill the House has really passed upon—add that to its credit. But the bill providing a mail-line of steamers to Shanghai, the Sandwich Islands and San Fran-

cisco, the Emigrant Ship bill, the Vera Cruz and Acapulco Mail Route bill, and the bills that Sam has so pertinaciously lobbied for, have made so little progress as hardly to pay for the trouble of bringing out from their warm quarters in the Committees' desks. It would have been pleasanter to have settled the Homestead bill and the Old Soldiers' Bounty Land bill and the new Tariff bill that the Administration is so anxious to see a law, but little hopes are there that this Congress will wipe off these tedious old problems from the slate. The French Spoliation bill—on which the hopes of anxious claimants have been fondly fixed for many years was finally passed by both houses of Congress, but President Pierce found objections to the measure and interposed his prerogative of a veto. The Texas Debt bill really suffers discussion, and its passage is not an impossibility. It was reasonable to anticipate the enactment of the contemplated law increasing the pay of members and judges, for the times are very hard, and Washington hotel-keepers cannot decently make any further advances upon their charges for board until it is a law. Army and Navy Reforms, Indian Appropriations, the New Pensions, the Claims' Board and Judiciary Reform, are all fair topics for discussion for another Congress, and some of them are of pressing importance; but there is not time left for the Ayes and Nays to be counted on all of them, even though Buncombe should be ejected from the audience-chamber henceforth, and every man should address himself, not to the Speaker, but to his work. For what Congress has thus far done in the way of passing bills we do not feel overburdened with debts of gratitude; but for the free blowing off of steam which might otherwise have exploded, and for the leaving undone of much that it might have done about Utah and Neosho, and like matters of the mischievous breed, we desire to be duly thankful.

It is not very creditable to the reputation of our Congressmen for impar-

tiality, that such claims as are backed up by immense wealth and political influence are considered in the earlier part of the session, while the juster claims of humble citizens are passed by almost unnoticed. Thus Mr. Colt, the patentee of the revolving pistol bearing his name, brought Congress to an early consideration of his application of an extension of his patent—by what means, the public, who have read the proceedings, must be the judge: but it is not too much to say that Mr. Colt is wealthy and had influential friends to work for him. If he did not succeed, he influenced Congress to consider his application and spend much time in discussing it. How many humble but equally worthy citizens fail to do even this?

The President has conferred the Brevet Title of Lieutenant-General on General Winfield Scott for his eminent military services. The Senate joint resolution giving the executive this authority passed the House, under a suspension of the rules, by the honorable vote of 126 to 65. The opposition, it is understood, did not arise so much from opposition to General Scott personally, as to a dislike of establishing the precedent of a higher military title than has hitherto been known to the Army Regulations of the Republic. This new title is not merely honorary. It carries with it the substantial advantage of nearly \$30,000 back pay and \$1,600 annual addition to his salary hereafter. There is also attached to this grade of office a staff of six persons, four lieutenant-colonels and two secretaries, each with the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel. The act of Congress which established the grade of lieutenant-general was passed on 28th of May, 1798. The resolution passed by the present Congress declares that when the said grade of lieutenant-general by brevet shall have once been filled, and have become vacant, this joint resolution shall thereafter expire and be of no effect.

The Twenty-first Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools is a more than usually interesting document. Including the reports from county superintendents, it covers 160 pages and gives a better idea of the actual condition of the school system than has been heretofore furnished to the public. The whole number of districts in the State is 1,531; schools,

9,507; number reported as yet required, 671. The average number of months taught is five. Male teachers employed, 7,599, at an average monthly salary of \$19.25. Female teachers, 3,640, at an average salary of \$12.02 per month. Number of male scholars, 260,269; female, 214,286; average number of scholars in each school, 42; cost of teaching each scholar per month, 43 cents. Of the whole number of scholars 11,121 are learning German. There are two points which the local superintendents generally refer to as retarding the progress and prosperity of the system, and which should be taken into earnest consideration by every friend of popular education: The lowness of teachers' salaries and short duration of the school sessions. Although the schools are kept open less than half the year, men are expected to pursue teaching as a profession at an average wages per month of less than \$20, and women at \$12. Thus, male teachers would earn about \$100 a year at their profession and females about \$60! This accounts for the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of good and competent teachers to fill the schools, the superintendents having been obliged in every county to give provisional certificates to teachers of doubtful competency or let the schools stand idle. It does strike us as not a little disgraceful that while thousands of our taxpayers are always willing to pay good prices for live stock for their farms, and spare no expense in having their dumb brutes properly cared for, they yet look for their children, with minds immortal, to be educated for the most beggarly consideration. Many of them think and argue that because school teaching does not require much bone and muscle it is "easy work" and therefore should not be paid any better or as well as farm labor. If the minds of their children are of no more value than the loose soil of their farms, than their horses, cattle, swine, sheep, or poultry, then these short-sighted folks may maintain the consistency of their argument; but if they are capable of approaching within the widest range of reason-shot to an estimate of the superiority of Mind over Matter—of morals over guano—of character over cattle—of immortality over mortality—they would not thus stop to count the cost of properly educating their children and elevating the general standard of popular education.

A great reform in public sentiment is needed here in our State policy, and all who are friendly to the wide diffusion of moral and intellectual intelligence should cease not to labor for its promotion. Children can not be expected to progress in learning by going to school five months in the year and neglecting their studies the other seven; and good men and women, thoroughly qualified for teaching, cannot be expected to teach for a less compensation than their talents will command in other and perhaps more congenial pursuits. These are two self-evident facts—they need no further demonstration.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, and a similar one into the Senate of this State, which provides that any married woman, whose husband either from drinking, profligacy or other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for her support or the support and education of her children, etc., shall have the right to transact business, collect her own earnings and those of her minor children, and disburse them for their education or support. It also gives the mother control over her minor children where the husband refuses or neglects to discharge a father's duty towards them. This bill is a very important one, and it is thought will become a law in both States. In that event, it will deprive the rampant woman's rights advocates of a portion of their loudest thunder.

Prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks is rapidly gaining in popular favor, and State after State is adopting the prohibitive principle in its statute laws. Indiana and Illinois have each their Maine law, and the constitutionality of the Ohio law has been affirmed and is working terror among the vendors of distilled poison. A similar law has passed the New York assembly by a vote of 80 to 43, and the Delaware House of Representatives by a vote of 11 to 10. There is little doubt of its passage through the Senates of both States and its approval by their governors. A stringent law prohibiting the sale of liquors on Sunday has passed both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and will no doubt be the law of the State before this reaches our readers. This law imposes a fine of from \$10 to \$100 and from ten to sixty days imprisonment for each offence. The final vote in the House was 73 to 6—in the Senate 26 to 2. The friends of the

Sabbath have good cause to be thankful for this effort to shield the sanctity of that holy day, and as soon as the people see the happy effects of suppressing intemperance on one day of the week, they will demand its suppression on the other six also. It is generally believed that a bill repealing the present license laws and making it unlawful to sell for drinking purposes will yet pass the present session. Several bills aiming at this are now on the files of the Senate and House, one of which provides that the repeal of the law be submitted to a vote of the people at a special election.

The new liquor law (passed May 4, 1854,) is doing a good work in many sections where it is properly enforced. Under its provisions any selling, giving, or furnishing intoxicating liquors of any kind, by a tavern-keeper, wholesale dealer, grocer, or any other person, "to any person of known intemperate habits," is punished with fine and imprisonment. Where the person for whom protection is desired by his or her relatives is not known to be of "intemperate habits," all they have to do is to serve a notice on those selling not to furnish liquors to him or her. If they disregard said notice they come under the penalty. These notices must be renewed every three months. It is perhaps not generally known that this law forbids, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment, the furnishing of liquors at social gatherings or even in ordinary social visits, to persons of intemperate habits, or such as are in the habit of drinking to their own injury or that of their family, even though they are never seen intoxicated or drunk.

The weather the past month has been unusually inclement. During the first week the thermometer ranged in different sections of the country from zero down to 30°, the coldest weather experienced for a quarter of a century. The suffering of the poor in consequence has been extreme, and both public and private benevolence have been actively engaged, while much remains yet to be done by all who profess to follow in the divine footsteps of him "who went about doing good." It has been observed by those actively engaged in this good work that a very large proportion of this suffering and destitution arises from intemperance in the husband and father, the innocent becoming the victims: and the Governor

of Connecticut has significantly remarked that the prohibition of the liquor traffic in that State has prevented much destitution among the poor this winter.

The Prohibitory Liquor law has been defeated in the Senate of New-Jersey by ONE majority. It had previously passed the House of Representatives.

THE OLD WORLD.

Diplomacy has been at a stand-still in the Old World since our last, in consequence of the dismemberment and reconstruction of the British Ministry. The mismanagement of affairs in the Crimea by the War Department had been severely censured by the London Times, and freely commented upon in both houses of Parliament. This led to the resignation of Lord John Russell, the overthrow of the Aberdeen ministry and its reconstruction upon "a new basis" by Lord Palmerston, who is now Premier in place of Aberdeen. Although called a new ministry, there are really but four changes. Earl Granville is President of the Council in place of Lord John Russell; Lord Panmure Minister at War in place of the Duke of Newcastle; and Viscount Canning, Postmaster General under the late and present administration, obtains a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Sydney Herbert takes the Home and Sir George Grey the Colonial Department. The office of Secretary at War is to be abolished and a Parliamentary Under-Secretaryship created, to which Mr. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, is to be appointed.

Affairs in the Crimea remain without material change. The condition of the English soldiers is reported as improving, but much suffering was still experienced in the camp through fatigue and exposure. Sorties were frequently made at night by the Russians, and though always repulsed by the French or English with considerable loss, the uncertainty of the attacks compelled the besiegers to be constantly on the alert day and night, adding much to their exposure and consequent fatigue. "Sebastopol is not yet taken," nor can that great event be reasonably expected for some months to come.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BOOKS AND HARD TIMES.—The "hard times" have had a depressing influence upon the book business as well as upon other trades. At a sale of standard works recently held in New York, some

rare and valuable books were sold very low. We note a few of the bargains, which look very tempting. The poems and prose works of Chaucer, complete, in folio, black letter, including the translation of Boethius, never printed in Roman letter, and one of the gems of earliest English prose, was sold for seven dollars. It was dated 1602, and was not reprinted since. Fifty dollars would have been a fair price. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, his *Astrophel and Stella*, *Sonnets and Defence of Poesy*, folio, a perfect copy, well bound, brought only \$5.50. A fine London edition of Marlowe's works, in three volumes, handsomely bound, brought \$1.75 per volume. The *Quarterly Review*, complete from the commencement in 1809 to March, 1853, with all the indexes, ninety-two volumes, in morocco bindings and gilt edges—a fine, rare and clean copy—sold for eighty cents a volume. And a fine copy of Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, in seven volumes, usually sold at \$10 a volume, brought only \$4.50—and many other rare works proportionably low.

THE WIFE'S VICTORY, and other Domestic Sketches, by Mrs. Southworth, have been published in a handsome volume by T. B. Peterson, 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Mrs. S. is among the purest writers of fiction in modern literature, and her works are much read by many who cannot be classed as novel-readers. The *Wife's Victory* is intended to illustrate *Ex. v: 23, 24*, or the relative duties of husband and wife. Other sketches in the volume are suggested by similar texts, such as *The Temptation*, 1 Cor. x: 13; *The Three Sisters*, Matt. x: 36; *Across the Street*, John xii: 8; etc. These Sketches not being exaggerated romances, we can commend them for their high moral tone and instructive lessons.

SEARS' CELEBRATED PERSONS, a handsome volume of 400 pages, illustrated, has been received from the publisher, Robert Sears, 181 William-st, N. York. It embraces incidents and adventures in the lives of Sovereigns, Queens, Generals, Princes, Travelers, Voyagers, etc., of Europe and America, compiled from authentic histories. These fragmentary sketches have been selected with discrimination and will be read with interest by those who have not the time nor inclination to read the larger volumes of history from which they are collated.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—APRIL, 1855.—No. IV.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. IV.—THE WILLOW-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
Or treads the willowed marge of murmuring brook."

THIS is one of the earliest trees of the season. Before this number of *The Guardian* reaches the hands of our readers they will already have witnessed the swelling buds of the willow-tree. Not long after this is read, the boys will already be rubbing the smooth bark of a young scion with the handle of their jack-knife, in hope that the sap is up, and that the bark, being carefully delivered of its woody contents, may be turned into a whistle.

In this connection, and incidentally, we have a few earnest words of advice to give the boys; let them lay it to heart. First, do not cut your whistle-stick from a part of the tree where it will destroy its beautiful and symmetrical appearance. Secondly, do not rub the tender bark too severely, especially if the handle of your knife is rough; many a good whistle-stick has been spoiled in that way. Thirdly, when you have had good luck in finishing your whistle to your satisfaction, feel thankful for your success; for how often do boys fail in this business. Fourthly, as you go whistling about the house, do not feel any larger with your whistle than you are wont to do without it; and be careful lest you whistle so loud and so earnestly as not to hear the voice of father or mother when they call you to go on an errand; in that case something might occur which would change your cheerful whistling into another and a sadder tune! Be careful now, my dear boys, and treasure this friendly advice.

There is a great variety of willow. Two species of this tree are well known to all of our readers, and have a prominent place in our earliest associations. We refer to the "weeping willow," which grows near almost every farm house in the country, holding its beautiful pendant branches over the family pump, or the crystal fountain. Equally familiar is the "yellow willow," which lines the banks of streams, mill-races, and mill-dams. What a beautiful

sight is a row of these trees in the distance, earliest green in spring-time, and in midsummer turning up, at every passing breeze, the soft silvery sheen of their numberless little leaves. Did we not often gaze upon them silently and thoughtfully from the neighboring heights, or as we rode quietly along the hot road towards the mill, thinking of their cool shade

“Along the wild and willowed shore;”

and did we not often wickedly envy the lad whom we spied through the osiers, reclining at ease, holding out his fishing-rod over the water, eyeing with a kind of half lazy hope the quiverings and bobbings of the cork upon the surface, while we turned half round upon our horse to watch him until the cruel turn in the road compelled us to lose him out of our eye? A singular effect have they upon the meditative mind, these willows; like the cooing of the dove, they waken the soft undertones of the spirit, and wherever we see them, they make us think of the infinite, the joys and sorrows of the past; and, if we look upon them in a distant or foreign land, they always waken within us thoughts of the loved ones at home.

It is not certain that the weeping-willow is referred to in the Bible. It may be, however, that this tree is intended in Ezekiel 17, 5: “He planted it by great waters, and set it as a willow-tree; and it grew, and became a spreading vine of low stature, whose branches turn towards him, and the roots thereof under him.” The word is not the same which is generally translated willow. Yet, by the Rabbins, the word is rendered willow; and it is also said that the Arabs have a similar word by which they designate this tree. The description answers best the weeping willow, “whose branches turn towards him, and the roots thereof under him.” The only difficulty is that it is called a “vine;” but the learned say that the word which is translated vine may, as well, imply a *spreading plant* as a *creeping one*.

The willow is first mentioned in the Bible in connection with the Feast of Tabernacles. Levit. 23, 40. God’s people were directed to take branches of the most beautiful trees, and among them “willows of the brook,” and bear them with joy before the Lord for seven days. These branches had in some way their significance as memorials of their journey in the wilderness, of which they served gratefully to remind them. Perhaps they had been used in the construction of their tents.

Job alludes to the willow in his beautiful description of the wonderful behemoth:

“He lieth under the shady trees,
In the court of the reeds and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow;
The willows of the brook compass him about.”

There is not in the whole Bible a passage of sacred poetry more

touching than that in the one hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, where the inspired poet sings the sorrows of the Jewish captives by the streams of Babylon. They had been carried away from their country, from their holy places, and their "pleasant things." Now, among strangers, and in a strange land, their hearts are overwhelmed, softened, and subdued by a sense of these sins which wasted them, and the melancholy remembrance of what they loved and lost. They seek lonely places along the river, where they may mingle their tears with the waters, and their sighs with the soft murmurs of the gliding stream. Amid scenes of congenial sadness in nature around, they seek that sympathy which they seek in vain in the hearts of those who carried them away.

By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down :
 Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
 We hanged our harps upon the willows
 In the midst thereof.

It is, perhaps, common to think of these willows of Babylon as weeping willows. This however can hardly be correct. We are told that this species of willow is not known in Babylon. It does not flourish in so warm a climate. It is no doubt the sadness of the captives which so naturally suggests to our associations the weeping willow, which is a gloomy tree "that mourns over what it shadows."

When the Lord laid desolate the land of Moab by drought, every green thing perished; and the only spot to which the inhabitants, with their flocks, could fly for sustenance, was "to the brook of the willows." 2s. 15: 7.

As willows are very early green in spring-time, and of remarkably speedy growth, Isaiah is led to make them the symbol of the influences of the spirit upon the offspring of pious families. "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." Is. 44: 3. 4. When all other places are parched and dry, so that grass and trees wither and pine, the willows by the water-courses are still green and flourishing. No drought can affect them, because their roots are near the source of refreshment and life. So children in the covenant, and in the bosom of pious families, have fast hold upon the fountains of grace and spiritual life. Their graces are still fresh and blooming, while those who are away upon the bleak uncovenanted commons, wither and perish by the blights and blasts of sin.

In conclusion, we must yet refer to the singular and astonishing fact—for such it is said to be—that all the weeping willows in England and America, spring from one small twig, which came incidentally from Persia in a basket of figs to Pope, the celebrated Poet. He planted it; and growing, it became the parent of an innumerable host of willows, spread over so vast an extent of country,

throwing a welcome shadow over many a cottage green. What a fine illustration of the astonishing results which may follow the smallest act! Let us not think that our small acts of well-doing are in vain. With joy let us plant our little willows in the garden of the Lord; and, when we are dead, generations now unborn may be refreshed beneath their friendly shadows. Of this may every willow we see remind us.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

BY X. Y. Z.

How sweet 'tis to mingle with saints of the Lord,
To praise him for mercies revealed in his word;
Serenely look up to the place where he dwells,
And draws from him comfort as water from wells.

How sweet 'tis to linger beside the pure stream,
Where pleasures unmingled, as truly 'twould seem,
Abide in their freshness to cheer the sad soul,
And goodness and mercy encompass the whole.

How sweet to remember that all we possess
Results from his goodness, his favor and grace,
And feel the assurance "we need not despond,"
Since God is so gracious—so loving and fond.

How sweet to look forward, nor then be afraid
When death shall envelope the soul in its shade,
But lean with composure on Jesus' strong arm,
Where pain cannot enter nor dangers alarm.

How sweet to look also beyond the thick gloom,
That hides from the vision the sun-beams of noon;
There God and the Saviour forever compose
The spirit's sweet resting—its endless repose.

Aye, sweet from the valley of sorrow and tears
A home in the skies to the mourner appears,
He cheerfully looks to this mansion on high—
The pilgrim's dear homestead reserv'd in the sky.

When sunk in affliction, in deepest distress,
And nothing remaineth to cheer and to bless,
'Tis then the lone pilgrim, tho' heaving a sigh,
Looks upward, and thinks of his portion on high!

ALL, LORD.

Take my soul's and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my good, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my heart, but make it new.

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

BY REV. J. JOHNSON.

No judgment can be formed, from the mere outward circumstances in which God in his providence has placed us, as to whether we have or have not found favor with him. For those whom the Lord loves he often chastens for their profit; while on the other hand, God often leaves his enemies to become hardened by prosperity.

The narrative found in the Book of Ruth is not only interesting but instructive. It shows us at once the condescending and providential care of God in the minutest concerns of his people. The very fact itself of a Moabitess becoming ancestor of Christ seems to have been a pre-intimation of the calling of the Gentiles into his church. In the two women of Moab we see at once the difference there is between nature and grace. For in the case of Orpah we see that she was not prepared to risk all the consequences, and renounce all worldly prospects for the sake of religion. This accounts at once for the reason why she turned back to her country, her relations, and her gods. And yet we see that it was with the greatest reluctance that she parted from Naomi. She evidently appears to have been of a kind and gentle disposition; hence she was, for the space of ten years, a kind and gentle wife to her husband whose body had now returned to its mother dust. She was also a kind daughter-in-law to Naomi, which is evident from her own words: "The Lord deals kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me."

Ruth was also of a kind and gentle disposition; and Naomi was not only a mother-in-law, but she evidently sustained another very important relation, viz., that of a spiritual instructor, for it is evident that she taught her the way of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. She set thus an example every way worthy the imitation of all those who sustain the parental relation. Now to be separated from such an instructor must have been indeed painful. Hence we cannot wonder at the strong attachment manifested on the part of Ruth. However dear friends may be to us, these tender ties which bind heart to heart must be severed. How true are the beautiful lines of the poet—

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

At length the day of parting comes. And now when she must leave her people and her kind spiritual instructor, with tender affection for Naomi, she exclaims in the fullness of her heart, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

From this affecting history we may learn the following lesson, viz., that we should cleave to our converted friends. We should do so, because their God is a precious God.

This is the case only to the believer in Christ. "Unto you," says the Apostle, "that believe, he is precious."

Before conversion, like all the unregenerate, they received "him as a root out of dry ground; there was no form nor comeliness in him that we should desire him. Now he is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." This arises from the fact that they have found him a sin-pardoning God. He is precious because he has washed away our sins in his most precious blood. He is precious because he is a faithful God—faithful in the hour of temptation and in the hour of affliction. He is a refuge to all in trial and in want.

We should also cleave to our converted friends, because they are a happy people. Naomi was one of the peculiar people of Israel. She was a worshipper of the living and true God. God has a peculiar people still; they are those of whom the Psalmist speaks: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven." They are no longer under the curse—that curse which has made our world groan—that curse under which the lost soul shrinks, and which kindles the fires of perdition in the heart. God's people may be in poverty, they may be bereaved, yet they are happy. God dealeth with them as with sons; and when they reach heaven they will find that these winds of affliction have wafted them thither.

Another reason why we should cleave to our converted friends is, that they want us to go with them. Naomi was anxious for Ruth to go with her; not out of mere natural affection, but out of love to Israel's God. Moses wanted Hobab, his brother-in-law, to go with him. Jeremiah was anxious, in his day, that the Jews should go with him. Your Christian friends want you to go with them. They may not have the boldness to tell you so; but you may see it in the anxiety of their eyes. They are anxious you should come to the house of prayer. They pray for you in secret places.

One more reason why we should cleave to our converted friends, is the distressing thought of eternal separation. Little did Orpah think when she turned her back upon Naomi and Ruth that she was parting with them forever. And little do the wicked think now of that eternal separation that will take place between them and their Christian friends. The probability is that they lived together in infancy—that they played around the same palm-tree—sat together in the same cottage, and wandered together over the same hills of Moab. Now they part forever. Remember, then, that when death comes you will be eternally separated. Cleave to your converted friends; seek an interest in the blood of Christ, then God's people shall be your people, and their God will be your God.

THE STARS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Those burning stars! what are they? I have dreamed
 That they were blossoms on the Tree of Life,
 Or glory flung back from the outspread wings
 Of God's archangel—or that yon blue skies,
 With all their gorgeous blazonry of gems,
 Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
 From the fair wall of Heaven!—And I have sat
 And drank their gushing glory, till I felt
 Their flash electric trembling with the deep
 And strong vibrations down the living wire
 Of chainless passion—and my every pulse
 Was beating high, as if a spring were there
 To buoy me up where I might ever roam
 'Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
 And dwell with those high stars, and see the light
 Pouring down upon the blessed earth, like dew
 From the bright urns of Naiads!

Beautiful stars!

What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts,
 A fount, that heaves beneath you, like the deep
 Beneath the glories of a midnight moon!
 And list—your Eden tones are floating now
 Around me like an element—so low,
 So wildly beautiful, I almost dream
 That ye are there the living harp of God,
 O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
 And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy
 As well might wander down to the dim world
 To fashion dreams of Heaven!—Peal on—peal on,
 Nature's high anthem!—for my life has caught
 A portion of your purity and power,
 And seems but as a sweet and glorious tone
 Of wild star music!

Blessed, blessed things!

Ye are in Heaven and I on earth. My soul,
 Even with the whirlwind's rush, can wander off
 To your immortal realm, but it must fall
 Like your ancient Pleiad from its height,
 To dim its new clad glories in the dust!
 The earth is beautiful—I love
 Its wilderness of spring-flowers, its bright clouds,
 The majesty of mountains, and the dread
 Magnificence of ocean—for they come
 Like visions to my heart—but when I look
 On yon unfading loveliness, I feel
 Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
 And weep to die, and come where you repose
 Upon your boundless Heaven, like parted souls
 On an eternity of blessedness.

HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy:
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

RACINE composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a low voice. One day, when thus working at his play of *Mithridates*, in the Tuilleries Gardens, a crowd of workmen around him, attracted by his gestures, they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchia, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books and upon books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs and bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet; a dog he had brought from Watburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skilful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such time. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the Devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great reformer had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at

mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed. Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bollay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fable chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his Thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Talemanchus in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, while discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quincy first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour! Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first disclaiming for some time at the top of his voice and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. This was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout, he consigned himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented him walking about, even had he wished to do so.

MORAL FRAGRANCE.

“WHAT a pity,” said a little boy to his father, as they walked through the garden, “that the rose, after blooming, does not produce fruit, and thus return a thank-offering to summer, for the lovely season of its spring-life. Now, it is called the flower of innocence and joy; then, it would be also the emblem of gratitude.” The father answered, “Does it not offer all its loveliness to beautify the spring; and, for the dew and light which it receives from above, does it not fill the air with its delicate fragrance? Thus, like gratitude, bestowing a charm unseen, which enhances every other good. Created for the spring, it dies with the spring; but its withered leaves retain a portion of its sweet fragrance; so in the heart of innocence does gratitude abide, after the kind deed which called it forth is forgotten in our breast.”

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

THE Lord's Prayer is, once for all, the best prayer; for you know who made it. But no man on the face of the earth can so pray as He did; we only stammer and stumble toward it, and some worse yet than others. This however does no injury, Andrew, if we are only in earnest; our dear Father in heaven must always do most himself, and He knows what we mean. Since you wish it, I will tell you honestly how I do when I pray the "Our Father." Yet I know it is poor enough, and would rather myself be taught.

You see, when I wish to say this prayer, I think first of all, of my sainted Father, how good he was, and how willing to give me what I needed. Then I think of the whole world as my Father's house, and all people in Asia, in Europe, in Africa, and in America, seem to me then as if they were my brothers and sisters; and God sits in heaven upon a golden seat, and stretches forth his right hand over the sea, even to the end of earth, and his left hand is full of salvation and goodness, and the mountain tops all around smoke as if with incense—then I begin:

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.

This already I cannot understand. The Jews, it is said, knew some secrets about the name of God. This I leave as it is, and only wish that our meditations on God, and every trace by which we can know him, may make me and all men feel that he is over all things great and holy.

Thy kingdom come.

Here I think of myself; how now this and now that rules and reigns within me; and how I am borne hither and thither; and how all this is but vanity and sorrow, and leads me to no green spot. And then I think how good it would be for me if only God would bring all this inward warfare to an end, and rule in me himself.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Here I think of Heaven, with its hosts of holy angels, who do His will with joy, and no sorrow touches them, and how they are blest in love and joy, and praise day and night; and then I think if it were only also thus on earth.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Every one knows what daily bread is, and that we must eat so long as we are in this world, and that it tastes well. I think of this. Then I remember my children, how they love to eat, and how happy they are at the table. And then I pray God to give us always something to eat.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

It pains us when we are injured, and the revenge of man is sweet. So I feel myself, and my heart naturally loves it too. Then I think I see before me the man in the scripture who took his debtor by the throat! I lay it to heart, and think that I will forgive my fellow-sinner, and will never say a word to him of the hundred pence.

And lead us not into temptation.

Here I think of all kinds of sad examples, when men in such and such circumstances departed from what was good, and feel that I will fare no better, if I do not watch and pray.

Deliver us from evil.

Even here still I think of the many temptations around me, and how easy it is to be led astray, and get into wrong paths. At the same time I think of all the ills and woes of life—consumption, old age, chill and fever, phrenzy, and the thousand afflictions to which flesh is heir, and for which there is no human help. And you will find, Andrew, that if the tears did not flow before they will come now, and we can sigh and sorrow so penitently and so tenderly as if all help were gone. But then again we must take courage, and lay our hand upon our mouth, and in triumph say on: *For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. Amen!*

BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

WHEN grief is heavy on thee,
Or dismal fears alarm,
Then, brother, lean upon me—
My brother, take my arm.
There's many a load of trouble
That taketh two to bear,
Where one would bend quite double
Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
Has sought thy mortal harm,
My shoulder be thine anchor—
My brother, take my arm.
Though all, in time of trial,
May turn their eyes away,
Nay, brother, no denial,
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
A grief that naught could charm,
I'd cry, in all my sorrow,
"O, brother, give thine arm?"
Aye! let me feel another
Will weep with me in woe;
A brother, yea, a brother,
May all who sorrow know!

THE COUNTRY BOY IN THE TOWN-SABBATH SCHOOL.

This boy was one of the writer's acquaintances in boyhood's happy days, and is even now, as a man, by no means a stranger to him. What is to be said about him is all veritable fact. He is a native of the Keystone State, and considers it a great mercy of God that he was born a good many years ago, and that in the *country*. He is by no means averse to all genuine improvements or any degree of progress in the right direction. Nor does he think that all town people are knaves. But he remembers a good many customs which, in his opinion, are ever to be preferred to those that now have taken their place—considers much, that is called progress, grievous decline; and is of opinion also, that there are more good people in the country than in towns and cities, especially at the present time.

The parents of this boy were both members of the church, and as their heart desired to raise good children, they made use of all proper means to accomplish their object. In those days the school house and the church, among the German christians, stood close together, and the schoolmaster needed more than a certificate from the county superintendent; he had to be a consistent professor of the christian religion. In the school, where this boy attended, it was fixed and required usage to open the session in the morning with singing and prayer; close at noon with a hymn; open in the afternoon with prayer, and close in the evening by the same exercises. This was order of each day. As soon as the scholars could read well enough they had to bring their Testaments, and at last their Bibles. From this good book they had to commit, weekly, some passages. The more advanced were required to study the catechism, and thus prepare themselves for catechisation by the minister. These, among other things, seem sufficient ground why it may be considered a mercy of God to have been borne long ago. For these good customs have vanished away.

If, what is generally maintained by those who know by experience, is true, then this boy sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his mother. So young was he yet at this mournful event, that he has but dim recollections of ever having been blessed with a mother. Her early demise changed greatly the course of this family. The farming business was abandoned, and the forsaken father settled down in retirement. The boys, as they grew up, went from home to learn trades. Several of them got into the town of ——. Here we find the boy of our story on a visit to his brother; and it is at this time that the "country boy" gets into the "town sabbath school." It will not seem strange if he should feel strange in these new circumstances. He takes a back-seat and would not dare to stir during the exercises. At last a young man—a good, pious

young man, no doubt—approaches him in all simplicity and kindness, and thus succeeds at once to gain the boy's affection and confidence. Having ascertained, by questioning him, that he was able to read, he produced one of those old-fashioned spelling-books that contained a great many Bible histories, and from this the stranger boy was to say his lesson. The story chosen for this time was about good old Noah, and how he was saved in the ark. When the boy had finished reading his lesson the teacher very kindly made the application. "Noah," he said, "was preserved with his family because he did not forget God. He always remembered that God saw him, and tried to please him, and do what he required of him. Thus he also built the ark, when all others around him laughed at him. When the flood came he went into his ark, and when all others perished in the flood, he was saved. Now this God lives yet," he continued, "and he sees us also; and if we think of him, and try to do his will, and avoid all sin, then we need never be afraid. Even in the night, no matter where we are, God is near us, if we are good, and nothing can injure us."

But why make such a long story of a "country boy," the reader may say. Well, this relation of facts, is not half as long as the thousand and one tales and novels, teeming over the land and eagerly read by thousands without containing a line of valuable instruction. We think our story affords data from which very important lessons may be learned.

1. A lesson for boys. Though the Guardian is intended specially for "young men and ladies," it is no doubt also read by many boys and girls. These may learn how to live happy, even in the midst of danger. If they will not only read the story of Noah, but also remember its application, as did the country boy, and try always to think of that great God who preserved his servant Noah, they will certainly avoid much that is sinful, and not suffer half as much from fear, as bad children do. When our boy became afraid of any thing wrong, it also came to his mind and made him sorry, and he was led to ask God to forgive him and resolved to do better afterwards. If any boy or girl learns such a lesson it will be worth more than all the gold of California.

2. Sabbath-school teachers may learn a lesson. In many Sunday-schools the lonely boy would have been permitted to go away without any sort of a lesson. Teachers generally think all is done when they have heard the lessons of their own classes. Few would be led, by the love of Jesus, to approach a stray lamb that might come within their reach. And few also feel sufficient interest to make such applications of what is recited, as would be likely to fix the attention of their pupils on a few wholesome points, and thus sow good seed in hope of raising a good tree. The "country boy," even now, derives comfort from the first lesson of that sabbath-school. Simple as the application was, it resulted in good fruit.

That boy is now a minister of the gospel, and many souls bless God to hear from his lips the good tidings of great joy. What a field of usefulness is open for sabbath-school teachers. Bless the Lord all ye that have this opportunity to sow the imperishable seed of the word. You may lead many lambs into the Saviour's fold if you are only faithful in your important trust.

3. Professors of religion may receive instruction from our story. Noah's God is the God whom they profess to worship. A God of unbounding love; but also a God of most righteous severity. The man that manifested his faith by a strict obedience to God's commandments, by proper works, was approved of God when others perished in great multitudes. By faith Noah, being warned of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith. Heb. 17: 7. The creature's safety is under the shadow of the Almighty. To enjoy this, he must be obeyed. Hypocritical professions will not avail in the day of judgment. If Christians wish to be happy and secure, they must do as the country boy; they must always remember that God sees them. This will cause them to watch over all their ways, and spur them to earnest efforts in doing the will of God. Is it not a lamentable fact, that many professing Christians are not only *in* the world, but *of* the world. Though "warned of things not seen as yet" more solemnly and repeatedly than ever Noah was, they are not "moved with fear," and habitually forget that safety is found only in the ways in which God requires us to walk.

What a difference would become manifest in the family, in the church, and in more public places and transactions, if God's nearness were habitually remembered. It is indeed alarming how widespread this popular infidelity has become in the church. A thousand signs of the times evidence that the highest aim of numbers of professors is to pass for Christians in the eyes of their brethren. "I am as good as such and such an one," is no uncommon remark, and this is to pass as evidence that such person is a Christian. But is such ground safe? Your brethren may be as wicked as you, and you may perish together. Are you as good as God requires you to be? This is the safe way of proving our professions. "Men looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." "And," says the Apostle Paul, "They measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise."

4. Non-professors may receive warning from this story. God warned not only Noah, but others also, in the days before the flood. Noah was a "preacher of righteousness." God gave a respite of one hundred and twenty years, but sinners were not moved. They were "eating and drinking, and married and were

given in marriage." The things not seen as yet, though foretold, received no serious consideration. The servant of God was all along busy in building the ark. By doing God's will, he prepared for himself and family a place of safety against the day of out-poured wrath. For all this he was laughed to scorn. The world would not believe in God; sinners would not be warned to flee from coming punishment by returning unto the Lord. Time, however, was passing away in its perpetual swiftness. The ark had been finished; the day of probation was over. Those in the ark were saved; all others perished.

Reader, are you out of the church—out of Christ? You are in terrible danger. The day of final account is very nigh indeed. You can surely not forget entirely that you also have to give an account to your Judge in that day? How wise to remember this in time. How unwise to defer it to hours or days of your last sickness—the stroke that shall sever the thread of your life on earth, and usher you into the presence of your maker. Have you not often seen, and often heard of the helplessness of the sick and the dying who lived without Christ? Feeling, in this serious hour, that they must leave all behind; that even their best friends cannot accompany them through the "valley of the shadow of death," a sense of their forsaken condition renders them unutterably miserable. How much they would do, and how much they would give, if the time of their stay on earth could be lived over again. You have time and opportunity, warning and entreaty; be persuaded, then, to yield your heart to Christ at once; and whenever your end comes it shall be peace.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

"Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

B

A LESSON FOR BOYS.

Boys are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prison for their crimes: 1. Those who ridicule parents or disobey their commands. 2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion. 3. Those who use profane or filthy language. 4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness. 5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper. 6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing. 7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects. 8. Those who loaf around grog-shops and drink whiskey.

FLOWERY WREATHS AROUND HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There is no place like home.

LET it not be regarded as too small a matter to receive serious attention when we urge upon parents to make home attractive to their children. We do not now refer directly to the important duty of letting the light of intelligence and holiness shine in the family, so that home may be the sanctuary of all purity, and joy, and love. This, of course, must also be; and home is not deserving of that sacred name where there is no God, and no piety. But, in what we now wish to say, we refer to the *outward* of home—the house itself, and its surroundings.

Who does not know that there is a great difference in homes, in those things which appear outwardly to the eye. In some, every thing is in disorder; every thing looks dilapidated, rickety, and forsaken; there is no yard, no sod, no plot of green, no shade-tree, no fruit-tree, no vines, no flowers. Every thing looks bleak, dry, dreary and dead. Then again there are homes where every thing is just the opposite of this—every thing at its place, paths clean, pallings whitewashed, green trees, sod neatly dressed, flowers here and there, and every object that would otherwise be unsightly is wreathed and festooned with vines which are taught to grow by careful hands, and the whole scene looks as if prepared for some festal occasion. And truly so it is; for there, is always cheerfulness and joy in such a home.

Let no one imagine that what we recommend can only be accomplished and enjoyed by the rich. Far from it. It can be possessed by the poorest; and the attractions of which we speak may, and often do, gather around the humblest hut. These are things which cost nothing but the attentions of a few spare moments. Whitewashed walls and fences, shade and fruit trees, rose-bushes, vines and flowers—what do these things cost? We may almost say, they are to be had without money and without price. They are within reach of the poorest, and yet how great an item are these trifles in the outward attractions of home! A home with them, and a home without them, if there were no other difference, could scarcely be recognized as the same place. So important are these little things.

These attractions of which we speak are important, as they add to the comfort of the spot. The heart is cheered by the freshness of the scene, the eye is relieved and delighted by the varieties of life and growth and bloom, and the senses are regaled by the odor of flowers. Such a scene both elevates and purifies the intellectual, social, and moral nature. It does so, it is true, quietly and

in a way not to be clearly recognized, but none the less truly. It does so as gently as the dew refreshes the grass, upon which it falls unseen. It does so as silently as the pure air ornaments the rosy cheek with the glow of health.

Yet this is not all. We must not overlook the impress which such attractions of home leave upon the memories, and hang around the associations of children after they have left the parental roof, and are drifting about in the world. It is immensely important that the hearts of children be bound to home. All its scenes and associations ought to be dear to them forever. Memory ought to travel back over the waste of years, and find in the home of childhood the greenest spot in life. This has a tendency to preserve in the heart much that is pure, beautiful, and good. It has been truly said, that he who looses all attachment for home, and discards the sacred recollections of earliest life, is far gone upon the dark way of evil. On the contrary he that cherishes these feelings shows that his heart is still tender and open to softening influences. With the memories of his youthful years will come back to him many a tender lesson, and many an earnest reproof.

If it be important thus to bind the hearts of children to the spot of home and the scenes of early life, how needful is it to surround their home with such attractions as will make it truly a home to the heart. If that home be a bleak, dreary, and uninviting spot, how can it ever cause pleasant memories to return to it? It will rather repel than attract. The wanderer will find more to delight him in the homes of strangers, and be almost forced, if he think at all, to think reproachfully of a home to which his heart cannot pleasantly and fondly cling.

Do not both reason and observation teach us abundantly that parents themselves are in fault when their children have no strong attachments to home. What do they do to make their children happy there? It is to them the dullest and dreariest spot in all the earth; and they feel as if a kind of captivity detained them from freedom and happiness, as these seem to reign around them; and for such to desire a return to their homes would be the same as if a bird, set free from a hateful cage, after it had caroled in the pleasant grove, should long again for its contracted and cruel confinement. It is true, according to the old saying, "home is home be it ever so homely;" it is, however, only home so long as the heart hangs to it; but this will not be long, unless it has some attractions, some pleasant scenes and associations, around which memory may twine its garlands in ever fresh beauty and bloom.

Have these considerations any weight? Then let us beautify our homes. Let us not regard the time and care necessary to plant trees, and vines, and flowers, as uselessly spent. Every "thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Every charm we add to it will make it

a "sweeter home" to our children, and be another cord to bind their hearts to it, and to us, and to all that we ever taught, them to love.

DO WE THINK ENOUGH?

Do we think enough of the influence which may be exerted by those whom we bring to Jesus? It were a great thing if the soul whom we were the means of saving were, like the penitent thief, removed on the day of his conversion to heaven. But it may be otherwise. We may not only convert a soul, we may call into existence a power which will be felt far and wide, and whose beneficial influence will be lasting as eternity. Who was it that Andrew led to Jesus? His own brother; but that brother was Simon Peter, than whom our Lord had never a more devoted and zealous follower—who had conferred on him the honor of opening the gate of the kingdom of heaven to the Gentile world—whose writings remain to this day a part of that precious word by which we are instructed in the knowledge of salvation—and who, at last, if ecclesiastical tradition be true, laid down his life in his Master's cause.

A Christian woman, on her way to the Tabernacle, accosted John Williams, and asked him to go thither. She, very likely, thought this might be the means of saving his soul; but she could have no idea that she was bringing to Jesus one who should be at once the apostle of civilization and mercy to the savage islanders of the Pacific, and whose name should be identified with some of the most distinguished triumphs which the Gospel has achieved in these modern times. We know not what good the man may do whom we bring to Jesus; but we may be almost certain that he will be, in a greater or less degree, the means of blessing the world.

Look around you, then, and ask, "What is there I can do to bring souls to Christ?" And then, as you see your work, resolve that you will do it with all your might.

PRAISE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

SUDDEN DEATH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower;
 Each season hath its own disease,
 Its perils every hour!

SUPPOSE that you had made yourself guilty of some crime against the government worthy of death. Suppose the governor should issue your death-warrant, stating that at some time, within fifty years, you should be put to death—but that you should be kept profoundly ignorant of the precise time when this solemn sentence should be executed. He would say, You are permitted to go at large and enjoy perfect liberty until such time as I shall choose. That time shall not be known to you, but to me alone. But whenever the hour shall arrive, wherever you are, or whatever you may be doing, you shall at once die!

Now what, under such circumstances, would be a man's feelings? We may safely suppose that he would think of it last in lying down, and first in rising up. The awful uncertainty would induce such an one to live in constant expectation of his end.

This case, though supposed, is in substance a real case. On account of sin we are all doomed to die. This sentence will be executed within a certain time. At an hour—which is not known to us—but only to the Great Governor of the universe, the sentence will be executed. It may be in fifty years, in twenty, in ten, in five, in one, in a day—yea, in an hour!

We may imagine that it will yet be many years; but what right have we to think so? None at all. That the event will come is certain. When it will come God only knows.

Now what, in such circumstances, ought we to do? "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping."

A sudden death, though it ought to have no undue terror to a saint, is nevertheless something not to be desired. In the case of sinners it has always been regarded by the church in the light of a judgment.

In the case of saints, though it is no judgment, it must be regarded as a sacrifice in which they are involved for the sake of sinners. It is the privilege of a saint to die by a natural, gradual transition. How calm, easy, we may say, was the death of Jacob, and of the patriarchs generally. They took leave of their generations with all the calm, solemn deliberation of one going on a journey. So also Simeon departed in deliberate peace, when his eyes had seen the salvation of God.

This, then, we believe to be a sweet privilege of saints, which

God denies to them only when wise ends require it; and thus the saints become martyrs for the good of sinners and the glory of God.

There are several ways in which the saints are involved in sudden death for the sake of sinners.

1. When, on account of the social constitution of our race, general judgments of God, which fall upon sinners, necessarily involve the saints.

This is the case in the sudden destruction of a family, a city, or a nation. This is the case in the three great scourges of God—War, Famine and Pestilence. The fearful fate of sinners in these visitations generally involves some saints in sudden death.

These sudden scourges, though they often involve the saints with sinners, never have their cause in the saints, but always in sinners. War, Famine, and Pestilence are caused by sin, and always most extensively involves sinners. The saints fall by the contagion which has its cause, rise, and continuation in sinners and sin. But to saints it is not a judgment, but only an earlier release from the sorrows of earth, and an entrance into life everlasting.

2. Saints are sometimes taken away suddenly in order to inspire a salutary fear in the bosoms of sinners. The hand of God, instead of falling upon one whom sudden death would damn, falls upon his righteous neighbor. Thus the death of the one may prove the life of the other. Many an one has been aroused from carnal sleep by such sudden and alarming providences, dropping down like a stroke from Heaven, by his side. Often, it is true, such means are not improved. God complains of this: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." Yet in many cases they inspire a fear which drives to Christ.

-The fact, therefore, that saints as well as sinners die suddenly, is no proof that sudden death is something ordinary and natural. When a sinner dies suddenly it is to be regarded as a judgment—the wicked has been taken away in his wickedness—he that hardened himself has been suddenly cut off, and that without remedy—the barren fig-tree has been cut down!

On the contrary, when saints die suddenly, it is that the wicked may be warned to lay it to heart; or because they fall as do the few stalks of wheat among the tares against which God sends out his fearful reapers! It is often a mercy in disguise. For it is better to be cut down with the tares to be separated forever from them, than to stand with them in a fellowship of uncongeniality, affection and pain. Many a martyr escaped a greater sorrow. The righteous are taken away from evil to come.

Thus we see that sudden death, although it is overruled, in the case of saints, for good, is nevertheless something not to be desired but dreaded.

God has even implanted in our nature a certain fear and dread

of sudden death. Hence a sudden death startles and shocks us. The execution of a criminal turns our blood cold. The idea of seeing another, or of being ourselves suddenly launched into the awful mysteries beyond, makes the very spirit tremble and shudder upon its inmost throne!

Hence we find that the ancient church always included in her petitions—"From sudden death deliver us, good Lord!" We heard a young man remark lately, that his father always included this supplication in his family prayers. Even where it is not formally repeated there is no doubt it ascends in the way of pious desire from most Christian hearts in their daily risings to the throne of heavenly grace.

Not only beautiful, but evangelical, and very proper is the prayer of the pious Cowper. Every Christian may adopt it.

"At last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod!"

Why, we may yet ask, is sudden death naturally so fearful to sinners? Why does the thought of it disquiet them? Why does such an awe come over them, and over all, when it falleth suddenly upon them? We answer, because there is the deep, sure consciousness that they are not prepared for it. This inspires them with fear. Most of sinners have no idea of dying as they are now. The hope of a future change sustains them. They imagine and hope that some adequate warning, some lingering sickness at the close, will afford them time to prepare. When their spirit earnestly calls and warns them, they answer, "My Lord delayeth his coming." With this delusion they manage to put off the earnest protests of their immortal nature against a life of sin, and put far off the day of their return to God.

But at times there meets them, like a dark spectre, the fearful idea of a sudden death! Amid the noise of earth is heard the ominous warning voice, "Ye know not when the master of the house cometh!" Great God! to be thus suddenly arrested. To be aroused, like the virgins, out of this deadly sleep of sin, by the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!" What an awful thought, just as I now am to hear the call of the last trumpet, "Come to judgment!" Just as I now am, to stand before the great white throne, and answer the searcher of hearts. With what terror do such thoughts at times overwhelm the soul unprepared for death.

But chiefly is sudden death fearful to sinners because they are so greatly exposed to it; and because they are often solemnly

reminded of this fact. Exposed to sudden death from causes *within* them. So fearfully and wonderfully are we made, that but a trifling cause makes the whole organism to perish. The breaking of a cog in a watch stops its motion. A delicate touch of the finger stops the clock. Our life is truly like a "harp of thousand strings, which dies if one be gone."

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!"

We are exposed to sudden death from causes *without* us. See yonder rolling car, crowded with passengers. Some dozing, some talking, some reading, some laughing—all intent on business or pleasure at some distant point. In a moment, and all are dashed to pieces. Where a moment ago all was life and hope, there is left only wreck, ruin, wounds and death.

See yonder steamer on quiet seas. No one dreams of danger: Yet in a moment there is a crash, or an explosion. They sink—great God!—and in a moment more the waves clap their hands over the sinking, and the mournful winds are bearing over the watery bed their sigh for the loved ones at home.

See yonder, a town. Joy in every family; business in every shop; the flow of travel and trade in every street. But silently as the hand of the thief under the slumberer's pillow glides the pestilence through the streets, into the houses, into the chambers, into the hearts. The angel of death shakes his dread wings,

"And the eyes of the sleeper wax deadly and chill,
And the heart but over heaves, and forever grows still."

But in a less general way are all exposed to sudden death by accidents. It would take a whole article itself to mention the many ways in which persons have met, and may meet with sudden deaths, in the house and the by-way, in business and in pleasure.

Most fearful of all are sudden deaths by judgments direct from *above*. Like Ananias and Saphira, who were cut down with a lie upon their lips. Like Herod who was smitten in the act of blasphemy against God. Like thousands in whose end have been fulfilled the fearful words: "He that, having been often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

How fearful is such an end. How awful to be called into the presence of the Judge by a stroke of his anger. How solemn to be summoned, without a moment's warning, to enter that world of mysteries, where no mistakes can any more be corrected, and where no regrets can avail.

LIVING BY APPEARANCE.

BY REV. E. H. HOPKINS.

HALF the world lives by appearances. This is often the case with the would-be great, wise, rich and fashionable; yea, the very elite of the world. Hypocrisy and dissimulation are the great elements in which most men live. The most abject poverty often lies concealed under the garb of riches, the most consummate ignorance under the names and titles of the great and wise, and the vilest wickedness under the cloak of our most holy religion. There is nothing truly great, honorable, noble or holy, which men do not ape after and try to imitate, not to become, not to be, but *appear* to be. The orator and statesman is aped after by the vain and empty babbler and the petty demagogue.

Yes, men live by appearance—by what they appear or pretend to be, not by what they really are. There is the boy of twelve years old, early taught by fond parents to imitate all the foppery and flourishes of the youth of twenty. He must needs appear to be a man, and that before he had time to be a boy. There, too, is the novice in knowledge, who has spent a few winters in some village academy, passes himself off as a finished scholar, and assumes all the airs and dignities of the sage of fifty. And there again is the young man of moderate or no means at all—perchance a beneficiary—who lives by the hard earnings and savings of a kind parent or an affectionate brother or sister, yet lives in the extravagance of the man who can command his thousands; parades the streets with cane in hand, patent-leather boots and broad-cloath of five and ten, kid gloves, puffing away at his three and six-centers, a giant among the ladies; and procures the very candies by which he bribes their company on trust. True, he knows that he is living above his means. But what of that; he must keep up appearances. His conscience, his Bible, his church, his friends, all, all tell him he is doing wrong; but no matter for all these, he must make an impression.

Nor is this evil less common among the other sex. It prevails, if possible, to a still greater extent among women than among men. They must at all hazard keep up appearances. Greater efforts still are made by them to conceal their real character and condition, and live by a fictitious one. All imaginary kind of trickery and deception are constantly resorted to; every possible device and stratagem is made use of in order to make a show. This is especially the case when they appear before the public. However poor their condition, however great their struggles at home, when abroad they know nothing, even of the ordinary labors, trials and difficulties of every-day life. They often feign to be ignorant of all domestic labor and care. And pretend as

though they were living in all the ease, luxury and splendor of the millionaire, or the queen in her palace. "Law me," said one of these flit-flirt, would-be rich and fashionable ladies one day, whose father had been sold out by the sheriff, "law me, I haven't been in the kitchen, O dear, I don't know when. O dear, I haven't seen a wash-tub, O my, I couldn't tell the day when. Lucy, the black girl, attends to all that." Very well, thought we, did your circumstances justify it, and were it really so. But we happened just to know a little better. But ladies must keep up appearances. They must make a show.

A striking illustration of the manner, as well as of the beauties of living by appearances and making a display before the public, the reader will find in the following incident, taken from a Philadelphia paper. Two ladies had been perambulating for nearly an entire half-a-day through all the most public and fashionable streets in the city, dressed in the most costly and fashionable style, with any quantity of jewelry and foolery, when, upon approaching the home of the most fashionable of the two, she was met by a dirty and filthy little boy, with not an entire piece of clothing on, addressing her in the most earnest and imploring manner as follows: "Mamma, mamma, come home quick, and take the baby; its crying itself most to death, and papa is waiting on you this long time; he wants to go and buy three cents' worth of coal and a cents' worth of milk to make the baby some pap." The reader need not be informed that this little fellow was the son of our fashionable lady, and that he got a most terrible look from his mother, with a "get out you little rogue you." Truly not every thing is gold that glitters. But appearances must be kept up, and ladies must make a show out now and then, though it be at the expense and sacrifice of comfort and convenience.

THE HEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE heart—the heart! oh, let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.

Oh, keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside,
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory light the breast,
That beat for self alone.

REV. CHRISTIAN RUDOLPH KESSLER. L

FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL OF THE ALLENTOWN SEMINARY.

How much of the gloom of death vanishes away, when we can remember, while we bear the departed to his resting place, that he was a good, and useful man. We were deeply impressed with this thought while standing with hundreds of others around the open grave of Mr. Kessler. He died comparatively young, only 32 years of age; and yet how full of good fruits was his life for God and his generation.

Rev. C. R. Kessler was born in the Canton Graubunden, in Switzerland, Feb. 20th, 1823. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place, and chiefly from his own father, Rev. John S. Kessler, D. D. He afterwards studied at Chur, the principal city in his fatherland, and still later at the university in Leipsig. In 1841 he came to this country, and studied Theology in Mercersburg, Pa., where he also became teacher in the German Language in Marshall College. Having finished his Theological studies, he was licensed to preach the gospel in 1843, and immediately took charge of a congregation in Pendelton county, Virginia. In 1844 he was called as assistant Pastor to labor with Dr. Bibbig-house in Salem's church, Philadelphia. In April, 1845, he was united in holy marriage with Miss Anna Maria Salade of Philadelphia. The same year he became afflicted with bronchitis, which made it impossible for him to continue regular preaching. Having, before he left Europe, devoted himself with special zeal to pedagogy, or the science of teaching, he now directed his attention again to this subject. He accordingly, in the spring of 1848, removed to Allentown, Pennsylvania, where he founded one of the finest schools in the State, known as the "Allentown Seminary." His health and strength, however, gradually declined, and on Sabbath morning, the 4th of March, he fell asleep in Jesus, having a few moments before uttered his last words of faith, prophecy and hope: "What a blessed Sabbath has dawned upon me!"

What a touching sight, on the day of the burial, to see so many youths of both sexes in solemn procession, two by two, precede the corpse, and, near the grave, parting into lines on either side, while the body is borne on to the grave between them. The scholars all bore in their hands bunches of evergreen tied with black ribbon—the ribbon seemed to say, "we mourn for the dead," and the evergreen, "his memory shall continue green in our hearts." After the burial service, the procession again passed the open grave, while each pupil, with an affectionate look, cast his bunch of evergreen upon the coffin.

The whole scene was such as to move many to tears. So, thought we, do affectionate hearts reward those who have blest them. Such is the bright end of a useful life. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

THE BEGINNING OF MORMONISM.

"TWENTY-EIGHT years ago, Joe Smith, the founder of this sect, and Harris, his convert, applied to the senior editor of the Journal, then residing in Rochester, to print his Book of Mormon, then just transcribed from the Golden Bible, which Joe had found in the cleft of a rock to which he had been guided by a vision.

"We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon that it was thrown aside. Joe was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra. Harris, who offered to pay for the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we considered a 'weak invention' of an imposter, and not caring to strip Harris of his earnings, the proposition was declined.

"The manuscript was taken to another printing office across the street, from whence, in due time, the original Mormon Bible made its advent.

"'Tall oaks from little acorns grow.'

"But who would have anticipated from such a bald, shallow, senseless imposition, such world-wide consequences? To remember and contrast Joe Smith, with his loafer look, pretending to read from a miraculous slate-stone placed in his hat, with the Mormonism of the present day, awakens thoughts alike painful and mortifying. There is no limit, even in this most enlightened of all ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools, invent creeds, nothing is too monstrous for belief."

There is a scrap of history, but at the same time also a solemn lesson. Here are two editors applied to by an imposter to print a book. The one refuses to print it; the other, for money, prints it. Suppose they are both now living; which one, with the disgraceful history of that book before him, can regard with most pleasure his course in the case? The one can feel truly that he has no part in bringing to birth the monstrous imposture; while the other must see plainly that his hand is in the matter, and has the blood of the evil upon it.

We are well aware of the common and ready excuse: "If I do not do it some one else will." Suppose he will, the sin is then his, and not yours. The fact that another will do a thing if you do not, does not make that right for you. The very reason why

wrong is done at all, is because some one will do it. Judas might have argued on this point even more plausibly than any one now; he might have said, the Saviour *must* be betrayed, or how can he die for men: if I do not betray him another will. This is the common refuge of such kind of sinning. But yet, wo to that man by whom the son of man is betrayed; it had been better for him if he had not been born.

Evil will be done—bad books will be printed—liquor will be sold—if one will not do it another will. Let it be so; but let us see that it is not by us. Offences will come, but wo unto him by whom the offence cometh!

LOCKS OF HAIR.

You've often heard me promise, Fred,
One day to tell you where,
And from what treasured heads I shred
These treasured locks of hair.
Well, now the time has come at last—
Your birth-day festival
Has blithely come and swiftly passed,
And you shall know them all.

Twelve years have fled since I bowed
In tearless grief, my knee
Beside our dying sire, and vowed
A parent's care for thee;
And I remember how you tried,
Till even the menials wept,
To wake our father when he died,
And said, "he only slept."

This short curled lock, half-dark, half-
I clipt it from his brow, [gray,
I've kept it sacred till to-day—
We will divide it now;
And when you look upon it, Fred,
Still think you hear the voice
That with its dying accents said,
"My Father, bless my boys!"

This raven braid belonged to one
You never knew, my brother,
She only blessed her new-born son—
And died—our sainted mother!
She left us—but with us she left
A fairer, tenderer flower;
But like a plant of sun bereft
She withered from that hour.

Spring's buds around our mother's tomb
Came just in time to wave:
We saw the flowers of autumn bloom
Upon our sister's grave.
My boy! our tears are falling fast
On yonder golden tress;
It is a relic, and the last,
Of her lost loveliness.

And this long, waving silken curl,
Ah! THAT you must not share;
You never knew the angel girl
Who gave that auburn hair.
My beautiful! my blessed one!
And she, too, passed away!
I strove to breathe, "Thy will be done,"
But it was hard to say.

Oh! by how weak and frail a thing
May the heart's depths be stirred!
How close and long will memory cling
To one light look or word!
And are not these slight locks with
Of spirit-meaning fraught [more
Than all the mystic, lettered lore,
That sages ever taught?

Well, they are happy now, dear boy;
Their ransomed souls are free:
They feel no more earth's hollow joy,
And real misery.
Our barks are struggling alow to shore,
By storm and tempest driven,
But they have passed life's ocean o'er,
And anchored safe in heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

It happened once, on a bright summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away, singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stone work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee, humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight, but as it came out it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then, I said, "Thou comest hither seeking honey, and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax, and hath stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou likewise shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

THE OLD ORCHARD.

AN intelligent and pious female friend, in a private letter, alludes touchingly to an article in the last number of the Guardian. We cannot refrain from quoting it. How much alike are the sacred associations of our childhood! Surely we are all nearer each other in our hearts than in our minds.

"'The Orchard' interested me. The first sixteen years of my life were spent near just such an Orchard. Every tree had its name, and its own attractions. But the old Orchard passed into other hands, and a change came over it. The woodman would not feel as I did;

"In youth it sheltered me:"

and many of the dear old sacred trees were cut down, and only now have place in a very few memories, just like the dear ones who rambled with me there, who are now sleeping in the dust, but who are sacredly treasured in a few faithful hearts."

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS closed its thirty-third session on Sunday the 4th ultimo, about twelve o'clock, M. As we intimated in our Retrospect for last month, all the important business was crowded into the last day of the session (the third of March) which, according to the Congressional almanac, is the longest day in the year, its duration, on that occasion, being at least thirty-six hours. When Col. Benton's name was called on Sunday morning, to vote on some question before the House, he stated that the Congress of which he was a member had ceased to exist at twelve o'clock on Saturday night. He did not believe in Sunday legislation. He appears to have been the only member of both houses who had that much regard for the Sabbath. Amid the confusion of a weary and exciting night session a number of important measures were passed, including good, bad and indifferent. We note the most important bills passed and approved during the session. The annual appropriation bills, with a grand variety of amendments, were passed, of course. The bill for revising our diplomatic and consular system, including a large increase in the compensation of our ministers abroad. Two bills for increasing the efficiency and improving the discipline of the navy, including a retired list for superannuated officers, and rewards and encouragements to the sailors and marines for good conduct. The new bounty land bill, which extends a land bounty to the heirs and descendants of all the soldiers of all the wars of the United States, white and Indian, and which will thus distribute about 200,000,000 acres of the public domain, and will give thousands of deserving poor families a just chance to secure a homestead—if they can manage to keep out of the clutches of the numerous bounty land sharks which the passage of this bill has suddenly called into existence. A very good act requires the pre-payment of postages by stamps, in all cases, after the first of January next; and all letters to be pre-paid, by

stamps or otherwise, after the first of this month. The postage on letters for any distance over 3,000 miles was also increased to ten cents. This bill has also a provision for additional care, in the post offices, of letters containing money. A bill establishing a Court of Claims. The Texas claim bill of seven and a quarter millions to satisfy the demands of Texas creditors against the United States.

Among other things, four new regiments were added to the army; a telegraphic line granted to the Pacific; a searching party ordered for Dr. Kane in the Arctic regions; General Scott created a lieutenant-general; the heirs of General De Kalb were provided for; Gen. Jackson's sword accepted from the heirs of Gen. Armstrong; small notes abolished in the District of Columbia; and a bill passed and approved regulating the transportation of passengers in steamships (suggested by the Arctic and other recent marine disasters.) The House amendment reducing the Tariff to an approximation to the policy of free trade failed in the Senate by a close vote.

One of the most remarkable documents of the nineteenth century made its appearance the past month. The report of the Ostend Conference, by Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soule—in which the remarkable proposition is made to purchase the Island of Cuba for \$120,000,000. The report holds this significant language: "After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question—Does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our cherished Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by ever law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power." But it appears the National administration does not endorse this policy, and Cuba will no doubt remain in the possession of Her Catholic Majesty for some time to come. At all events, the

action, or non-action, of our government in regard to our difficulties with Spain was not satisfactory to Mr. Soule, who has resigned and come home.

From California we have had most important news. A great commercial disaster had overtaken that new and flourishing State, in the sudden suspension of several of the leading banking houses of San Francisco, among which the house of Bacon, Page & Co. took the lead. As the suspension of bank after bank was announced the excitement in the streets of San Francisco became intense, and is said to have exceeded anything of the kind ever witnessed even among that excitable population. Calmness was at length restored by the assurance that the failure on the part of the banks arose from the difficulty of getting their ingots of gold converted into specie, and not from any real insolvency of the institutions themselves. All they asked was a reasonable length of time to exchange their deposits of gold dust for specie, when they would be able to pay dollar for dollar. The Legislature had adjourned sine die after declaring the impossibility of electing a U. S. Senator.

American mechanics have achieved another great triumph—we may say one of the wonders of the world—in uniting the British Colonies to the American States by a wire suspension bridge over the Niagara gorge, across which the shrieking locomotive drags its ponderous trains of humanity and the products of labor. The length of this bridge, from the centre of each tower is 822 feet; height of tower above the rock on the American side, 88 feet; do. on the Canada side, 78 feet; do. floor of railway, 60 feet; number of wire cables, 4; diameter of each cable, 10 inches; number of No. 9 wires in each cable, 8,659; aggregate strength of cables, 12,400 tons; weight of superstructure, 750 tons; do. superstructure and maximum loads, 1,250 tons; maximum weight of cable and stay will support 8,500 tons; height of track above the water, 234 feet; height of railroad above wagon track, 60 feet. The first locomotive passed on the 8th inst.; it weighed 23 tons. The depression at the centre was $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, but no vibration was produced. On the 9th the experiments were repeated with two other engines, making trips at the rate of eight miles an hour. One locomotive, weighing 34 tons, with a car

full of passengers passed over at the same speed; the depression at the centre was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The strongest gales of wind have no effect upon it. The train paused when half-way over the river, at the line where the State and Colony meet, when the flags of the two nations were waved in exultation of this triumph of strength and skill. The bridge is built so that it rises arch-like in the centre. There are two main tracks, one 4 feet 8 inches for the New York Central, another 5 feet gauge for the Great Western, and by a fifth rail the New York and Erie Railroad can also run their cars across. Far away beneath—so far that the heavy wave scarce shows its swelling—rushes the Niagara, and the shrill shriek of triumph that the locomotive sends forth, as it passes over the chasm, is heard beyond the Cataract itself. This bridge now, with its busy road-way below—its quintuple rails above—the headlight of the locomotive flashing in the darkness of the gorge—the car—the carriage—the throng of all—has placed itself in the very first rank of the wonders of the world.

A case was recently decided before the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati, which we hope will have a good effect towards finally breaking up a pernicious system of lottery gambling, which is becoming very general in this and other States. An indictment was found against H. H. Shippey "for publishing a scheme of chance," the offensive publication being the prospectus and advertisement of the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association, of which any person could become a member by paying \$3, receiving in return a copy of a \$3 magazine, and a chance in the "drawing" of receiving any one of the numerous works of painting and statuary. This stupendous lottery scheme, we are sorry to say, was extensively advertised by many respectable newspapers and magazines, one of the principal head-quarters of the concern being at the office of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. The defence set up was that the association did not constitute a lottery or "scheme of chance," within the meaning of the statute; but the Court held, and so charged the jury, that notwithstanding every member or purchaser of a ticket thereby received certainly a periodical of equivalent current value with the price paid, yet if other and further inducements were held out

to the purchasers of tickets, that they should be entitled to a share in the distribution of property to be made by any mode of mere accident or chance, then the concern was a scheme of chance within the meaning of the law. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The same principle of law would apply with equal force to the "gift concerts" and other schemes of chance, which are got up to evade the laws against lottery gambling. The laws of Pennsylvania declare all and every lottery "and device and devices in the nature of lotteries" unlawful. If these gift or prize concerts are not devices in the nature of lotteries, then the legal force of the English language, in statute law, is certainly very ambiguous and obscure. All such schemes have a pernicious moral influence and should be abolished.

An act repealing the tavern license laws of this State has passed the House and will no doubt pass the Senate also. It makes it a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any person to sell liquors and allow them to be drank on the premises; or, in other words, it will completely break up all the public drinking houses but will not affect the sale of liquors by those selling by measure. So far as it goes, the friends of Prohibition regard it as a step in the right direction.

The ten hour law is the subject of much interest and discussion at the present time. The act of 1849 having been found inefficient in establishing the desired reform in factories, a new bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives, which, if passed, will prevent the employment of all minors in factories for a longer period than ten hours a day. A number of large and enthusiastic meetings of operatives and mechanics have been held in the different manufacturing districts of the State, and resolutions adopted urging the enactment of the proposed law.

A new and more stringent prohibitory liquor law has been passed by the legislature of Maine and received the approval of the Governor. The Senate passed it unanimously. In the House the vote on its final passage was 90 yeas to 29 nays. A majority of those voting nay expressed themselves in favor of the principle but were not prepared to endorse some of the details of the new law. Those violating its

provisions are liable to imprisonment for the first offence—for the fourth conviction, \$1000 fine and one year in the State Prison—the intermediate penalties ranging from three to nine months imprisonment, with fine and costs.

A bill prohibiting the sale and importation of liquors has passed the Nova Scotia House of Assembly by a vote of 21 to 17. This goes a step farther than our States, under the laws of Congress, have power to go on this question.

The recent township and borough elections in this State have shown a general breaking up of old parties. The candidates elected appear to be of all political shades, and no party can claim a general triumph. This shows a refreshing determination of independence on the part of voters.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE great event of the past month in the history of Europe has been the death of the Czar Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias and King of Poland. His death is reported to have taken place on the morning of the second of March. He had been suffering with an attack of influenza and the immediate cause of his death is reported to have been pulmonary apoplexy—although surmises are afloat that he was assassinated. He died in the fifty-ninth year of his age and the thirtieth of his reign. He succeeded his eldest brother Constantine in 1825, who renounced his right to the throne. Constantine died in 1831. Nicholas married Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia, in 1817. The issue is Alexander, Grand Duke and hereditary prince, three daughters, and three other sons, Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, Grand Dukes. Prince Alexander, the heir to the imperial throne, was born April 29, 1818, and is therefore in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The news of the death of the Czar has given rise to much speculation, both in Europe and America as to its probable effect upon the war in the East. The general impression appears to be that the prospects of peace will be increased by the event. Our intelligence from the seat of war is more favorable for the allies. The troops generally were in better condition and in higher spirits. The works were progressing and more confidence was felt in the ultimate capture of the place. The Turks under

Omar Pasha had achieved a victory over the Russians at Eupatoria. With the assistance of the allied navy and its effective shells he drove back 40,000 Russians with a heavy loss on their side, losing only fifty men himself. A thousand of the Czar's troops had also perished in a snow storm. These events tended somewhat to discourage the Russians, as well as to revive the spirits of the allied troops—an effect which would no doubt be materially increased when the sad news of the Czar's death reached the camp. The weather had moderated, and sickness consequently diminished. Louis Napoleon had signified his determination to repair to the Crimea and be present in person at the final fall of Sebastopol.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

COMMENTARY OF DR. ZACHARIAS URSINUS on the Heidelberg Catechism. Translated from the original Latin by Rev. G. W. Williard, A. M. Second American edition. pp. 659.

Dr. Ursinus stood high among the Reformers. He attended Melancthon at the conference of Worms, 1557. He afterwards presided over the Academy at Breslau. In 1561 he was appointed, by the Elector palatine, to the chair of Theology in the University of Heidelberg. He was also still later Divinity Professor at Newstadt, where he died in 1583, aged 49. In 1763, the Heidelberg Catechism, composed by him and Casper Olevianus, was published. He having borne the principal part in the authorship of this pacific symbol of faith, is of course the best expounder of its sense. This fact, as well as its intrinsic merit, makes this a very important work. Mr. Williard has performed an enduring work for Christianity in giving this standard commentary to the public in English. The translation is a good one; and the mechanical execution of this large volume is all that eye and taste could desire. He that buys this book will possess a treasure of sound scripture truth.

THREE HOURS SCHOOL A DAY—A Talk with Parents. By Wm. L. Orandel. New York: Fowler & Wells, Publishers. 1855.

The author of this volume, whose death has been recently announced, was appointed by the New York Legislature, to prepare a report upon the state of education in that commonwealth, and the results of his researches under that appointment are embodied in this excellent work. We desire for the present

merely to call attention to it as a work of the highest importance, and well worthy the attention of every one interested in the culture of the rising generation—reserving a more extended notice of the points embraced for another occasion. The ideas of the author, which are elaborated through many pages, may be embraced in the following four points:

I. A "sound mind in a sound body" is the proper end of education. But health of body and vigor of mind are both assailed and impaired by a daily confinement of six hours in the school-room.

II. Even with the best ventilation no school-room in which a score or more of persons are daily collected can be so healthy as the open air. No pupil, therefore, should be kept in school longer than his attention can be absolutely fixed upon, absorbed in, his lessons. And experience has proved that three hours per day is as long as such attention can unflinchingly be given.

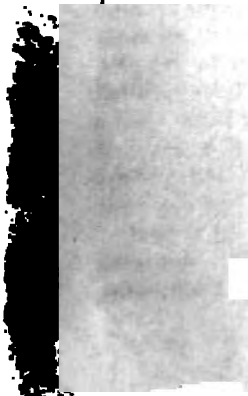
III. The first duty of every child is to grow. It is of course a primary duty of every parent to see that the amplest facilities of growth and development are secured to his children. To this end the constant, or all but constant, enjoyment of pure, fresh air, unconstrained attitudes, ample exercise, exhilarating play, &c., are indispensable.

IV. The mind naturally loves Knowledge, seeks it, receives it with delight, and assimilates it. Each child is a natural seeker, and absorbs Truth as naturally as the growing plant or tree imbibes carbon. We should so adjust our educational machinery as to preserve this thirst for intellectual acquirement fresh and keen through life. But most children are stupefied and stultified by the mephitic dens in which they are confined through six hours on each school-day—they are overtaken and wearied, until, by reason of these abuses, the very thought of school becomes abhorrent—and, having for years been driven to study what they did not comprehend and therefore could not relish, they retain through after life, the disgust and hatred of study which have been excited or implanted.

BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA is the title of an interesting work on the present war in the East. It is chiefly compiled from the graphic accounts of the correspondent of the London Times.



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The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—MAY, 1855.—No. V.

SPRING.

(See Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

"The silver moon's enamoured beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

"Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

"Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their
And hail the maid I love. [throats,
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green :
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

"Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see, the rosy May draws nigh ;
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen."

THE artist has endeavored to give us a picture of Spring. He presents a beautiful young female playing with flowers. We have said playing, and yet it is only about half play. There is earnestness in that eye, and in the purpose of those features, as well as in the act of fixing one in her hair. It betrays the secret wish of giving finish to her own beauty by adding to it the blushing honors of the rose. Whether it really answers that end, we doubt ; but certainly it aids the artist in representing Spring. We cannot think of spring without also thinking of flowers ; nor can we help thinking that spring is like youth and beauty.

Look at her again, the lovely representative of Spring, in our picture. She is the veritable one whom the poet addresses as the goddess of the month of May :

"Come, pride of my song !
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself !
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :
Oh, come ! and while the rosy-footed May

Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets."

Among our earliest compositions at school we have not failed to treat the important subject, Spring. We wrote on it because it was "an easy subject;" and we generally began somewhat in this wise: "Of all the seasons of the year there is none so beautiful as Spring;" and then went on about birds, flowers and music. It was certainly an easy subject, *as we treated it!* Since then, as we have grown older, it has not seemed so easy to us; and we have had some trouble to get up the courage necessary to begin. Yet it is the lovely month of May, and the Guardian greets its readers with youth, beauty and roses; hence something must be said concerning Spring.

A German poet calls spring, especially the month of May, "the kiss which heaven gives to earth." There is beauty, and a world of ideas in that saying. Thomson very graphically calls Spring "the generous smile of Nature;" but more beautifully still, in another place, "the rosy-bosomed Spring." We would include all these in our idea of Spring, thus: Heaven greets earth with a warm kiss of love, the earth smiles in the sense of this love, and its swelling bosom expands in living gratitude and praise.

We must not get the idea that Spring begins and ends in May. It begins before it, and continues long after it. As in the generations of men there is a constant renewal of childhood and youth—the babe upon the grand-parent's knee—so over the face of the earth there are buds and bloom through the entire summer, and even amid the yellow ripeness of Autumn. The youthful flower smiles beside the ripest growth, and the hopeful bud looks out from beneath the pale leaves of the last rose of summer. Thus have we seen the rosy cheek of infancy lay close up to the wrinkled cheek of grand-parent, while glossy curls rolled over the snow-white locks of age. Oh, what a prophecy have we here. Life stands out, in hope and joy, amid death and decay; while youthful vigor presents itself to the sinking heart of age as the embodiment of a never-failing promise.

How dreary would be the year were there no spring. Nor should we imagine that this season of beauty is a blessing which all enjoy. In some northern regions there is no season which, as compared with ours, can be called Spring. Says one, writing from Copenhagen on the first day of May, "The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean."

Though the extreme north is thus dreary, yet it is said the spring transition, in regions not quite so far north, is exceedingly interesting, being more sudden and marked than farther south. Herbert the poet thus beautifully describes the quick bursting forth of a northern spring:

"Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun was red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Returned from regions far away,
The red-winged throistle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows."

In our own climate, as in England, the spring comes and goes more gradually. The poet of the Seasons has very considerably called ours "gentle Spring," coming "mildly."

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness! come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green head to the sky.
With growing strength, and ever-new delight
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales."

The poets will have it that the world without the fall and win, would have smiled in the loveliness of perpetual Spring. Before this dire event, when "strange pangs" shot through all the pulses of nature, the forebodings of woe and death,—

"Great Spring
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blash'd
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough."

We will not dispute the beautiful suggestion—geologists may; and when they have once fully shown that death of any kind came into the world that came *not* “by sin,” we will try to believe it! Till then we go with the poets and with Paul, in believing most assuredly, that if man had not sinned the flowers had been lovelier, the birds had sung more sweetly, and the whole face of nature would have smiled in the glories of perpetual spring.

A more practical thought suggests itself to us here, and urges for expression. It is this: Our hearts must be in harmony and at peace with God if we would see the full beauty, and feel the whole blessed influence of nature in spring. The tossed and troubled lake cannot reflect truly the grand and gorgeous scenery which lines its luxurious and romantic shores. So a troubled heart, boiling with the inner fires of passion and sin, cannot mirror forth without hideous distortion the gay and glad glories of the world around. This accounts for the fact that those poets whose hearts had never found the rest and peace in God, only describe nature in its terrible, broken, and awful forms, as Byron, Shelley, and others of that school. If we would see nature in its mild, graceful forms we must look into Milton, Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Montgomery, and others, who drank their inspiration at “Siloa’s brook, which flows fast by the holy oracle.”

“Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shalt be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.”

This explains, too, the fact that the finest specimens of descriptive poetry in the world are found in the Bible. Who can describe nature like Job, David, Solomon, and Jesus Christ. Whenever the sacred writers touch natural objects they stand out to us in holy light. They always look upon them on that side which is illumined by the light which shines on them from God, and thus enable us also to see them from that side.

Go forth, then, into the woods and fields and groves with a pure and peaceful heart. Walk forth in the light of the divine favor, so shall all nature look upon you as with eyes of mildest love. Seek to possess a childlike sprit, so shall the May-scenes around you put on for you their loveliest features of innocence, and joy, and love.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers :
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
 From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of the waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
 Where the violets lie may now be your home.
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly ;
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
 The waters are sparkling in wood and glen :
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ;
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn ;
 For me I depart to a brighter shore—
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell !

LONGING FOR HOME!

My feet are worn, and weary of the march
 O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side ;
 Oh ! City of my God, I fain would see
 Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
 Sinning, repenting, sinning still again ;
 When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
 And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain ?

HUMBUG BECOME PIOUS!

BY THE EDITOR.

PERSONS residing in the country, or in smaller villages, can have no adequate idea of the manner and degree in which all kinds of humbugs are palmed upon the community in our larger towns and cities. The smallest number even of those who are made the victims of these impositions seem to be aware of the wires by which they are made to move. The inhabitants of larger towns and cities are generally regarded as far more intelligent than others, and yet facts prove clearly that they are far more easily duped, especially by that class of humbugs which require a swarm to accomplish their ends. The silliest mock-negro concert, the lowest class of tricksters can rally the crowd, and draw hundreds of dollars from the pockets of the unsuspecting. What is most astonishing is, that hard-working men will willingly carry their earnings, bought by many a drop of sweat and weary stroke, to these itinerant mountebanks—showmen, doggerel-mongers, and quacks—whose name is Legion.

Humbugs are very generally practiced lately under the cloak of having a good, even a religious object in view, in which they meet with great success. Becoming pious to the pious, and moral to the moral, they work themselves into the favor of the community with the most plausible pretensions. This kind of humbug knows that a very considerable portion of the community are members of churches, and that another portion have very great respect, at least outwardly, for religion. How shall this part of the community be made to swarm for Humbug? How shall the conscientious portion of the community have their scruples removed, and their consciences quieted? Here is the Rubicon; if this is once crossed then triumph and success are sure. The matter is soon arranged by the aid of a little Yankee wisdom. "This will I do. I will take a 'free ticket' in my hand—'Admit the Rev. Mr. ——— and his family'—and thus I will show my respect to the pastors of the place." The good-natured pastor, who by the nature of his office, sees only the *best* side of human life, is easily caught in the snare. He is soon booked up as to the wonderful benefit which is thus at hand for the community—their near-sighted eyes are all to be set right—the deaf are to have their ears opened—the nervous are to be galvanized and to be made as steady as a pillar by the wonderful virtues of physico-electrical-mental-alchemy!—all the dear children are to be taught in a few lessons to "sing geography" and "the mathematics"—and all the choirs are to be inducted into the sublime mysteries of scientific psalm-singing—bass, tenor and *terrible*! Can the good pastor refuse to lift the light of his

countenance upon the proposal of such wonderful wise men "from the East?" can he deny to the people such blessings, especially as he has already a "free ticket!"

Having thus put a silvery bell upon the docile leader, he is sent forth to ring his flock into the service of Humbug. The council of the church—all benevolent men—are asked "for the use of the lecture-room." Or, if it is thought that a *certain class* of the community would not be likely to attend there, another place is selected. If the world will not go with the church, the church, always kind, will go with the world. Next, as it is so good a thing, "the pastor will please announce it from his pulpit!" and accompany it "with a few remarks." If it is musical, the leader of the choir must also have "a free ticket;" besides, "the singers"—how good that flattering distinction feels—"the singers are specially invited."

All is right now. The humbug has been baptized and blest by the church. If any one in the community should be over scrupulous, it is sufficient answer to his conscience to say: "It was published from the pulpit, and all the churches favor it." All goes on piously; perhaps "it is opened with prayer!" No one sees the cloven foot or smells the sulphur until the whole performance winds up in a farce, and Humbug has his pockets jingling with cash!


Having now given you the theory and the science, permit us to give you the actual history of a humbug of this pious, churchly class. It shall be given from the documents—*quod est demonstrandum*. It is of the musical character, and affords as fine a specimen of a pure religious humbug as we have lately seen.

You will see that it makes its *debut*, by a modest voice, as if it *might be induced* to come. It suggests that its advent be through the church. We will give its history from the beginning, for we carefully preserved it, seeing in it as we did "Jacob's voice and Esau's hands" from its very dawn.

"MUSICAL.—We hear some talk of a Musical entertainment, which is expected to come off in this city, in the course of next week, which will differ from anything we have ever had here. Professors Johnson and Frost, and Misses Smith and Whitehouse, of Boston, propose visiting our city, and meeting the different Choirs in the afternoon for the purpose of instruction and rehearsal, and giving a Concert in the evening. The object of the visit is, we believe, the initiatory steps to a Musical Convention here at some future day, for the improvement of our Vocal Church Music. The above named Professors and Ladies are now in Harrisburg, where they have been edifying a large number of ladies and gentlemen by their lectures, &c., and entertaining immense audiences with their vocal powers, assisted in choruses by the whole body of singers, to the number of several hundred."—[Lancaster Inland Daily, January 13, 1855.]

Any one who has the least knowledge of our modern newspaper puff-system will at once, as we did, recognize in this item the beginning of things. The next day, being Saturday, ourselves, and

no doubt all the clergy of the city, received the following neatly printed notice, to be attended to on the pulpit next day, being Sabbath:

"A FREE LECTURE UPON CHURCH MUSIC, with illustrations, will be given in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran Church, West Orange Street, on Thursday Evening, January 18th, by Professors A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, of Boston.  Please publish morning and evening."

Being of age in these matters, and seeing the Yankee in it without mistake, I wrote under it, "My pulpit is not an advertising medium," and stuck the document upon the wire, among my quack curiosities—feeling sure that it would never be necessary for me to ask pardon of my choir and congregation for refusing to advertise them of this precious morsel of benevolent and pious wisdom.

The Thursday for the "Free Lecture" came, and was duly hailed by a puff in the Daily (Jan. 18, 1855,) thus:

"FREE LECTURE ON VOCAL MUSIC.—The simple announcement, once made, that there will be a free lecture given on the subject of vocal music, ought to be inducement enough for all lovers of that science to turn out, but lest some should have forgotten the notice previously given, we repeat that Professors Johnson and Frost will meet singers and others interested in Music, in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran Church, West Orange street, on this evening at 7 o'clock. The evening will be occupied in singing from the Handel collection, a new work by Prof. Johnson, and with an explanation of Prof. Frost's method for training and improving the voice. Admission to this exercise free.

"It will depend much upon the success or rather upon the interest exhibited in the present effort, whether these celebrated Professors will hereafter visit our city for the purpose of establishing a musical association, such as they have created in Harrisburg. The musical interest in that place has through their instrumentality risen to the highest point, and after generations may bless the day that dawned on the first musical convention in Harrisburg. . . . We have now the means offered, let us employ them, and by establishing a musical convention in our city, we will call down upon our heads the blessing of posterity."

Please notice in the above paragraph the reference to "the Handel collection, a new work by Prof. Johnson," and "Prof. Frost's method of training and improving the voice." If "these celebrated Professors will hereafter visit our city" then these books will come also, and a chance will be afforded to all who will buy. Please notice also, that it is still doubtful "whether the celebrated Professors" will consent to serve and bless our city, and thus "call down upon our heads the blessings of posterity." Alas! if it should fail!

So far it works well. The churches and choirs are now enlisted. What next? There is a preparation also necessary among the populace outside, in order to insure the *harvest at the end*, as will appear by and by. Having now the smiles of the church, and the help of the choirs, we go now to Fulton Hall to bring on "the people!" See Daily:

"CONCERT OF PROFESSORS JOHNSON AND FROST.—Our readers will see by the advertisement that a Concert will be given at Fulton Hall, on Friday evening next, by Professors Johnson and Frost, and Miss Smith and Miss White-

house, of Boston. This concert is given mainly for the purpose of awakening an interest in Church Music here. These gentlemen and their associates are not professional concert singers. They are engaged in giving instruction in Church Music, and for this purpose hold conventions or musical gatherings in various parts of the country, at which vocal instruction is given and perfected." * * *

Notice that in Harrisburg the concerts were "held in the churches." This is important. Without the churches nothing can be done. Certainly the churches in Lancaster will not show themselves less pious than those of Harrisburg. Put away your scruples, ye conscientious ones—these are "not concert singers;" no, no; "church music." It is time, however, that the good people begin to pay, if not for the whistling, for the singing. How can they expect such a blessing for themselves and "posterity" for nothing? Far be that from the generous hearts of the Inland city. Therefore "see advertisement:"

"A CONCERT, CONSISTING OF SONGS, DUETTS, QUARTETTES, &c., WILL BE GIVEN IN FULTON HALL, ON FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 19, 1855, by Professors A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, assisted by Miss M. J. Smith and Miss S. E. Whitehouse, of Boston.

"~~See~~ Tickets 25 cents; for sale at the book stores, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.

"A FREE LECTURE, with practical illustrations, will be given in the Lecture Room of St. John's Lutheran church, on Thursday evening. Singers, and all interested in Music, are respectfully invited to attend."

Here please notice a new feature in "church music," namely, "songs," &c.; but recollect we are now preparing the outsiders. Notice, also, the benevolence at the close, as manifested in the "free lecture;" and the piety, as seen from its being in the "church." At the proper time this "first fruit" concert came off with "a good house." The choirs were there, and so were the clergy—but *one* was *not*—for behold, they had "free tickets." What a thing it is to be on the free list. We say they had free tickets. *One*, however, was overlooked. He had to stay at home and miss the "songs," or pay his quarter. He deserved it; for did he not refuse to "advertise on his pulpit!" and does not this show that he is opposed to all "progress," and "musical refinement." Yea, does this not prove him to be the veritable man, so long ago described by Shakspeare:

"The man that hath no music in his soul
And is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

To send such a man a "free ticket" would be like casting pearls before—a man!

But, as we said, the clergy were there with "free tickets" and "choice seats." The concert began with sacred music; but, as Old Humphrey says, it did not end there! Here was a mixed audience; and it became a serious problem, How shall the funny among them be pleased in the presence of a row of white-cravated

brethren? How shall we get in some funny songs, so as not only to please the laughter-loving ones that are here, but, thus also advertise fun for a future gathering. For if this occasion ends without fun there will be no chance for another haul from the outsiders. But the grave clergy—if the light of their countenances is withdrawn there will be also an end to “this grand festival of church music.”

Fortunately this was not the first concert “the Professors” held under the auspices of the church. The plan had been long since matured, and is part of the business. Hear one of the Professors discoursing, by way of introduction, something like this: “Ladies and gentlemen—It is the object of this festival to cultivate church music. We have now sung a number of sacred pieces, and you have noticed the deep, rich, solemn melody. Sacred music is the highest order of music, &c. Now, it is necessary, in order to show the great difference between church music and all other music of a light kind, that we sing some of quite another character. You will see the vast difference in the expression, sentiment, intonation,” &c. Then came the songs, the doggerel, the burlesques, and the fun—

“Till sides and benches failed.”

They saw “the difference,” especially the clergy! It is not often they have an opportunity of seeing and hearing “the vast superiority of church music” to this “of quite another character.”

“At first”—this is the confession of one of them—“at first I felt strangely, wished myself out, saw the impropriety of giving countenance to it; but then he said it was to show the difference, and it did.” The others also felt for a moment as if an insult had been offered to their office; but the feeling vanished before the plausible excuse that it was “to show the difference.” It belonged to the science of sacred music—it must be in order to bring out the true idea of church music in contrast—this is now well settled “in the East”—this is part of the wonderful progress of the science.

Of course it does not become us, who are not from “the East,” to set up our own private judgments in such matters. The principle is perhaps correct. If so, we would suggest whether it would not be well for pastors, after preaching a sermon on profane swearing, immediately to swear some, to show the people “the difference.” On the same principle it might be well for our choirs always to close with *Uncle Ned* or *Yankee Doodle*!

I am ashamed that I am a man, when I see men, with human faces on them, stoop to such silly impositions on their fellows for money!

But the end is not yet. This is only a few drops before the shower. This is only preparatory—the gathering of the first fruits. Let us hasten on to the grand harvest. Prepare to shell

out your quarters at a richer rate for the glory of "church music" and "the blessing of posterity." Come, obey the wires, ye docile inhabitants of the Inland city—follow the stars of the East, and they will show you where to pour out your treasures of small change.

This concert was given on the 19th. "The Professors were compelled to leave for a short time. They are the principal singers in Boston, and have to proceed yonder to meet singing engagements there. But they will return, if sufficient encouragement is given." So the word went through private circles. There is hope.

On the 25th the following appeared in the Inland Daily:

"PROPOSED MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Professors Johnson and Frost, together with the talented ladies who accompany them, have it in contemplation, provided they receive sufficient encouragement from our citizens, to hold a grand musical festival here, about the first of next March. . . . To secure this desirable object, it is only necessary for the lovers of pure and rippling melody in our midst, to purchase two hundred tickets, at the very moderate cost of one dollar each, which ticket will give the person holding it an admission to all their concerts and lectures for that time."

Only two hundred dollars to begin with! Will it be raised? Of course. The choirs are enlisted.

The work goes bravely on. March 1st:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—By an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the arrangements for the proposed Musical Convention have been completed, and we believe nearly all the tickets sold. We would advise those of our citizens who have not yet procured their tickets to this Grand Musical Festival to do so without delay, as we believe the number is limited."

"The number is limited!" Let those who would "see the difference" and "bless their posterity" hasten or they will be too late.

Here is progress surely. The time arrives, and so do "the Professors." But where shall it begin? It must begin with "the church," and have the countenance of the clergy. Read:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—By a notice in another column it will be seen that the Musical Convention will meet to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Lecture Room of Rev. Mr. ———'s church. There is a deep feeling abroad among our citizens, and especially among some of the clergy, in regard to the better cultivation of vocal church music, and we may anticipate a rare treat during this week."
—[Inland Daily, March 5.]

Of the few days during which instructions were given, we have nothing to say. We have no doubt there were many useful matters in relation to music communicated; and against this part of the performance we utter not a word. Two hundred dollars, moreover, we think was good pay for all of it. Our object is only to show that all this was a mere means to another and a different end, and belonged to the preparatory buzzing, leading, and gathering, for the great swarm of humbug. It will at once be seen, by any one of the slightest penetration, that "one hundred choir singers," together with the "deep feeling abroad among our citizens, and

especially among some of the clergy, in regard to the better cultivation of vocal church music," was not a small item in producing the current which should flow at length at a *quarter a piece* into Fulton Hall.

But the time draws on for the final harvest; behold, the field is whitening, and humbug is preparing to swarm:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—This association, composed of ladies and gentlemen in numbers sufficient to fill the session room in which they meet, have been in constant session since Tuesday morning, engaged in thorough practice under the instructions of Professors Johnson and Frost. The exercise will close this evening, with a public performance, in which a chorus of more than 100 singers will take part, assisted by those accomplished singers from Boston, Misses Smith and Whitehouse. We hope there will be a general turn out on part of our citizens. See advertisement."—[Inland Daily, March 9.

This was announced by an advertisement as the closing concert. In the same paper was the following editorial:

"CONVENTION CONCERT.—Our readers will not forget that the last Concert of the Musical Convention will be given this evening, at which over ONE HUNDRED singers will participate. Fulton Hall will undoubtedly be filled to its utmost capacity."

"The last concert!" The prophecy at the close of this editorial notice was fulfilled. The hall was full. The "100 singers" attracted attention—the presence of the clergy, who were there on "free tickets," encouraged it. Even the man who would not advertise from his pulpit, and who had been overlooked before, had been attended to this time with a free ticket. Such was the tide by this time, that it was hoped that even this most unmusical, unprogressive, anti-humbug individual would be moved by the "rare treat" and the "free ticket." The sprinkle of fun which had been afforded at the previous concert, gave promise to the funny outsiders that the Professors of "church music" would not fail again to "show the difference!" and they flocked in numbers. Their hopes of fun were, moreover, confirmed by the word "songs," which stood in the advertisement among "hymn tunes" and "anthems," like wit peeping out between the folds of a bishop's gown. They were sure it would come—the doggerel. They were not disappointed; for as soon as "the Professors and the 100 singers" had given a reasonable share of sacred music, it was now time to "show the difference." In a moment more the whole solemn assembly is edified by a "Gipsy Song," by "Robin Ruff," and "Gapher Green," closing with "Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs," a most silly and ridiculous burlesque, mocking the weaknesses and sins of men! This farce required one "Professor" to act out antics, make all kinds of clownish grimaces, while the other "Professor" kept beating time upon his colleague's back, looking monkey at the audience the while. The scene can be better imagined than described. The outsiders roared; the "100 singers" looked half

ashamed; professing Christians felt indignant at the insult, and the clergy saw "the difference!"

But the end is not yet. You had supposed that this is the winding up of the Humbug. You had good reason for thinking so; for did not the advertisement say: "*Closing Concert.*—The closing concert of the convention will be given in Fulton Hall **THIS EVENING.**" Did not the editorial puff say: "Our readers will not forget that *the last* concert of the Musical Convention will be given *this evening*, at which *one hundred* singers will participate." This was reason enough to lead you to regard this as the end.

But no. The Humbug has succeeded too well to stop here. Are not 800 or 1000 quarters a consideration? Why not make another haul? Do not the outsiders shout and shake at the fun? Do not the 100 stand firm in the service? The dear clergy, are they not patient, and show unabated zeal and interest in the cultivation of sacred music, which is "so vastly superior" to any other kind, as they have seen? Any Yankee can see that the prospect of a rich second crop is good. Therefore, read the Inland Daily three days after the concert:

"**CONVENTION CONCERT.**—The concert given by Professors Johnson and Frost, and their associates, at Fulton Hall, on Friday evening last, was attended by a large audience, the spacious hall being filled with admiring and delighted patrons. The change and improvement made by those who have been under the instruction of these gentlemen during their short stay, in Church music, is truly astonishing, and has awakened a spirit that we hope will continue to increase until the vocal music of all our churches shall be revived and improved. It is expected that another concert will be given at the Hall on Monday evening of next week."

Think of this pious allusion to "church music," after the farce and fun of Friday night.

"It is expected that another concert will be given." If so, the wires must be pulled by way of preparation. Humbug must buzz again before he can swarm. Therefore, in the Daily of March 14 appeared again an earnest appeal to our citizens who had greeted the Professors "with such generous enthusiasm in their former exhibition." But there ought to be some new feature in the next concert to give it freshness. Here it is:

"**MISS WHITEHOUSE**, having recovered the use of her voice, will assist in the exercises of the evening."

Who ever heard of a menagerie coming to a place for exhibition that had not some rare animal—the perfect wonder of the animal kingdom—that did not either die on the way the day before, or, fatigued from traveling, had to be left behind, but would be on for the second day's exhibition!

Meantime, while these preparations were going on, it was found that it would be too long to put off the concert until Monday of next week. It is hinted around that the tide of public sentiment

is fast turning the other way. Some of the "100 singers" are faltering—the church-members "really don't like it"—the clergy throw themselves back upon their dignity. The feeling in favor of the "grand musical entertainment, for the improvement of church singing" is growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." Delay is dangerous. Therefore read the Daily of March 1:

"It will be noticed that the meeting will be on THURSDAY instead of Monday, as at first designed."

The day has arrived—rally all, especially the "100 singers." Without them no stir can be made. Therefore read advertisement:

"The members of the Convention will please meet for practice in Fulton Hall, at 9 o'clock, A. M."

See, also, the Daily's editorial:

"MUSICAL CONVENTION.—The members of the late Musical Convention, will not forget that they are to meet this morning at 9 o'clock, in Fulton Hall."

Next, handbills are carried to every house. Mark in these bills the glorious promise of *fun!* It shall exceed by far anything which has preceded it. There is a special department opened for the outsiders. Read, for there is fun ahead—"the usual variety."

"PART THIRD will consist of pieces of a LIGHT and POPULAR character, sung by Miss M. J. SMITH, Miss S. E. WHITEHOUSE, and Professors JOHNSON and FROST. This part is introduced because the illness of Miss Whitehouse, at the first concert, rendered it impossible to present the usual variety. As Miss Whitehouse has recovered the use of her voice, the usual variety will be introduced in this part."

Thus far the preparations are all made—only a good editorial is yet needed. Therefore read in the Daily of Thursday, March 15:

"THE MUSICAL CONCERT.—Having always in view whatever may tend to the mental gratification and intellectual enjoyment of our citizens, we consider it an imperative duty to direct special attention to the grand musical entertainment which will take place this evening, at Fulton Hall. . . . The spectacle of a choir numbering over one hundred singers, is sight enough to venture the price of a ticket, but when to this is added their joining in the same anthems, the effect may be imagined, but not described."

You see at once in this, that the "100 singers" were put to a good use by "the Professors." The show of "over one hundred singers," is sight enough to venture the price of a ticket. A perfect show! And these "one hundred" have all their influence and their friends. How could "the Professors" do without them? Why they might have afforded well to give them their instructions gratis, only to get them as "sight enough to venture the price of a ticket."

Ah, the "one hundred" began, by this time, to see that they had all along been used as mere means to an end. The call to "meet for practice at 9 o'clock," fell dead upon their ears. In the evening the stage was comparatively thin, and so was the audience. Strange to say, the scales at once fell from the eyes of the community, the humbug was seen, but only after the community had been

duped, and perhaps from four to six hundred dollars safely lodged in the purses of "the Professors."

We have been thus circumstantial in giving the history of this humbug, because it is a fine illustration of this most plausible kind of imposition. Humbug is now extensively taking this form—it becomes religious to inveigle the church. It may come with some modification in form, but if closely watched the spirit which we have here traced will always be found to underlie it. Let the churches beware of lending their influence to advance the selfish purposes of itinerant humbugs.

THE PERILOUS PASS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"To pass that period is to die—
To die as if by stealth!"

YOUNG men are not, we think, impressed as they should be, with the solemn fact that while they are young men they lay the foundation for their future life, character and condition. Once in a while, it is true, there is an instance in which the current of life is radically changed at a later period; but this is seldom, and must be regarded as only an exception to the general rule. In most cases the life of man takes its direction before he is twenty-five years of age. His character and tendencies may change afterwards, but it is only in the way of modifications on the surface, while the general stream of destiny flows on beneath.

This is the case physically. During this period he lays the foundation of a healthy or else an enfeebled constitution. If he leads a temperate, chaste, and regular life, he will preserve his bodily vigor and health. If he yields to profligacy and debauchery, he will poison the fountains of health, and sap the energies of his body, the dreadful consequences of which no future care or repentance can fully counteract and overcome.

Let any closely observe the manner of life led by many young men in our towns and cities, and the truth of what we say will at once be illustrated. Various kinds of dissipation waste the energies of physical life by inches. The regular action of the bodily organs is constantly interfered with by indulgence in various stimulants. Restaurants are visited late at night. The stomach is burdened with oysters, sweetmeats, and condiments of all kinds, which only a morbid, gluttonous taste can crave, and for which there is no call except the love of unnatural indulgence. With the bodily organs thus afflicted and distressed, the young man, at late and irregular hours, where he finds not

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

but restlessness, and disordered dreams. The morning comes without refreshment. The duties of the day are performed by forcing the jaded and heavy energies of the body to the task. Thus labor is not healthy exercise, but a dull drag of duty. Night returns and the very restlessness of the body increases the craving for the same kind of unnatural indulgence, and the same scenes are reacted. How can such a course kept up through several years of a young man's life, and that in the formation period, fail to rack his physical system, enfeeble his constitution, and prepare him for an after life of bitterness and sorrow. The experience of hundreds, if they will confess it, proves the truth of this picture. Oh, how direct and searching is the question, "Hath this man ruined, or his parents?" How has he ruined that his physical vigor is gone; by what kind of dissipation and sinful indulgence has he enfeebled his body and destroyed his health?

How easily is it seen that where these abuses of physical health are avoided by young men, opposite results will follow. A regular diet, regular habits, a regular life, kept up during the forming period of youth, have vastly to do with the health and comfort of after life.

What we have said of the abuse of health and vigor of body is also true of the mind. Such is the intimate connection of body and mind, that what affects the one does also influence the other. The irregular habits of life in which many young men indulge, gradually darken and enfeeble all the faculties of their minds, degrade their intellectual dignity, and only promote the low impulses of mere animal life. Then, too, the time which should be spent in intellectual improvement is devoted to idle folly and sinful dissipation. How can those whose leisure hours are spent thus ever become intelligent? It never can be. Hence, such must fall into a rough, rowdyish habit of life, which will forever unfit them for positions of true honor, influence, and usefulness in society. In this way hundreds of young men, neglecting their intellectual elevation, doom themselves to an after life, if not of positive disgrace, still of dronish and inglorious degradation.

The foundation for moral destruction is laid in the same way. Habits of irregular indulgence in scenes of dissipation are sure to lead to moral deformity and ruin. The life of a spendthrift is also a life of sin. He that is content in ignorance, is also content in wickedness; and he that cares not for the health of his body and the cultivation of his mind, can feel no true earnestness in his moral elevation. Hence we find that debauchery, ignorance, and sin are generally companions in the way; and when a young man in this condition passes the period of which we speak, nine cases out of ten his destiny and doom is fixed for life—and, what is more solemn, for eternity!

How sad is the sight of such a ruin! Angels may weep over

such a young man. He throws away his talents, disappoints the hopes of his friends, misses the true end of life, ruins his character, destroys his peace, prepares for a life of ignominy, a death of gloom, and an eternity of despair. Young man! who art now reading this lesson, enter not thou into the secret shame and woe of such a history. Take care of your body by a temperate and regular life. Cultivate your mind by an earnest pursuit in the pleasant paths of useful knowledge. Seek the higher spiritual life for your soul in Jesus the Saviour. Remember that the way of transgressors is always hard; while the ways of wisdom and piety are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand roval Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Oh! tell us not of other love—it cannot surpass that of a sister. What can be purer than her caresses, what can be more heavenly than her smile? The memory of a sister's kindness, and the consciousness of her affection have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness." ANON.

WE ask the attention of our female readers to some thoughts on the position, relations, and influence of a sister in the family, and the cultivation necessary to qualify her to fill that sphere, in the proper spirit and with the proper character.

There are few ties that can be regarded more peculiarly intimate and sacred than those which unite brother and sister, or sister and sister. They are united in the same love of parents—flowers that hang side by side upon the same stem. Their love is warmed in the same bosom of home. It grows up in one from infancy. Its tendrils twine around each other like vines from the same root, and so entwined, grow firm and abiding to the flower and fruit of love.

"They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them not: They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine."

It is easily seen that the influence of sisters upon brothers, and upon each other, in the family, must be great and lasting. They are, or they ought to be, the vestal lights of the home circle. They are like the flower-plants upon the windows, the freshness, the life, the beauty, and the joy of the household. The love of sisters is the extension and division, but still the continued unity, of a mother's love. Toward brothers they are mediators—softening down a mother's strong love in sweet attenuations, binding their hearts by a freer familiarity. Brothers are bound to parents more by feelings of honor and reverence, to sisters more by the freedom of pure love. To parents they look as above them, to their sisters they cling as around them. To their parents they feel bound by law and love, but to each other by love without the sense of law. Brothers and sisters standing on the same level with each other, their relations admit of no looking down as by authority, nor of looking up as in awe and fear—their relation is one of free affection side by side.

The influence of a sister in a family must not be underrated because it may be less tangible than some other forms of influence which promise far more but really confer less. In the very nature of the position and relations of a sister lies the reason why her influence is gradual and silent. It is rather felt than seen. Its fruits belong rather to the future than the present. As a gentle

power it loses itself and yet still lives in the heart, life, and character of the members of the family.

As in the natural world, so in the social, silent influences are the most potent, extensive, and lasting. The seen ever has its hidden cause in the unseen. That which rushes, rages, and rolls upon the surface of the world is but the effect of silent and unseen powers. The loveliest flower is the smallest one, and that same flower is prettiest in hue, and sweetest in odor where it is least seen. Those virtues and graces which we most admire and feel are the silent ones—love, hope, faith, meekness, patience, modesty, gentleness. It has been truly said—

"Stillest streams
Of water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

We observe that persons belonging to a particular nation have a similarity in their appearance, manners and habits; it is just so in families. This shows that there is a general family spirit which molds silently every individual in it. How prominent an item in this general power and spirit is a sister's influence.

It is very apparent that sisters exert a softening and subduing influence upon brothers, both in regard to their spirit and manners. Men are called the rougher, sterner sex; and when there are no refining influences exerted upon them from the softer, gentler sex, their rugged tendencies will develop into a fault. The milder graces will be neglected, and bluntness, awkwardness, and rudeness will take their place. How appropriately, therefore, come in here the meek and gentler graces of sisters, silently and unconsciously curbing and molding the sterner features of a brother's spirit, and character, and manners. It is easily noticed that there is an unconscious imitation of manners, habits, and even looks and tones of voice, visible in all families—one influencing and molding the other—thus producing a general similarity. Thus brothers give firmness and strength to the characters of sisters; and sisters give tenderness, grace, refinement and polish to the characters of brothers.

Hence, we may yet say, it is regarded fortunate when brothers and sisters are evenly mixed and mingled in a family. Where there are, in a household, sisters alone, the danger is that a mawkish effeminacy of disposition and a prudishness of manner will come to prevail. When there are brothers alone the danger is in the direction of old-fashioned awkwardness of manner, and selfish reserve of spirit—the one tends toward bachelorship, the other the estate of elderly maiden! It may be observed, by such as think closely on this subject, that both these go in droves generally; and they are most frequently found in families where the sexes are unevenly balanced. Few elderly ladies have brothers; few bachelors have sisters; or if they have it is perhaps but one,

and that one so much younger as not to have influenced their manners and spirit. It is a one-sided development of character, and is surely produced by one-sided influences.

This leads us farther to remark, that on the same principle it is regarded fortunate when the ages of brothers alternate. If all the sisters are quite young, while the brothers are all in advance of them in age, their influence upon each other is comparatively lost. When young brothers are trained in the midst of a number of grown sisters they are apt to become too effeminate and womanly; and if a sister grows up in the midst of a company of large brothers she is apt to partake too much of the roughness and coarseness of the man—the gentle, the feminine, the delicate shadings of the female spirit, will be wanting. We are able, in our own mind, to refer to instances confirmatory of the truth of these remarks. We doubt not many of our readers can do the same.

We have referred to these facts by way of illustration of our assertion that the influence of sisters in a family, though silently, gradually and unconsciously exerted, is very great and solemn. We see thus, that even by circumstances which seem incidental, and over which they have not free control, brothers and sisters do influence one another, favorably or unfavorably. If spontaneously, and without effort or attention, they hold over each other so important a power, how much greater the influence when the secret of exerting it for good is carefully studied and religiously tuned to so holy an advantage.

Is not, therefore, the influence of sisters in a family a subject worthy of serious attention? Ought it not to be the holy ambition of sisters to fill this important sphere with a spirit and character worthy of so high and interesting a station, and such a solemn trust? Ought not the education of daughters to have constant reference to the sacred functions and influence of a sister in the family? While a proper qualification for other relations in social life ought not to be overlooked, this ought to receive prominent and special attention.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who taught you how to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

FIRST LEAVING HOME.

BY SELDOM.

TURNING-POINTS in life occur here and there with almost every one, and serve as hand-boards along the traveler's way to indicate his course and mark the several stages of the journey. One of these turning-points, where the course of life changes one way or another, is our *first leaving home*. This, if not the first, is one of the most note-worthy of those dotted places along life's pathway.

Each one's own experience will serve to illustrate the fact here noted. We may all sing the same tune if the notes be put down, and each one may enter into its spirit, having the heart chords moved within, as truly as if it had first been struck in that heart alone. The old man's experience is here the same as that of the youth. The mother remembers, as if but yesterday, when she, on her bridal day perhaps, first left home. Ah! there is a sympathetic nerve here that communicates with the heart-strings, and these somehow awaken slumbering memory, which, in its turn, stirs up the fountain of emotions, and the trickling tear spontaneously gushing from the overflowing eye bedews the cheek long hardened with care. No one thinks this strange, for that is not a wonder which is familiar to all.

How much others value a good home I know not. If they yet have one, oh! let them cherish it as a heavenly boon. The little I remember of mine only makes me regret the more that it was not longer given me to enjoy. Before attaining my ninth year I was compelled by sad reverse of circumstances to leave that home. It has never been mine since—nay, for twenty years I have not had a home—have none now. If friends have been met, they are not such as in the home circle are found. If pleasant places are sometimes allotted us, they are only comparatively so when we think of home. A world of loss is theirs who lose a home—a glorious good is theirs who have one to enjoy.

A single passage in my own life's experience may be given, and if it awakens a response in the breasts of others in such way as to beget happy thoughts of early home, or prepare in the smallest degree the inexperienced for that trial that may not be far before them, it will not be altogether without profit. Experience makes history, no matter how small and seemingly insignificant; and history in this shape is the best teacher under which we can put ourselves.

It is now years ago since the trial came to me. We had lived pleasantly at home. But changes came. Our father was taken from us. The farm and mill and all had passed into strangers' hands. Trusting in the consolations of her religion and its Divine

Author, my mother despaired not at the sight of six fatherless children. At the same time, however, she knew full well that much depended on personal effort. Accordingly, it was determined that all but the two younger children should go out to work. Strong and ready hands and good bodies now stood us good service. We rebelled not at the necessity of work, but that it required a breaking up of the family circle. Some obtained places near home, but I had to go to the next town some miles away.

Early on an April day, the few necessary arrangements were completed, and I was compelled to leave home. The sun shone brightly, the little birds, full of new spring-life, sang cheerily, the tender grass-blades were silently growing in the yard, now already in living green, and our favorite pet-dog, Lilly, frisked about as lively as ever. But our hearts were sad. Mother's face, I well remember, was lined with shades of ill-concealed sorrow. The rest said little, while she spoke encouragingly of the future. At last the little bundle of clothes was completed and nicely tied up in a cotton handkerchief. Still I lingered—and all grew silent.

My stubborn will, until now restrained, broke bounds and, as a last resort to keep back the tears that threatened to overflow my eyes, I said determinedly, "Mother, I won't leave you and go away from home to live with them people. When I was there last summer, they did not use me well, and I don't like to live away from you and home."

With evident pain she said: "Do not talk so, my son. It must be so now. You can often come to see us. You may come in four weeks." Then, with a look I always loved, she continued: "I shall expect to hear a good report from you—which will certainly be the case so long as you remember what you were taught at home. *Only be a brave, good boy, and you will do well.*"

Strengthened by her confident yet half reproving tone, and ashamed that I had said what I did, I turned towards the door. The only good-bye was a hasty look of regret to all, and then my eyes grew dim with big tears, which it was my intention they should not see; and hurrying to the end of the long porch, at the south-side of the old stone house on the hill, my feet were soon tripping through the little gate that led into the orchard—and I was on my way from home. Hastening along through the rows of apple-trees, now thick with blossoms, which made the air redolent with fragrance, down near the turn of the hill I stopped to cast another look behind. With my sleeve I brushed away the tears to see more clearly. There stood the whole family except myself and father. Two links were now taken from the once circling chain. Three others that day also fell out. Little sister, the baby I had often fondly caressed, and my youngest brother, three years younger than myself, were farthest down the yard towards the orchard-gate. My two elder sisters and elder brother were stand-

ing about the stone steps, looking down after me into the orchard. While mother was leaning with one arm upon the railing of the porch, and with the other hand held the corner of her apron near her eyes. There, too, was a freshet.

"Don't cry," said my little brother, as loud as his voice would allow him. In an instant I turned and was off at a run, thinking on the last words of my mother. She shall hear a good report of me, thought I, as turning the hill the scene of my home was hid from me for ever. I have never enjoyed it as my home since. Many tears followed those then shed—my pillow often has become moistened when my night-dreams renew that scene—or when the day-dream of former memory awakes the long slumbering sympathies not yet dead. Even at this distant day, a few spare tears are freely shed in memory of my early home, too early lost. Our family now can only be united in our heavenly home!

The days and nights succeeding were not the longest days in the calendar, but they certainly were long days and nights to me. Cut off from all I held dear in the world, in deep loneliness of soul, without sympathy or encouragement, my boy-spirit began the battle of life. It was a hard school, and sometimes my hopes gave way to desponding fear. But enlisted for the whole war, I knew there was no release. Since my ninth year many victories have been won—some defeats have been met—but I had half a life-time's experience before others commenced.

How well do I remember the home-sickness, in which my soul yearned for what was now lost, no more to return. When the four weeks were over, at which time my mother promised me I should come home, the privilege, valued more than gold, was ruthlessly denied. They wondered what the boy meant by wishing to go home already. Who has left home early for a hard place may not thus wonder if memory is faithful.

The last words of my mother, when I left home, have been of service to me more than once. There are many roads leading in the wrong direction. I was often tempted to walk in them; but the expectation of my mother to hear a *good report* of me, and her admonition to be a *brave, good boy*, often recalled me and gave me strength. She has not been disappointed. Her prayers, and sovereign grace, have done more than my own strength.

When we see others leaving home for the first time we can appreciate their claim for sympathy. Let all speak a kind word, encourage their hearts, and give them the benefit of intercessory prayers, that they turn not from the right path. Home thoughts often stop the straying soul.

Thus we are reminded that the sinner has left home, and is now away from home. We may remember the first time sin drove us away. Since then, many have never gone back to their heavenly

Father in true repentance. Some continue boldly in sin, "unmindful, alas! that it leads them from home." To such God's grace calls, "Return, O wanderer, return!"

WAIT A MINUTE.

Such was the exclamation of one man to another in the street yesterday.

"Wait a minute." For what he was desired to wait—whether to listen to a dainty bit of scandal, or to transact some item of business—we know not, we only heard the words, "Wait a minute," and we passed on our way, thinking the while, however, that we had picked a real pearl of a text for future use.

"Wait a minute." The world is much given to waiting. All of us are apt to loiter in the path of Effort. The least obstruction dampens our ardor, and we will sit down to "wait a moment," hoping that shortly some angel will beat down the impediment, and lead us safely forward. It matters not how important may be the work we have to do, the moment an idling brother calls upon us to "wait a minute," we pause from our labor, and leaving our weapons let the precious moments slip away unimproved, unsanctified.

"Wait a minute." Not a man of us does not some time or other put up this cry. Duty calls, but we bid it wait. Pleasure beckons, but we are not quite ready to embrace her. Virtue summons us, but we stand upon the order of going, asking her to bear yet a little while with our delay. And so we go through life, squandering our time and opportunities, making all things that can, wait upon our indolence.

"Wait a minute." Brother heed not the cry. It is that siren, sweet it may be, but luring to death and ruin. Pause not in your march towards the Last Rest. Do what you have to do, instantly and earnestly; lift your banner boldly upon the air, and push straight on towards the goal. Do otherwise—pause whenever a neighbor bids you "wait a moment," and you will prove but a cumberer of our Master's ground, passing away at last unhonored and unsung. Let no one who has a good work to perform waste a single minute of the time allotted him.

To feel oppressed by obligation, is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy, is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride. Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made *sour* by the remembrance, and the vain *silent*.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. V.—CASSIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

The scented aloe, and each shrub that showers
Gum from its veins, and odors from its flowers.

THIS tree, called in Hebrew, KIDDAH, is three times referred to in the English Bible. It grows in oriental countries; but is said to be most common in Arabia and India. The bark of this tree is very fragrant, like sassafras and cinnamon. It was one of the ingredients used in making the holy oil of the sanctuary used in anointing the sacred vessels, as we learn from Ex. xxx. 24. It was procured by the ancients from Tyre; and is mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel as an article of trade in that noted sea-port. The Psalmist, in that beautiful song to the praise of the Messiah, the anointed of the Lord, very appropriately says: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." Ps. 45. 8.

NO. VI.—CINNAMON.

The cinnamon, like the cassia, is an aromatic tree. It is a small tree about the height of the willow, and is valuable chiefly for its spicy and fragrant bark. The finest quality of it is at present procured from Ceylon. Anciently, according to Pliny, it grew in Syria. The Jews, it is supposed, procured it for sacred uses from Arabia. It is mentioned in Rev. 18. 13, as among the merchandise of mystic Babylon. It was used, like the cassia, in preparing the holy anointing oil, and generally as an article of perfumery. Prov. 7. 17: Cant. 4. 14: "I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon," says the author of Ecclesiasticus. Eccl. 24. 15. It is not easy to find a metaphor more appropriate and beautiful than that which sets forth a christian's influence as perfume.

NO. VII.—ALOE.

This tree, or shrub, grows in the East Indies, and attains the height of from eight to ten feet. "At the head of it is a large bundle of leaves, thick and indented, broad at bottom, but narrowing towards the point, and about four feet in length." It bears a red blossom intermixed with yellow, and double like a pink; from this blossom comes fruit, or pod, which is oblong and triangular, with three apartments filled with seed. ●

It is said to be a very beautiful tree. It is regarded as sacred by the inhabitants, and they never fell it except with certain reli-

gious ceremonies. They think it is one of the trees which grew in Paradise, and ought to be venerated on that account, as well as its many virtues and agreeable qualities.

The aloe tree is very fragrant, though it is bitter to the taste. "It contains under the bark three sorts of wood. The first is black, solid, and weighty; the second is of a tawny color, of a light, spongy texture, very porous, and filled with a resin extremely fragrant and agreeable; the third kind of wood, which is the heart, has a strong aromatic odor, and is esteemed in the East more precious than gold itself." It is used for perfuming habits and apartments, and is administered as a cordial in fainting and epileptic fits."

There are frequent allusions in Scripture to the perfume of the aloe. Ps. 45. 8. Prov. 7. 17. Cant. 4. 14.

The fragrance of the aloe is not confined to its wood, but delightful odors are also emitted from its flowers. A traveler refers to this fact thus: "This morning, like many of the foregoing ones, was delicious. The sun rose gloriously out of the sea, and all the air around was perfumed with the effluvia of the aloe, as its rays sucked up the dew from its leaves."

The aloe was used anciently in embalming bodies. Herodotus says that its virtues in this way were known to the Egyptians. We are told that Nicodemus "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloe, about a hundred pounds weight," to embalm the body of Jesus. Joh. 19. 39. When we consider that this perfumery of aloes was more valuable than gold, and that there was in this mixture one hundred pound weight, we have a very touching exhibition of the fond affection which was entertained for his sacred body. This was right and highly appropriate. The richest odor and the sweetest perfume are but faint emblems to show forth the gracious influence of his death and resurrection upon the world. His name is fragrant to the unbeliever's heart—it is "like ointment poured forth." His burial has perfumed the grave of every saint; and he is to all who sleep in him a sweet savor of life unto life.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

"I was drunk once," said a young man to us, the other day, "and I never shall forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I laid there I do not know; but when I awoke, my sister was sitting beside the bed, engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face, she burst into a flood of tears, and wept as if her heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again; I have adhered to it for some years, and I mean it."

THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.

We hear the question asked, who was the inventor of the railway? and have never heard it satisfactorily answered; and we believe there are very few persons in this country who know any thing on the subject. Some few years ago, Howitt, of the "People's Journal," gave a somewhat lengthy sketch of the alleged inventor, who, up to May, 1836, had been neglected in England. While thousands had been enriched by his brilliant scheme, he had remained forgotten—forced by poverty to sell glass on commission for a living. How many of the railway projectors, agitators, stockholders, etc., have heard of the subject of these remarks?

"About half a century ago—the exact year is not known—there was born in Leeds, England, a man named Thomas Gray. Scarcely any thing is known of his early history. He was, we believe, a poor collier; and being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the middle-town colliery of Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of a railway which he constructed of wood. Upon this his cars moved at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, to the great merriment of a wise and discriminating public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary, and as the mere suggestion of laziness. Poor Gray thought otherwise. Magnificent visions of future railways, such as are now stupendous realities, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was, of course, laughed at, and declared a visionary, moon-struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway for coal, the more firmly did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He saw in it all that is now realized, and he resolved, in spite of the ridicule, the sneers, and rebuffs, that were heaped upon him, to prosecute his undertaking. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interviews with all the great men of the kingdom; but all this had no effect but to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, urged his plans, and the result is now before the world. Thomas Gray, the inventor of railroads, who, no longer than 1820, was laughed at for even mentioning the idea, still lives in Exeter, England, in the full realization of his grand and noble railroad schemes, for which he was declared insane. How much has the world been benefited by his insanity?"

NOBLE REPLY.—"Boy, what will you take to tell a lie for me?" asked a mate of the cabin-boy. "Not all the gold of California," was the prompt answer of the lad.

DEATH-BED SCENES.

THE rich cardinal Beaufort said: And must I die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death.

An English nobleman said: I have a splendid passage to the grave, die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectably attended by my servants and physicians; my dependants sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But, oh! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend into the dark prison of the grave with me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay which may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

The celebrated Talleyrand on his death-bed was visited by Louis Phillippe, king of the French. "How do you feel?" said the king; the answer was, "Sire, I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Sir Thomas Scott said: Until this moment, I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now I know and feel that there are both, and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty.

A rich man when dying, was informed by his physician that he should prepare for the worst. "Cannot I live for a week?" "No," said the doctor, "you will continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man. "I will give you a hundred thousand dollars if you will prolong my life three days," but in less than an hour he was dead.

THE LITTLE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.—At the examination of a deaf and dumb institution some time since, a little boy was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The question was then asked, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of gratitude overspread the face of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

He was then asked the trying question, "Why are you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of sweet resignation and peace as he again took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE LIQUOR LAW.—A very important act has passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which was approved by Governor Pollock on the 14th ult. It is entitled "an act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors," and will, if duly enforced, completely break up the retail liquor traffic and all public drinking houses, besides greatly restricting and guarding the sale by measure. As the provisions of this law will have an important bearing upon the morals of this Commonwealth, as well as the business interests of a large class of citizens, we will be pardoned for devoting a considerable space in this number of the Retrospect to a consideration of its provisions and the duty of all good citizens in relation thereto.

First, it must be borne in mind that this is not "a prohibitory liquor law," such as was voted against by a small majority of the people last fall on the abstract issue. It probably goes as far in legislating upon this subject as the legislature would have been justified in going under the circumstances—and that they were justified in going just as far as they did does not admit of a reasonable doubt. The very large vote polled for a prohibitory law, understood to include the search and seizure clause, so objectionable to many even friendly to temperance, demanded some very stringent legislation at the hands of the present legislature: and they could scarcely have done less than they did to accomplish any good at all.

The most prominent feature of this new law is that it forbids the issuing of any license to sell any kinds of intoxicating liquors or admixtures thereof, as a beverage, by less measure than a quart, after the first day of July; and after that date, no license to sell by any measure or without measure, can be granted to the keeper of any hotel, inn, tavern, restaurant, eating house, oyster house or cellar, theatre, or other place of entertainment, refreshment or amusement. Those who procured licenses before the 14th day of April can sell until the expiration of said licenses,

and all procured since that date and before the fourth day of July authorize the sale until the first of October, for which the price of a year's license must be paid. After the first of July the courts can grant licenses, in their discretion, to citizens of the United States, to sell by not less measure than a quart, provided it is not drunk on the premises, but under severe restrictions. They must advertise their applications as under existing laws, omitting the certificate of applicant and the necessity of the house, giving bond in sufficient security for \$1000, with judgment confessed, for the faithful observance of all laws relating to the sale of liquors in this State. The sureties on these bonds are liable at any time to have them forfeited upon the principal violating the law and failing to give legal satisfaction therefor. When it is borne in mind that the act of May 8, 1854, making it a misdemeanor to sell or give liquor to intemperate persons, drunkards, or minors, and the Sunday liquor law of 1855, are unrepealed by the new law, the effects of this provision will be to keep irresponsible and reckless men out of the traffic, as few men will be found willing to go on a bond where so much risk of its forfeiture is involved.

This law does not prohibit the sale of cider or domestic wines in quantities of not less than five gallons, and it will not therefore interfere with the farmer in the making and selling of cider of his own manufacture. Importers, distillers, brewers, and auctioneers are also allowed to sell in the same quantities, and the druggist is not prohibited from selling "admixtures of intoxicating liquors as medicines." This section has been thought by some to be a loop-hole for evading the law, but that clear headed and able jurist, Judge Pearson, of Dauphin, declares that "the druggist has no general license to traffic, but merely to use liquors for the purpose of preparing medicines for the sick, and should he under cover of that authority, sell for an ordinary beverage, and not in good faith for the administration of medicine, he would come

within the penalties of the law, although some kind of medicine might be mixed with the liquor." It would therefore be a risky business for any one to set up a grog-shop under the guise of a drug store!

The penalties for a violation of any of the provisions of this law are very severe—for the first offence a fine of \$50 and one month's imprisonment, and for the second offence a fine of \$100 and three month's imprisonment—and the law is so framed as to permit no escape under any pretext or evasion. The innkeeper cannot, under this act, place on his table to be used by his guests as a free gift and without charge, the prohibited beverages, if thereby he obtains any advantage whatever, either by an increased price for his meals, or even as a temptation to additional custom; in the language of the act he must not sell, nor in connection with any other business or profitable employment, give liquor, by any measure whatever, recovering therefor any price, profit or advantage. The storekeeper cannot furnish it by gift to his customers with the view of selling an additional quantity of goods and permit it to be drank in his store, or any other room or place furnished by him. The only safe method, therefore, as Judge Pearson remarks, for those engaged in such occupations, is not to keep any kind of drink on their premises to be used by others, unless where they are licensed to sell, and on a sale being effected they must require the purchaser to abstain from using it on the place of purchase.

One of the best provisions is that which supplies a great defect in all previous legislation on this question in Pennsylvania; and it was one which should be generally understood both by officers and citizens. We refer to the 13th section, which requires the constables of the respective wards and townships to return, UNDER OATH, all violations of this act which comes under their knowledge, and also to RECEIVE INFORMATION FROM OTHERS, together with the names of witnesses who can prove such violations; and any neglect of this duty is made a misdemeanor in office, for which he can be fined fifty dollars and imprisoned from one to three months! Altogether, we regard this law as a great step in reform for Pennsylvania, and now that it is the law of the State it becomes the duty of every good citizen to submit to its pro-

visions and aid in its enforcement, at least by assisting to keep up a healthy public sentiment on that subject.

AN INTERESTING WELCOME was given to Prof. E. V. GERHART, the new President of Franklin and Marshall College, on the 12th ult., by the students of the college. His arrival having been expected on that day, the arrangements were made by the students, who assembled in the old College Building, to give him a cordial greeting and welcome. The President was introduced with a few appropriate remarks by Prof. Porter, after which Mr. Bonebrake, representing the students, delivered a warm congratulatory address, in which he remarked that it is but natural that every friend of the College, and especially every student, should feel anxious to have filled the long vacant chair in the faculty. Many regretted the resignation of Dr. Nevin—whose loss would leave a blank in any body—but none deplored more than the students the disappearance of that distinguished name from the catalogue—yet your presence, he continued to Dr. Gerhart, will be the guarantee hereafter that our ranks will not be disordered, and that we march under a captain of the highest authority and ability. That vacancy is now filled, and every heart thrills because it is so well filled. You may have left with regret your late post of honor at Heidelberg, but we will ever strive to make the period of your abode in our midst one of pleasure. Your call, then, may have been pressing, but ours was no less so. The generous West could not refuse to give back what she had taken from us, for the sons of the East are the brothers of the West. You came, and it now remains for us to show our pleasure at your coming. To speak of the duties and responsibilities of your place, will be the part of an older and abler tongue than mine. My office is but to express our cordial sentiments of greeting and regard. Then, in the name of these, the Students of Franklin and Marshall College, I kindly, respectfully and heartily bid you welcome to your chair.

To this President Gerhart responded in a touchingly beautiful strain of impassioned eloquence. He felt that he did not come among strangers in a strange land. In this institution he was born intellectually, morally, and he must add, even spiritually. The moulding influence of principles imbib-

ed in Franklin and Marshall College he had felt during his life. He had come home, and could not but feel happy to meet warm hearts and open arms. True, said he, our alma mater no longer abides in her old home. The lofty mountain no longer lies before us. The green fields and quiet woods through which our familiar walks led us, are not here! Yet she is still the same, although she has exchanged her old home for a more suitable place of residence. Her genius, her spirit, her energy, her aims are still the same. Franklin and Marshall College will continue to serve the cause of science and Christianity with earnest, steady purpose. I can labor with pleasure in the institution where I studied, and graduated, and reigned my spirit, many years ago. . . . Your relation to me will be that of students to an officer of the College. But this is not all: I too am a son of Marshall College, and my relation to you will be that of a brother—an elder brother, if you please. I do not wish only to hold a position of authority among you; but I desire also to be a sympathising friend—to labor in the spirit of common brotherhood.

You very properly allude to the pain with which I broke away from my connections in the West. I was surrounded by a noble band of youth. I loved them, and their conduct manifested in turn love to me. I separated from them amid many blessings and good wishes, with many warm graspings of the hand. And how else could I feel but sad, when I cast the last look upon the scene of my labors? Other ties, too, were formed in the Providence of God—all were broken. The joys of this hour, you may imagine, are mingled with sadness. I loved Heidelberg. She is the daughter of Marshall. I love her still. May the blessing of the Almighty ever abide in her midst. But I believed it to be right to obey the call of Franklin and Marshall College, and I come among you with all my heart.

As this was an occasion of joy to the faculty and students, so it may well be to all the friends of the College. The disadvantages under which the institution labored without a President is removed. The Faculty is now full and the new College Buildings will soon be completed. The buildings, when all completed, will be among the most convenient and imposing in the country. A bright future is evidently opening

up before Franklin and Marshall College.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW, which went into operation on the first of April, requiring the prepayment of all letters, seems to be disregarded by many persons, to their own cost and inconvenience, as numerous letters lie dead in the post office on account of their neglect. We trust every reader of The Guardian will bear in mind that no letter will reach its destination unless the postage is prepaid, at the office where mailed.

NUMEROUS ITEMS prepared for this number of the Retrospect have been crowded out by the articles on the Liquor Law and President Gerhart's Reception. The greater interest and importance of these will be a sufficient apology for any lack of our usual variety which the reader may discover.

OUR NEIGHBORING STATES.

CUBA.—This "Queen of the Antilles," upon which a party of the people of the United States still appear to look with longing eyes, is more like a nation than a province, and yet it is, politically, one of the most abject slaves of the mother government. As everything pertaining to it is now of general interest, we briefly recapitulate its most prominent features. Cuba is six hundred and eighty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to one hundred miles, and contains twenty million acres of land. Its population is one and a quarter million—six hundred thousand whites, two hundred thousand free colored, and four hundred and fifty thousand slaves. The soil is described as fertility itself, and the climate, for a tropical region, mostly salubrious. Rain falls every month in the year. There are mountains on this island—excellent harbors on its coast—streams and lakes coursing and dotting its hills and dales—mines of copper and coal enriching the bosom of the earth—while the vast tracts of primeval forest abound in the most precious woods. Only about one-tenth of the soil of Cuba has been brought under cultivation; yet the annual products even of that small portion, counting only its saleable products, is sixty million dollars a year—the Spanish government deriving a revenue of twelve millions from it. It exports annually twenty-five millions, and imports twenty-six millions, of

which about one-fourth goes from the United States. Cuba has every requisite for a prosperous independent existence—nothing being wanting 'to make it a powerful nation except a successful struggle for liberty with the Spanish government. The greatest difficulty in the way of annexation to the United States—now so much talked of—is the difference in language, habits, and religion of the inhabitants. The Cubans are idle and luxurious—in these respects almost the antipodes of the people of our States. Nevertheless, the government of Cuba are still apprehensive of trouble—the Captain-General having issued an order for the organization of sixteen companies of free mulattoes and blacks, to be commanded by the white officers of the regular army of which these additional companies are to form a part.

SAN DOMINGO.—An attempted revolution in the city of San Domingo, in favor of Ex-President Paez, was discovered on the 25th of March. The leaders were captured. Some of the revolutionists took refuge at the British Consulate, where they still continue to remain. President Santana issued a proclamation, announcing to the Dominican people what had transpired, and quiet and order are said to again reign in the country. At the city of Porto Rico an attempt on the part of a detachment of the artillery corps in the fortifications to mutinize seems to have terminated in a failure.

THE OLD WORLD has not furnished us with news of special importance or stirring interest during the past month. There has been a good deal of hard skirmishing before Sebastopol, but the great issue still remains as problematical as ever—if anything, the "chances of war" look rather favorable for the Russians maintaining their position. They are continually receiving reinforcements and supplies which the allies appear to be unable to cut off. We may probably be able to indicate the portentous result in our next issue, as the affairs of the East can not remain in statu quo much longer.

GRREAT BRITAIN had proclaimed a loan of £15,000,000. The visit of Louis Napoleon was the great expected event in London, and the opening of the World's Fair the only topic at Paris. The Vienna Conference was still in session, but nothing had been done.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, or Present, Past and Future, by Rev. Dr. Cumming, has been received from the American publishers, Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. In purity of style, and comprehensive view of prophetic details, it is perhaps superior to any of the distinguished author's previous efforts; but we notice in it that fault to which we have noticed a proneness in nearly all his works—namely, magnifying the importance of minor events of history and prophesy. It is true, the author's object in this comprehension of details appears to be by a general grouping to show their importance in the aggregate, as they bear upon the truth of prophesy and signs of history, and we must let this go as his justification. This book is certainly the most interesting of Cumming's works we have yet read, and all interested in the great events of which it treats will be amply repaid by its perusal.

ROUSSELL'S CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES COMPARED, is the most valuable and reliable book on the subjects of which it treats we have yet had the pleasure of examining. The learned author, Rev. Napoleon Roussell, of France, compares Protestant and Catholic countries in their threefold relations to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality, and sustains his views by statistical facts and reliable Catholic authorities. These show, to an astonishing extent, the depressing influence of Roman Catholicism upon the morals, intelligence and wealth of the masses. It is a complete refutation of Bishop Spalding's last work on the other side of the same subject. It is published by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, and may be had at Murray & Stoek's Book store, in this city.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, is a welcome visiter to this office. It is, without doubt, the best popular family magazine of the day, and although published at the low rate of \$3 a year, it will favorably compare, in literary merit and typography, with the three dollar magazines.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—the only really original American monthly magazine—has passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix & Edwards, by whom it will be hereafter published. \$3 a year.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JUNE, 1855.—No. VI.

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE proper education of a sister must include these three things, *viz.*, the cultivation of the heart, the mind, the manners. She must be educated spiritually, intellectually, and socially. She must have the holy nurture of the church, the light and discipline of the school, the love and communion of the social circle. Nor must these three be separated and succeed each other—but these three are one.

We regard it as one of the most serious of mistakes, when it is supposed that an individual is to be educated religiously by one person, at one time and place, and then intellectually and socially in the same separate and independent manner. The school and the social circle must be alike pervaded by the religious life of the church. As these three departments of our being are one, and united in our nature, so they must be in their nurture. The church, the school, and the social circle are one bosom of divine nurturing, educating and sanctifying powers. The daughter of a pious family can never, without violence and wrong to her nature, be in one of these and not at the same time also in the rest. In the church she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being; in the school she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being; in the social circle she must be a spiritual, intellectual and social being. She can, in no place ignore, or leave out of view, part of her nature. Like all life, her inward being must be unfolded uniformly, and all the powers of her nature must evolve and grow in symmetry and harmony. Faith that is not developed in knowledge is superstition; knowledge that does not rest in faith is infidelity; and social life that is not developed in the light of knowledge and the purity of religion is but the stupid herding of brute life.

In the growth of a flower-plant it will not do to give it water for a month, then sunlight for a month, and then air for a month.

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It must have all these at once and together. Indeed it is their mutual influence upon each other that produces healthy and beautiful growth. It is just so in education. The will, by grace; the understanding, by knowledge; the heart, or affections, by social communion, must mutually live and act in each other, and upon each other, and by each other. What an ideal of a sister would this be—a gracious spirit, a clean mind, and holy affections. The clear light of intelligence is as the clear cold air, unless warmed by the glowing of love from that heart above and this heart below. Blessed is he who has such a sister to grow up with him side by side.

"O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
When the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love.
Let her be an heir of heaven, so shall she help thee on thy way."

The word sister has more than one sense. It has the *sacred* or mystical sense, designating the highest of all relations—the relation of the spirit to Christ and to saints in the kingdom of grace. So the word is used in the holy scriptures. He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven the same is my sister, said Jesus. This is the highest sense of this term. No one is a true sister that stands not in the holy family of Christ.

The word sister has also a *natural* sense, designating the relation in the flesh as it appears in the family. This is a merely natural relation; it is common to saints and sinners; it has even its likeness in the irrational orders beneath us. It only becomes better than nature as it rises into the sphere of the spiritual. The natural sister must become a spiritual one, or the relation does not transcend the instincts of nature, nor will it outlive the wreck of death, and the ordeal of the grave.

The word has a *figurative* sense, designating the relations of friendship and love formed in social life. It is only properly used in this sense, where it applies to a social love which is pure and disinterested, like that of mystical sisters. It is an extension of holy family love, including such as stand in the heavenly family. When used out of this bosom of pure love and spiritual relation it is mere sham, mere mockery, or mere animal instinct. It is the mere herding of nature. It is the selfish friendship of Herod and Pilate. It is often the asp-like kiss of Judas!

In these different conceptions of sister, as in all other cases, the higher must sanctify the lower. The relations and the love of the natural sister must bloom in the higher and holier relations of the mystical one; and the natural, thus purified and perfected in the supernatural, must reach out beyond the family, taking into its social embraces all who do the will of the common Father in heaven, and thus say, with our Saviour, "these are my sisters." The small family surrounding the earthly parent, is thus enlarged around the Father in heaven, who has united all that are his in one

family in Christ. Thus the idea of sister becomes infinitely wider and purer.

Now, which idea of sister ought to be prominent and prevail in the education of a true sisterly spirit and character? Evidently the highest—the mystical—the spiritual. Our first and deepest relation is to the heavenly—the Father of our spirits. The lower relation is only in the flesh, and has neither strength nor purity except in the power of the higher. It is therefore first, and it must be recognized and rested upon as the first and deepest element in the true education of a sisterly spirit. Hence we have placed first in order and importance the education of the heart—education spiritually—the education which comes through the church.

Is not this the order in fact, and in the history of every human spirit? The very first educational power which a human spirit feels, before the intellect can at all be reached, is in the heart, from a mother's eyes, a mother's tones, and the mysterious influence of a mother's life and love! Next to this, similar to it, only more outward in character, is that of the father. These, being pious, their united faith secures to the infant spirit the motherly zeal, blessing, and care of the church. The intellect is as yet only touched by the softest nurture, such as the warm, moist, genial bosom of the earth affords to the first and feeblest tendrils of the infant plant. The school is not yet—the idea of teaching, instructing and training by aid of extraneous means has as yet neither place nor meaning. As yet the will, the faith, (in the sense of dependence,) the heart, rule and reign. The understanding, the intellect, that which is developed by knowledge, imparted by foreign means and helps, comes gradually and later, and with it the school. Still later in order comes the social; for love, which is the fruit of faith, and that knowledge of the relations between beings which the intellect perceives, lay the foundation, beget the desire and unfold the qualification for social intercourse. The religious is the life, the intellectual is the light, the social is the love, of the true sisterly spirit and character.

Let her, therefore, who would be a sister truly cultivate her heart in the life, power, and grace of piety. A sister without piety is a monster—a wandering star! Being herself sundered from God, whatever her influence binds and holds to herself, it binds and holds away from Him. She may have beauty and polish, but it is mere outward devotion; like the green vines hung with flowers that cover a moldering wall, or creep over doleful ruins. Her heart has no holy of holies, holding us off in reverence, and yet drawing us near in love. The angel is wanting! We recognize not, hid by the thin veil of the real and human, the ideal and the saintly. She can never nestle herself in our memory or float before our dream-like fancy as "a thing of beauty and a

joy forever." The mystic charm is not there. We miss "the fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart." The influence of such a sister must be felt. To say nothing of the positive influence of words and acts, a pious sister is in the family as the constant presence of God to her brothers. It is as if heaven breathed and whispered around them. By silent reprovings her purer spirit quickens their consciences, reminds them softly of the wrong, and allures them gently to the right. The very sympathy which a brother knows dwells in a sister's heart for him, and which, where true confidence exists, he has occasion in many a bitter sorrow of his own to fathom, to his own exceeding comfort, gives her an influence over him which she can use to the highest and holiest purpose. For her sake he will do what will prove to him an everlasting good. When separated, memory will make her to him a present power, restraining him from many an evil, and breathing courage and strength to rise out of it when captured and carried away. Often, too, the impressions made upon the heart by a sister's piety are long latent in the heart, like sentiments written with invisible ink, and are only brought out by future circumstances and events.

We have a case just in hand. But lately we received a letter from a very talented lawyer, who proposes to quit his profession and enter the ministry, and who asks advice in reference to that earnest and solemn step. Hear what he says: "You are probably aware that I was originally intended for the ministry. Youthful follies and vagaries turned the channel of my life into the legal profession. This decision, too, was attended by many marks of rashness and of immature reasoning. Thus it was, till 1848, when a loved sister's departure made a deep impression upon my mind. The subject of the ministry again forcibly presented itself to my mind."

This is only one case like a thousand others, varied as to the particulars, but in substance the same, showing the powerful and lasting influence of a pious sister. We knew her well, that gentle spirit. Slowly was the power of grace blooming toward her glorification; and long, as from the borders of the land, did she shed the "soft white light" of heaven around her! He was absent from the home circle, and felt not all the power of her piety; yet, to the distant field of his labors, his struggle, and his ambition, did he bear in his heart the image and the memory of that pure white lily in the garden at home. When at last he was called home to see it fade away for ever from the earth, ah, how his strong spirit melted! ah, how he saw that that hope alone was worth living for which had wakened into such smiles even the cold marble of her face, and which breathed around such words of peace and joy, while all the energies of life were sinking like weary, worn-out winds. Oh, how earnestly he vowed at the death-bed to preach

that hope to others, and live only in its life himself. Through many subsequent years does he turn at the beckoning of that angel being. Such is the influence of a pious sister.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

I.—BURIAL.

BY REV. BROCK HARRAUGH.

"THAT I may bury my dead out of my sight"—the language of an old patriarch, and descriptive of feelings as true to our nature now as when Abraham would barter for "the Cave of Macpelah." Among every people moral and religious, burial out of sight has ever been regarded as the most proper and natural mode of disposing of the dead. The custom of burying the dead is an ancient one; and it was a peculiar feature throughout the whole history of God's chosen people. To them the rights of the sepulchre were considered of indispensable importance; it was deemed not only an act of humanity, but a positive religious duty to pay due honors to the departed.

The funeral ceremonies of the Jews were in many respects similar to those common to the East at the present day. After the sad and solemn ceremony of the last kiss and the closing of the eyes of the corpse, the body was perfumed and subjected to entire ablution with water, as of Dorcas, (Acts ix. 37,) "whom, when they had washed, they laid in an upper chamber."

The process of embalming was peculiar to the ancient Egyptians, and such adepts did these "physicians" become in this preservative art, that there are still found bodies which have resisted the attacks of decomposition for thousands of years. In Genesis (50, 3,) we read that Jacob underwent this eminently Egyptian preparation for burial, "having fulfilled the forty days of those which are embalmed." The Jews, in later times, observed a more simple and expeditious but less successful process, that of wrapping the corpse in numerous folds of linen cloth, having anointed it with a mixture of aromatic substances composed chiefly of aloes and myrrh. There was no higher mark or evidence of respect for the departed than the profuse expenditure of such costly perfumes. By the writers of the Talmud we are told that no less than eighty pounds of spices were used at the funeral of the learned Rabbi Gamaliel. Josephus also tells us that, in the splendid obsequies of Herod, five hundred of his servants attended as spice-bearers.

After the process of wrapping the corpse in folds of linen cloth, the body was placed in an upper chamber in solemn state, when the relatives of the deceased, especially the females, in the violent

style of oriental grief, burst out in shrill, loud and plaintive lamentations, the friends and neighbors mingling their outcries with the bereaved. Among the better classes, this duty of sympathising with the family was performed by mercenaries—a class of females—professional mourners, who, by vehement sobs, gesticulation and singing of dirges, eulogized the qualities, virtuous and benevolent, of the deceased.

The period between death and burial was usually shorter than custom sanctions with us, for which there was a twofold reason—the heat of the climate and, particularly among the Jews, the circumstance of uncleanness for a week of the person who came in contact with a corpse. Two cases of burial immediately after death are recorded in the New Testament—those of Ananias and Sapphira. Acts 5, 1–10.

A bed or bier was the vehicle commonly used for carrying the dead to the place of burial. This was plain or costly according to the circumstances and position of the deceased. It was from an humble carriage of this kind that our Lord called back from death and the grave, the widow's son of Nain. Luke 7, 11–15. This particular form of funeral rites still obtains among the Jews, Mahomedans and Christians of the East.

The sepulchres, by a prudential arrangement, but lately appreciated by us, were situated without the limits of the cities. They were either of a costly style, with no little architectural display, either excavations in the solid rock, or the humble grave with its simple upright stone over the head and feet. Besides these public cemeteries for the general accumulation of the inhabitants of the cities, there were also fields appropriated for the burial of strangers. Members of the royal family of David, and a few persons of exalted character, only were permitted a burial within the walls of the city of Jerusalem.

It was customary to paint the sepulchres white—the reason of which was to make them plainly discernible to the eye, and thus prevent contact with the same, and the consequent ceremonial defilement—more especially at the annual festivals, when multitudes of strangers visited Jerusalem. From this custom we have the meaning of that sarcasm of our Lord, when he so severely rebuked the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Matthew 23, 27.

The affecting custom still remains of groups of women going daily to the tombs of their relations, strewing them with flowers and weeping there, as was supposed of Mary, that she was going to the grave of Lazarus to weep when Jesus met her. John 11, 31.

Connected with these oriental customs of burial are the mournful associations, that He who is our Saviour underwent most of the same processes with those who have gone to the dead. His death, like his life, was one of untold, unknown humility. He chose to die like a thief; his burial was that of a prince. Joseph of Ari-

mathea testified his regard for the sacred body of the Saviour by bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds, (John 19, 39,) while the two Marys were prepared to tender the same costly office at the earliest dawn of the first day of the week. But Jesus the crucified needed not the Egyptians' secret art to defy the worm and corruption. Death to him was a calm three days' rest—such a rest as he seldom took, for so long a turn, in his ministry of denial and devotion.

Such is a brief sacred history of the burial custom referred to in the Bible. One thought more: Reader, are *you* prepared for what the Bible declares is to follow the ceremonies I have just discussed? After death comes the burial, after the burial comes the Judgment!

A PORTRAIT.

BY WORDSWORTH.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her once upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

THE RECLUSE.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they
 With whom I converse night and day.

A LITTLE MARTYR AND A MONUMENT.

"The noble army of martyrs praise Thee."

In the month of October, 1844, a poor but pious family of the name of Dannan came to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from Trevelyan, Cornwall, England. The family consisted of nine persons, Benjamin Dannan and Mary his wife, and seven children; Emanuel, the youngest, was born in Trevelyan, February 25, 1844. In March, 1847, the father died of consumption, brought on by severe labor and exposure. When cautioned in reference to it by a friend, he said, "God has given me this wife and these children, and I wish not only to provide for them, but also to teach them by my example, to learn and labor truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them." In July, 1847, the mother also died, and the children were left alone, yet not alone, for God watched over them, and kept alive in their hearts that love of truth which had been implanted there by the teachings and example of their pious parents, and which "Emanuel," in the language of one of his sisters, "was old enough to learn and *not forget*." After the death of his mother, Emanuel remained two months with the Rev. Benjamin Akerly of Milwaukee, who was ever ready to aid the orphan and the destitute, and was afterward placed by him under the care of Joseph Moore, Emanuel's uncle, with whose family he remained until the death of Mr. Moore and his wife, when he was taken into the Milwaukee poor-house, where he remained until the spring of 1850, when he was adopted by Samuel W. Norton, a man residing in Marquette county, Wisconsin, with whom he resided two and a half years, and until he was found in the house of his adopted father *dead*, having been, by Norton's own confession, *whipped to death*. Norton and his wife were arrested for manslaughter. In the language of the Hon. Judge Larrabee, before whom they were tried, it appeared that—

"The defendants—husband and wife—were respectable farming people, residing in Marquette county, and were childless. They had two orphan children bound to them—one a little girl about ten years of age, and the other the boy Emanuel, eight years of age. I have no means of ascertaining any thing of the previous history of Emanuel, and only know that he was taken from the Milwaukee Poor House. He was a fragile child, and had never been in robust health. Those who knew him spoke of him as an intelligent, bright blue-eyed boy, and very winning in his playful little ways.

"It appeared from the testimony of the little girl—who was the sole witness to the torture—that Emanuel was charged with having

told a lie. What the lie was we could not, by either persuasion or by fear of punishment, induce her to tell. The counsel for the State exhausted their ingenuity in vain; nor could I, after drawing her to me, and by soothing words endeavoring to quiet her fears, induce her to tell what the lie was. The child had evidently been intimidated by threats of personal injury. This was afterward ascertained to be the fact, when the trial was over, and her foster-parents safely lodged in prison. She then said that Emanuel had, by chance, discovered the woman in a criminal act, and had told her, and she had told her wicked parents. Hence it became all-important to the woman (who had succeeded in quieting her husband) that the *lie* should be whipped out of Emanuel. Accordingly, the man procured six whips—the toughest kind of swamp willow—which, by his own confession, were four feet in length and as large at the butt as one's little finger, and about 9 o'clock at night took Emanuel—who still persisted in telling the truth—to the loft of the cabin, and having stripped him to his shirt, wound that around his neck and tied him up by a cord, by both wrists, to a rafter, so that his feet but barely touched the ground.

"Here he whipped him for two hours, only resting at intervals to procure a fresh whip, or to demand of his victim that he should own that he told a lie. The boy's only answer was, 'Pa, I told the truth. Pa, I did not lie.' The girl said that Emanuel *did not cry much*; and it is probable that he fainted during a portion of the time, as the injuries on his body testified that there was not a spot, from the arm-pits to the ankles, large enough to place your finger upon but was covered with livid welts, and that in very many places the skin was broken!

"And still the brave boy held out! He must have had a sainted mother, for the teachings of none other could have so implanted truth in his every fibre.

"Yes, still he held out: and when he was taken down, with the cords cutting deep into his little wrists, and the warm blood trickling from his limbs, with his head upon his murderer's shoulder, his last words, 'Pa! I am so cold!' and then his pure spirit fled for ever, beyond the reach of torture and inhumanity, to that bright world where wrong and oppression can never be known.

"He unquestionably died with the TRUTH still in his heart, and was a martyr to it.

"The whips were quite worn up, as the splintered fragments were afterward found. The trial, as you may imagine, was one of deep and painful interest. There was scarce a dry eye in the court room. The verdict was *manslaughter in the first degree*, and the convicts were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison—the extreme penalty of the law."

At the last Convention of the Wisconsin Sunday School Union, a committee were appointed, who, with others, were subsequently

incorporated by Act of the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin into an association, entitled the Dannan Monument Association, with power to erect a monument or such other testimonial as they might deem proper, to perpetuate the memory of Emanuel Dannan.

PERSEVERANCE.

J. V. E.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

THIS has been one of our own mottoes since we commenced battling, individually, with the world. It has done much to encourage us under the trying and discouraging conflicts of life. When the dark clouds of adversity hovered thick around us, and when the future objects of our desires were apparently hidden from us by impenetrable barriers, a resort to memory's store for this motto would inspire us with new vigor and determination, feeling assured that what others had accomplished could be done again.

It is not so much our intention at present to speak of our own trials and encouragements, as being anything different to what is common to all who live to be useful; but our design in this article is to inscribe on the memory of aspiring youth this excellent motto, which is fraught with so much power to impel those who can be moved onward.

"Attempt the end"—that is, let him who would desire to arrive at any worthy and honorable position in life, not sit down and wonder whether it is attainable by him or not, but at once, after he has fully resolved, attempt the end, and he need not fear disappointment. It matters not what useful position in life we have a desire to occupy, the attempt to reach it is the very first condition of success. The mechanic must "attempt the end" by making the first effort.

Poor John Fitch, and Fulton, had to *attempt* to make their simple steamboats before the "Great Western," "Atlantic" and others could sail the ocean. Hiram Powers, the eminent American sculptor, had to *attempt* to finish the common monument before he presented to the world the "Greek Slave." So with all the great works of art, attempts at the end had first to be made by beginning with small things.

In science and literature, also, perfection was not reached at once; but the steps were gradual. Attempts at the end impelled the philosopher, statesmen and divine to attain the end. The reflections of Newton, on the falling of an apple, led to the discovery of the laws of attraction and gravitation, and the solar system.

Had he not *attempted* to find out why the apple fell toward him, instead of flying in some other direction, these discoveries and results would not have been the *end* of his studies. Had not a few Americans *attempted* to throw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, perhaps we would not this day be a free people. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Had not Franklin *attempted* to catch the lightning with his silken kite and wire-string in a bottle, perhaps we would not this day be sending news instantaneously thousands of miles, in all directions, by means of the Telegraph. Had not Columbus *attempted* the uncertain voyage of discovery, when he launched out on the Atlantic from Spain, perhaps centuries might have passed before this continent would have been discovered. Had not the pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock *attempted* to find an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted, they would not had the consolation and happiness of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Had not the renowned Neal Dow *attempted* to restrict the despotism of King Alcohol by prohibition, in Maine, perhaps he would yet reign triumphant over the whole Union. But *that* small attempt will find its end in the entire overthrow of his authority in this country. God speed the day. So we might add example to example, both great and small, to prove that the end is only within the reach of him who—

"Attempts the end and NEVER stands to doubt."

To "stand to doubt" is as much as to say, This thing has been done, but never can be done again. If a young man wishes to be poor all his days, just let him stand to doubt the possibility of getting rich. If he wishes to remain ignorant and die in obscurity, just let him stand, doubting his ability to become learned and eminent. If he wishes to get feeble and morbid, just let him imagine he is so, and doubt the fact that, through exertion and business, he can become happy and strong. If a young lady wishes to fit herself for the follies of the ball-room only, just let her doubt the fact that she was created for something better. If she wishes to paralyze her nerves and weaken her mind, just let her stand and doubt her ability for solid reading, and continually doat and weep over novels. If she wishes to get a light-minded, foppish husband, just let her never be seen in the kitchen, but always visiting, and doubt the fact that men have brains. In a word, if young men or ladies wish to be useful and wise, they must not stand and doubt their ability to do so; but let them attempt that end and persevere, and they will reach it.

Doubting has damped the ardor of many a promising genius. Doubting has cast a gloom of despair over the brow of many a hopeful youth. And doubting has made scores of infidels, and has consigned thousands to present and future sorrow and disgrace.

"Then stand ye not in doubts and fears,
Although it cost a thousand tears;
Still search and hope, and search again,
Attempt the end nor think it vain."

Whether the end be heaven, or any earthly object, we must attempt to gain it by bending all our energies in that direction; for there is

"Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

The scriptures saith, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." And this is not only true in a spiritual sense, but also in a temporal sense. It is only by search that we find out the hidden gems of science. It is only by search that we find out the hidden treasures of the earth. It is only by search in the regions of thought that the mathematician is able to measure time, space, surface and bodies. It is only by search that the theologian can find out the *deep things* of God. It is only by search that the regular and orderly movements of the heavenly bodies have been found out by the astronomer. In a word, it is by search only that all that we know, or can know, is and can be found out. Then let us—

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out."

We will now close, hoping that the readers of *The Guardian* will faithfully *attempt* to find out all the wisdom that it contains, by *searching* carefully every page as its makes it monthly visits to them. For we feel convinced from experience, that from it they may collect a goodly store of truth and knowledge. May the life and character of many a young man and lady be shaped under the pure and healthful influence of *The Guardian*.

"DOUBT NOT."

THOUGH sorrow's clouds seem o'er us,
Hanging like palls forever,
Hope's star, still bright before us,
Cheers with glad promises ever;
And firmly tread we life's rough way,
Patiently bear its sorrow,
For though our Father frown to-day,
He'll cheer with smiles to-morrow.

Our God, in his good pleasure,
Oft sendeth want and care;
With these in equal measure
Are given strength to bear.
And death, with all its terrors,
Is a veil that Christ hath riven;
On the other side, quite near us,
Are the glorious joys of heaven.

THE GULF STREAM.

FROM the Gulf of Mexico there is a current of water constantly flowing outward toward the north, and passing between the Bahama Islands and the shores of Florida, known as the "Gulf Stream." This current proceeds along the coast of the United States as far north as Cape Hatteras, where it gradually turns eastward, and finally bends so far southward as to touch the Azore Islands. Its length is estimated at more than three thousand miles, and its waters are supposed to extend to the shores of Europe, as far as the North Cape.

On passing the Straits of Florida, the velocity of the stream is estimated at one hundred miles per day, and at forty miles per day at a distance of one thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The water in the Gulf Stream is more salt, warmer, and of a deeper blue than the rest of the ocean, till it reaches Newfoundland, where it becomes somewhat turbid from the shallowness of that part of the sea.

The highest temperature of water belonging to the Atlantic Ocean is found in the Gulf of Mexico, where it is eighty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit. As the Gulf Stream, which carries this warm water along, proceeds northward, it becomes gradually wider and wider, spreading over a vast surface of the ocean, giving warmth to the colder climates through which it passes, while its own temperature diminishes. Lieut. Maury says, "that the quantity of heat which it spreads over the Atlantic in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole atmosphere that covers France and Great Britain from the freezing-point to summer heat, and that it really is the cause of the mildness and of the damp of Ireland and the south of England." We can readily see its effects on the climate of the northwest of Europe by comparing it with the same latitude on the shores of America. On the coast of Labrador we find perpetual snow and ice, while Great Britain, of the same latitude, is clothed in robes of green, and seldom has any snow.

In summer there is a northern current coming from the coast of Greenland and Labrador, floating icebergs from the polar regions. This cold current meets the Gulf Stream on the banks of Newfoundland, and the difference between the temperature of these two oceanic streams as they come in contact is the cause of the dense fog that broods over that region.

The north polar current becomes warmer from its contact with the Gulf Stream, and passing between that and the coast of the United States, runs on to Florida, and sends an under-current of cool water into the Caribbean Sea. The water on the surface of this sea, and of the Gulf of Mexico, becoming heated by the sun's

rays, flows out in that remarkable current known as the Gulf Stream. Thus, owing to the influence of the sun's heat, and the rotation of the earth from west to east, this great stream is continually sending its vast tide of warm water to the north to moderate the cold of those regions, making climates genial which otherwise might become bleak and dreary wastes.

Even far to the north, the water in this astonishing current is always from eight to twenty degrees warmer than the surrounding ocean, and imparts its temperature to the superincumbent atmosphere, thus generating fearful storms. It is also, as has previously been hinted, the great thawing laboratory for all the ice that comes down from the polar regions, and thus those inhospitable mountains of floating ice are dissolved in nature's furnace and prevented from intruding on the more genial climes of the south.

The Gulf Stream is not only the most interesting of the ocean currents, but is the most important in its relations to the commerce of Europe and America. It was doubtless by this great current that those pieces of wood and other materials were drifted across the Atlantic to the Azores, which so much strengthened Columbus' belief in the existence of a western continent, and led to the opening of the gates of the New World.

Owing to the prevalence of westerly winds in the North Atlantic, the voyage from Europe to the United States is longer than that from the latter to Europe; but the Gulf Stream adds still more to this difference; hence it is avoided in voyages from Europe to the United States, as it would lengthen the time some two weeks.

When Dr. Franklin was in England, the merchants of Providence, Rhode Island, petitioned the Lords of the Treasury (it was before the recognition of independence) that the government packets that usually sail from Falmouth to Boston, U. S., might in future sail from London to Providence; and they supported the prayer of their petition by the allegation that the average passage from London to Providence was fourteen days less than from Falmouth to Boston.

Now, Falmouth and Boston being between London and Providence, this statement seemed rather startling, and Dr. Franklin, who was always on the alert when his country's interests were at stake, hearing it, sent for Captain Folger, an old New England whaler, who happened also to be in London at the time. The old Captain immediately accounted for the fact that had puzzled the Doctor.

"The London packets," said he, "are commanded by New England masters, who know something about the Gulf Stream; the Falmouth by Englishmen, who know nothing about the matter."

This hint was enough for Dr. Franklin. He had taken the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and found it considerably higher than the surrounding ocean. Dipping a thermometer into the sea,

therefore, showed when you entered and left it. He and the old captain laid down its limits according to the best of the existing information on the charts, and the result was a complete change in the course taken by vessels trading between England and America.

By using or avoiding the Gulf Stream, as circumstances required, for which the thermometer served the purpose of a sextant, the distance between London and New York was shortened from sixty to thirty days. In this way New York became nearer to England than Charleston. It grew into the point for all vessels bound to the New World to touch at, and so assumed the importance of a great commercial depot. Charleston lost its chance of ever growing into the metropolis of the republic; and, to use the words of Lieut. Maury, "all these results are traceable to the use of the thermometer at sea."

Notwithstanding Franklin's observations on the Gulf Stream so long ago led to such important results in America, yet of this great ocean current comparatively little is yet well known. During a few years past, Lieut. M. F. Maury, of the National Observatory, at Washington, has devoted much time to this subject, and in his recent visit to England has awakened considerable attention to the subject there.

"Nothing less than a great number of observations of every kind, and those made through many seasons, in order to embrace all the variety of causes, can enable the most diligent inquirer to make himself master of the whole subject; and this can be the work of the government only, for individual inquiry can produce little more than unconnected facts."

America is doing her part in the great work. Holland has also given her adhesion to Lieut. Maury's plans. England could not keep aloof from such an enterprise, so important for her trading interest, so precious in scientific results. And we may hope that ere long the nature and cause of that mysterious and interesting ocean-current, the Gulf Stream, will become fully understood in all its relations to commerce and climate.

I KNOW BETTER.

"I know better," is often an ugly expression. We have heard boys and girls use it when they were surly and cross, in contradicting those who wish to do them good. It is frequently used by young persons to their parents, and those older than themselves. Let the young remember that if they acquire the habit of pretending to *know better* than all others, they will, when it is too late, be likely to find that they know less than most people. Such a disposition is very opposite to that humility and docility which become all who wish to be wise, and it is particularly disagreeable in the young.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHAN MARTIN MILLER.

WHY need I strive or sigh for wealth ?
 It is enough for me
 That heaven has given me strength and health,
 A spirit glad and free ;
 Grateful these blessings to receive,
 I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some what floods of riches flow !
 Houses, herds, and gold have they ;
 Yet life's best joys they never know,
 But fret their hours away.
 The more they have they seek increase ;
 Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
 To me it seems so fair ;
 It countless pleasures hath for all,
 And none denied a share.
 The little birds on new fledged wing,
 And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
 In beauteous hues are clad ;
 And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
 Caught up by echoes glad.
 "Rise," sings the lark, "your task to ply ;"
 The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
 And all like gold appears ;
 When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
 And fields have ripening ears :
 I think these glories that I see,
 My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
 And say, in joyful mood,
 His love, indeed, is Father's love,
 He wills to all men good.
 Then let me ever grateful live,
 Enjoying all he deigns to give.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;
 And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
 Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
 And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. I.—RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He is overcome of evil who sins against another; because he sins against himself."—THOMAS AQUINAS.

How many commands there are in the scriptures that are not so seriously considered even by Christians as they should be. Indeed it seems as if they were for the most part regarded as beyond the reach of piety, and are not therefore even earnestly aimed at. They occupy a kind of obsolete position in the practical piety of the age; perhaps because they refer to the higher and deeper life of grace. We feel inclined to call attention to some of these neglected commandments.

Before we proceed, however, let us ask what right we have to choose our "favorites" among the divine commandments. Are they not all of like authority? and yet how lightly do we regard the evil of coming short in regard to some of them. While we shudder at the idea of violating some, the neglect of others scarcely gives us a serious thought. We scarcely regard them as furnishing any test of our gracious state; we tolerate the neglect of them with an easy conscience, which shows that to all practical purposes these commands are obsolete. Let us look at one of these slighted laws.

We are to return good to those who do us evil. Is not this a command? Let us see: "Recompense to no man evil for evil." That is plain and direct. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." How can we obviate the force of this. "Overcome evil with good." So act, so do, says God.

Now let us ask, What power has this plain injunction to the consciousness of the piety of our age. Is not the idea of giving good for evil nearly obsolete as to its practical application? Is not a man considered soft, and small, and lacking in manliness, who seeks to act in the true spirit of this command? How few keep it. Yea, how few seriously, prayerfully, and earnestly aim at keeping it!

Let us see. When, and in what particular case did we make the effort to overcome evil with good? When, after receiving an injury from a fellow being, did we study how we might do him a kindness and a good in return? We "marked" him; we "remembered" him; but not to do him a favor. Yet his doing us evil, laid on us the duty of doing him good; and as soon as the evil was done to us, it was our duty to study earnestly how we might return him good. This duty lies heavier on us now than it did before we received the injury. Before that we owed him in general

kindness and love; but now we owe him this in particular. The evil which he did is now particularly to be overcome by our good to him. If a fellow being asks us for bread the duty to give him lies heavier and more directly on us than it did before; so when one does us evil that act of his fixes on us directly the duty to return him good. His doing us evil is the same as if he came to us and asked us to do him good.

Who is sufficient for this? How sweet to the old nature is revenge. Ah, nature cannot do it. It requires grace—a high degree of grace. Our blessed Saviour did it. Eminently pious persons have attained to this grace. It is the duty of all. It is my duty—it is your duty. There it stands as in letters of fire: "Overcome evil with good!"

How is this to be done? What course of conduct must we pursue toward those who do us evil in order that their evil may be overcome by us? Our duty in this respect is plainly pointed out by our Saviour.

If it be with *words* that they do us evil, then here is the rule: "Bless them that curse you." To bless is to give them good words—words born in good wishes, and redolent with the savor of prayer. We are to meet them with that soft answer which turneth away wrath.

If their evil against us be in the form of dead, silent *hatred*, that must be overcome, not so much by kind words as by kind deeds: "Do good to them that hate you." While evil words are generally born in a flow of wrath, and need therefore only be met at the time with meek words, settled hatred of heart needs a remedy more deep and steady than words. Here the quiet power of kind acts, of good deeds, is needed.

If their evil take the form of positive *acts* of injury, then their wrath has risen so high and become so impetuous as not to regard our meek words or kind acts. What then? We turn from them to God: "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Instead of still attempting to prevail upon them, we now seek to prevail upon God. He only now can overcome their evil; for he holds in his hands the hearts of men and can turn them as the streams in the south. This was our Saviour's course in the same circumstances. He met their evil words and evil hearts with kind replies and acts of love; but when their evil took the form of violence he resorted to prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." So must we do. The answer to our prayer will not only arrest his evil against us, but will also stop his evil against himself; it will reconcile him not only to us, but also to God. One, whose heart-hatred reaches this pitch of violence, needs more than we can bring to allay his wrath; he needs resignation of heart, which God alone can bestow, and which he will give in answer to prayer.

Here, then, is the course. Do they speak evil, speak thou good. Do they silently and sullenly hate, do thou let kind acts, like a warm sun, shine steadily upon their wrath-beclouded hearts. Do they rashly assail you in acts of injury, do thou turn to God in prayer for them; for he can prevail where thy words of meekness and acts of kindness fail.

What is the wisdom of this mode of overcoming evil? The command itself is proof of its adaptation to the end. Yet it is well to see how beautifully it accomplishes its purpose.

Our returning him good for evil will cause him to see and feel how superior grace is to nature. It will show him that a Christian can do what he feels to be right but is not able to do. Saul sought David's life; but David saved Saul's life when he might have taken it. This overcame Saul that he wept, and confessed to David, "Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee with evil." Saul felt that the pious heart of David had done a noble act, of which his own natural heart was not capable. This is the best way to convince the wicked that religion lifts the heart above the selfish and revengeful spirit of unrenewed nature.

If we return them good for evil we cause them to become conscious of their own guilt and vileness. As long as we resist them with weapons like their own they regard themselves on a level with us; and they feel as if it were an honorable as well as a brave warfare. But as soon as we begin to change weapons, and do them good for evil, they sink in their own estimation, and the feeling of bravery gives way to a sense of sin and shame. A man who has any human feelings left will always hate himself after he has acted revengefully; and the more so when he sees that the object of his revenge has shown the contrary spirit. A sinner never feels his vileness so much as when he sees most clearly God's love to him. Nothing leads to repentance so effectually as the goodness of God. Sinners never mourn over their sins so deeply as when they look upon him whom they have pierced. Judas never felt his guilt in the betrayal of Jesus as he did when he saw him, with lamb-like innocence, receive the sentence of death! Nothing so deeply cuts a sinner's heart as to see the object of his hatred meekly endure his injuries.

By doing him good for his evil we use the most effectual means for reconciling him. If he sees in our spirit a superiority to his own, and if our conduct towards him has the effect of causing him to grow tender under a sense of his own vileness, the strongest obstacles in the way of his reconciliation are already removed. This is the true sense of "heaping coals of fire on his head." It makes him uneasy and unhappy, and drives him to peace. It melts his spirit, and, like a furnace, separates the dross of wrath and

revenge from the better feelings which have been covered and smothered.

"So artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head.
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And pure from dross the silver runs below."

We must *study* to do this. It is a delicate duty. We may do it in form and not in spirit. We may show kindness to one who has grieved us in a way so officious as to provoke him the more. As in giving presents, we may do it in such a way as will offend instead of win; so in this duty we may seem to him to be either overbearing or mercenary. We must study such modesty and humility as to be discovered in what we do, rather than discover our own acts of kindness to him. What we do must not be ostentatious, but so veiled in quietness as that he himself will discover the silent flow of our goodness to him with a surprise. This will cause him to feel that it is done in sincerity and not merely for effect. The coals of fire must not be put upon his head as though it were for revenge, but for mercy and for love.

Thus it is to be done; but what a task! Yes, to nature it is a task—a hopeless task. But grace can attain to it—and only grace. It must be earnestly resolved upon. It must be attempted in faith and with prayer. The absence of this spirit is so far a fearful sign of a low state of grace, or even of its entire absence. A Christian must aim at it, and in a degree at least approximate to it. How greatly would the general observance of this law promote and hasten in fully the reign of peace and good will.

WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS?

It is said to be a property of the tree frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn it is commonly of a dark green. If found on white oak, it has the color peculiar to the tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you choose or prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are? Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you not rather take the lowest seat among such than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

ONE SQUARE ON SATURDAY EVENING.

BY SELDOM.

NEVER have I been so much *alone* as when mingling with the thronging crowd of a populous city. In the calm solitude of the country, among nature's own works, where every object has a familiar look and a home-toned voice, there cannot be the same sense of loneliness. Where every face in a selfish crowd is cold and forbidding—where one heeds not the other, but each passes hurriedly on, intently bent on his own selfish purposes—there we feel alone. We have not been alone, however, in the exercise of that feeling, when we found ourselves like the poet's hero, who—

"Sat himself down on a hot-frozen stone,
With ten thousand around him and himself alone!"

More than half the world, we are told, know not how the other half lives. This remark is doubtless true in more than one respect. So much of the outside of life only appears that we judge vastly amiss if we form our conclusions from these appearances. It requires something of the Gnotico's isoteric view of men and things in order to reach a true interpretation of either or both.

Ours is not the most public thoroughfare in the city, though there is enough there ordinarily of the web and woof of individual history and experience to fill the eyes, and head, and heart of any one who will give it attention. If you could spend half an hour with me on Saturday evening, you would be abundantly convinced of that fact. As you cannot do so bodily, let me at least engage for a short time your thoughts. With your permission we turn down this street.

Here is a scene, not just the counterpart of Burns' "Cottiers' Saturday Night," but had Burns engaged his thoughts upon it, he had doubtless produced an equally fine poem. The multitude, in moving, changing, formless mass, means nothing and affords but little to interest the eye. It is only when we single out specific characters that we reach history in individual traits and personal experience. Let us now take the first marked characters we meet.

In that crowd of hardy sons of toil, returning from their week's work, we notice the first one, whose whole appearance bespeaks the character of a father. "Hard times" is written on his care-worn brow. In his hand he holds the tin bucket that *did* contain his keenly relished dinner. Labor has left its marks upon his well-built frame. Now he is going home to the family he loves, from which he separated at early morn; his hand in one pocket seems clenched with determined grasp, for it holds his hard-earned wages. Six o'clock is never more welcome any other evening than the one

on which he draws his week's pay. Oh, there will be a happy family at father's return! One of the children will be sent with a basket to the grocery, another to the bakery, while, perhaps, another goes to the shoe store, the bonnet-maker's, and a few other places; then all will be ready for a pleasant Sunday morning. The joys and sweets of life palliate much of its sorrows and bitterness.

By this time the man we first noted is lost in the moving crowd. Many others pass along carrying buckets and wearing almost the same appearance—differing in age, from the spare, thin boy, to the stout youth, the strong man, and even the aged and deformed one bending towards his mother earth and the opening grave. Toil on, nobly, faithfully—the work will soon be done. Brave spirits are needed here, and heroic efforts alone will triumph in the end.

There goes a seamstress with an armful of made up clothing. She is taking them to the store of some Shylock, who imagines he is doing her great service in keeping her from starving. Five chances to one, however, she will not get the cash pay for her work, to meet her week's expenses. What shall she do then? Her worn out frame will not hang together much longer at this rate. Over-tasked nature will give up the determined effort before long. See how thin and wan and sallow she looks. Hear that peculiar cough, brought on by her continual bent posture over her needle. When she dies there will be other victims ready to take her place, and feel thankful that they have at least something to do. She, too, has already disappeared, but we need not be wanting long for another object.

"Please, sir, will you buy some sand, gentlemen?" That is the little "sand girl." She has not sold all her sand to-day. She carries on her shoulder a number of little bags, as thick as your wrist and about half a yard long, filled with sand. She goes from house to house selling it out "by the small." When she fails to bring home her usual amount of money in the evening, her unnatural mother cruelly punishes her. Her little gains her mother spends for strong drink! "What, crying again?" "Yes, sir, it's getting late and cold, and I haven't sold my sand." And if she does not sell it all she must sleep out or get a beating—in anticipation of which suffering she is now crying. God have mercy upon such poor children! With such treatment and training, it will be a miracle indeed if they reach their heavenly home. We, whose condition is far better, what do we not owe in gratitude and service to our heavenly Father?

Reeling and staggering along the sidewalk, there goes a miserable victim of the bowl. He has stopped work early, drawn his earnings, and has just come out of that saloon with less money and more misery than when he went in, a short while ago. What he is pleased to call a "glorious drunk" does not look very glorious if he is a fair specimen of its operation. Mistaking the true source

of pleasure, he seeks to drown the memory of his hard week's labor in the fumes of lager beer, or something stronger. Poor man! irresponsible and without self-control, his week's toil ends in a beastly debauch. The law will soon stand between such victims and those who filch them. The purposes of Providence are ripening fast.

Give way a little or that rowdy-looking set approaching may offer you some insult. What vicious countenances they wear. Stumps of segars stick out at the corners of the mouths of several. Others, in a swaggering way, squirt out streams of tobacco juice, prepared at personal expense of labor, money, cleanliness and dignity to bespatter themselves and others. Their leader stops them in front of the theatre; they read the "posters," are caught by the bait, and are relieved of some of their loose change. Neither their minds nor morals, souls nor bodies, will be benefited by the investment. Only their tastes will be vitiated still more, their appetites excited to a morbid state and unnatural degree—and they will be tenfold more fitted candidates for crime. My soul, come not thou into their councils.

Along, on the other side, is a lame cobbler and his little grandson—the one walking on crutches, the other carrying their week's work in a basket to the store, in whose service he is engaged. One would think that he has hardly body enough to encase a soul. His injuries must have been severe—run over by a dray—and yet he must labor hard in his old days to support himself and others. Years ago, a joyous heart beat in that emaciated breast, where sorrows nestle thickly now. Still, you have seen sadder shades in the faces of those who had less cause to complain. Those who have healthy bodies and sound limbs may feel thankful to God for the blessing.

Down at the mouth of that court you see a group of children; some are black, some are white, and all are dirty. Dirt is a disgrace, more reproachful than poverty. But blame those forlorn little creatures not too severely. That little girl, with those large eyes, lost her mother in the time of the cholera; and this one's father died the next day. The family of the one lived next room to that of the other. So the father of the one and the mother of the other manage to take care of both families now. God grant that those little buds of immortality may expand into blessings to themselves and others, and save them from the dangers and ills of life that seem now to threaten them. Hundreds of light little hearts present no more favorable spectacle than that one before you down there.

Evening is drawing on, and yet we have had time to notice but a few of the passing multitude. Hurrying along on the right goes one fast enough to push down all who do not get out of his way. Perhaps he is on an errand of necessary haste; some one

may be sick and wants the doctor—or it may be he is after some less worthy object. That is the carriage of a rich merchant, who has a fine country seat and a pleasant family, and he is hurrying from the confinement of the store to the loved ones at home—regardless alike of the wants and wishes, the miseries and ills of his suffering fellow creatures around him. He is too selfish to be truly happy. Next look at the poor shop-boy, who has toiled hard all week and is now lugging home to some rich man's house that capacious basket stored with family groceries and delicacies. Not far behind comes a widow with her scanty supply. Which will enjoy them best to-morrow? Let the other characters in the crowd pass on while we thank God for distinguishing favors far above our deserts.

"When daily I walk abroad, how many poor I see,
What shall I render unto God for all His gifts to me."

VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

BY X. Y. Z.

STERN Winter had vanished, so drear and so long,
And woodland and valley were vocal with song,
As down a lone meadow I pensively strayed,
Bestudded with flowers, in beauty arrayed.

Each object encountered seemed pleasant and new,
And beauties exquisite stood forth to my view;
All, all was so simple, so charming and fair—
With Nature, so lovely, O what can compare.

The gay-dancing streamlet, that flowed by my side,
Made music so simple and free from all pride;
Its soft-flowing cadence, its echoes so sweet,
Bro't scenes to remembrance with rapture replete.

I tho't of that music, whose soft-flowing strains,
Distilling like dew-drops on Bethlehem's plains,
Gave "glory to God"—and to mortals forlorn
Proclaimed the good news that a Saviour was born!

I tho't of that moment, when first on my view,
Brake scenes of Redemption, so strange and so new;
When Jesus, who saw me in gloominess grope,
Became to my spirit the "day-spring" of hope!

I thought of yon temple—sweet portals of bliss—
And mansions we enter when called to leave this;
The home of the pilgrim, once wearied below,
And oceans of pleasure unmingled with wo!

That pureness I tho't of—the sweetness and love,
The beauty that reigns in the mansions above;
These visions, so lovely, so blissful, divine—
This beauty, dear reader, this sweetness be thine!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. VIII.—CYPRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS tree, in Hebrew called *TIRZAH*, is mentioned only once in our translation of the Bible. *Is. 44, 14.* It is an evergreen tree, and grows to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. Its trunk is straight, and its limbs, growing shorter towards the top, close up in the form of a regular cone.

This tree is remarkable for the great age which it attains. There are two of these trees in the gardens of the Alhambra, in Grenada, which five hundred years ago were already known as old trees. The wood of the cypress is very fragrant, compact, heavy and durable even after it is cut. It scarcely ever rots, decays, or is worm-eaten—for which reason the ancients made the statues of their gods of it. The imperishable chests which contain the Egyptian mummies were made of cypress. The gates of St. Peter's, at Rome, which had lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Argene the Fourth—that is to say, eleven hundred years, were of cypress, and had in that time suffered no decay. There are large groves of these trees in the Island of Cyprus.

The balsamic odor of the tree is said to be wholesome. This agreeable fragrance of the tree, together with its sombre, solemn appearance, no doubt suggested its being planted over graves, which has been done from very early times.

NO. IX.—CAMPHIRE.

The Camphire, in Hebrew *COPHER*, is perhaps rather a shrub than a tree. It grows from six to ten and twelve feet high. It is a great favorite among the Arabians, and is by them called *henna*.

This shrub or tree is thus described: "The henna is a tall shrub, endlessly multiplied in Egypt; the leaves are of a lengthened oval form, opposite to each other, and of a faint green color. The flowers grow at the extremity of the branches, in long and tufted boquets; the smaller ramifications which support them are red, and likewise opposite: from their arm-pit cavity (*axillæ*) springs a small leaf almost round, but terminating in a point: the corolla is formed of four petals curling up, and of a light yellow. Between each petal are two white stamina with a yellow summit; there is only one white pistil. The pedicle, reddish at its issuing from the bough, dies away into a faint green. The calix is cut into four pieces, of a tender green up toward their extremity, which is reddish. The fruit or berry is a green capsule previous to its maturity;

it assumes a red tint as it ripens, and becomes brown when it is dried: it is divided into four compartments, in which are enclosed the seeds, triangular and brown-colored. The bark of the stem and of the branches is of a deep gray, and the wood has, internally, a light cast of yellow. In truth, this is one of the plants the most grateful to both the sight and the smell. The gently deepish color of its bark, the light green of its foliage, the flowers collected into long clusters like the lilac, are colored, the red tint of the ramifications which support them, form a combination of the most agreeable effect. These flowers, whose shades are so delicate, diffuse around the sweetest odors, and embalm the gardens and the apartments which they embellish; they accordingly form the usual nosegay of beauty; the women, ornaments of the prisons of jealousy, whereas they might be that of a whole country, take pleasure to deck themselves with these beautiful clusters of fragrance, to adorn their apartments with them, to carry them to the bath, to hold them in their hand, in a word, to *perfume their bosoms with them*. They attach to this possession, which the mildness of the climate, and the facility of culture, seldom refuses them, a value so high, that they would willingly appropriate it exclusively to themselves, and that they suffer with impatience Christian women and Jewesses to partake of it with them. The henna grows in great quantities in the vicinity of Rosetta, and constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the beautiful gardens which surround that city. Its root, which penetrates to a great depth with the utmost ease, swells to a large size in a soil, soft, rich, mixed with sand, and such as every husbandman would have to work upon; the shrub, of course, acquires a more vigorous growth than any where else; it is, at the same time, more extensively multiplied; it grows, however, in all other cultivated districts of Egypt, and principally in the upper part."

The flowers grow in clusters. This explains the allusion in the song of Solomon, 1, 14.

The dried leaves of this shrub makes a greenish fragrant powder, with which a very durable red dye is made. With this the Egyptian females stain, ornament or disfigure, as the taste may judge, the soles of their feet, the palms of their hands, and the nails of their fingers.

This powder "is prepared chiefly in Saïd, from whence it is distributed over all the cities of Egypt. The markets are constantly supplied with it, as a commodity of habitual and indispensable use. They dilute it in water, and rub the soft parts which they mean to color: they are wrapped up in linen, and at the end of two or three hours the orange hue is strongly impressed on them. Though the woman wash both hands and feet several times a day with lukewarm water and soap, this color adheres for a long time, and it is sufficient to renew it about every fifteen days; that

of the nails adheres much longer; nay, it passes for ineffaceable. In Turkey, likewise, the women make use of henna, but apply it to the nails only, and leave to their hands and feet the color of nature. It would appear that the custom of dyeing the nails was known to the ancient Egyptians, for those of mummies are, most commonly, of a reddish hue. But the Egyptian ladies refine still further on the general practice; they, too, paint their fingers, space by space only, and, in order that the color may not lay hold of the whole, they wrap them round with thread at the proposed distances, before the application of the color-giving paste; so that, when the operation is finished, they have the fingers marked circularly, from end to end, with small orange-colored belts. Others—and this practice is more common among certain Syrian dames—have a mind that their hands should present the sufficiently disagreeable mixture of black and white. The belts, which the henna had first reddened, become of a shining black, by rubbing them with a composition of sal-ammoniac, lime and honey.

“You sometimes meet with men, likewise, who apply tincture of henna to their beards, and anoint the head with it: they allege that it strengthens the organs, that it prevents the falling off of the hair (the followers of Mahomet, it is well known, preverse, on the crown of the head, a long tuft of hair) and beard, and banishes vermin.”

This practice of staining the hands and nails with the powder of camphire may explain the allusion in Deut. 12, 12. “Pare her nails,” critics say may mean “adorn her nails,” and thus point to the antiquity of this singular practice.

PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lone, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name!

O all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through dubious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

"THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN."

WHEN we first hear these words we are inclined to think there must be in the world some lasting good besides that which is denied from above. But, upon more reflection, we will be led to conclude that every thing of an earthly nature will soon fade away and forever pass from our view.

Wealth, with all the attractions attendant upon it, may for a short time appear to promise to us true enjoyment; but in a moment our fondest hopes may be turned to the bitterest disappointments, and we feel that "There's nothing true but Heaven."

We may trust confidently in those whom we fondly hoped were our friends; but when affliction comes, or when we most need their sympathy, some of those whom we thought were the most faithful, have entirely forsaken us. And the resistless hand of death may take from our midst those few who still remain unchanged, and thus we are led to think that true and lasting friendship is not to be found on earth.

The fair and the beautiful may picture to themselves bright scenes of pleasure, which they soon hope to realize, but how often are they disappointed, how often do all their pleasures fly away just as they are about to enjoy them, and when it is too late, they know "There's nothing true but heaven."

When our life is almost gone, and we see the wisdom, pleasure, wealth and happiness of this world rapidly pass from our sight, and our spirits are about to wing their flight to another world, then can we fully realize "There's nothing true but heaven."

W O M A N .

FROM the lips of woman every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of duty on tenderness and love. For the approbation of woman, the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of maturer years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regards of woman, the man who is become venerable by years derives his chief consolation in life's decline. Who, then, shall say that the one-half of the human race, and they confessedly the most virtuous and the most amiable, may not be entrusted with an intelligence and influence equal to our own? To them, when sorrow afflicts us, we consign half our sufferings, and they cheerfully relieve us by lightening them. When joy delights, we give the half of our pleasures, and they readily consent to share them. They deserve, therefore, the full enjoyment of every privilege that is in our power to confer on them.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

Two sections of our country have been the objects of unusual interest in the political world since our last issue; and though the public acts which have elicited this interest are pregnant with political excitement and sectional jealousy, they are of too much importance to be passed over in silence. We allude to Kansas and Massachusetts. In the one the spirit of lawlessness and brutality has run wild, and in the other Disunion has sat down calmly in the guise of humanity and plotted treason against the general government. It is now admitted as a fact that the recent elections in the territory of Kansas were carried by the preconcerted irruption of an armed mob from Missouri, and that the whole proceeding was a gross outrage upon the rights of the citizens of that Territory and the Union. As was to be expected, such an unjustifiable proceeding has caused a whirlwind of indignation to sweep over the public mind of the north, and thousands who were the friends or advocates of the "popular sovereignty" scheme of the last Congress now condemn the "first fruits" of that measure. It is not just, however, to hold the entire south responsible for the acts of a few thousand excited Missourians, led on by one or two political demagogues—the great bulk of the southern people will repudiate all such demonstrations as dangerous to the perpetuity of our republican institutions; and for the same reasons there are thousands in the north who will repudiate the action of Massachusetts in the passage of the Personal Liberty bill,* which virtually nullifies the Fugitive Slave law. Whatever opinions we and our friends may entertain of that act as one of the compromises of 1850, we do not think the passage of such laws for its obstruction any nearer the right way of working

*This act was passed by both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, and vetoed by Governor Gardiner, on the ground of its unconstitutionality. The veto was no sooner received and read than the bill was again passed over the executive objections, by a vote of 230 to 76 in the House and 20 to 3 in the Senate.

than the organising of a secret and lawless band for the subjugation of Kansas. The issues growing out of that question has caused an excitement in the north never before witnessed, while the action of the Massachusetts Legislature will undoubtedly have a similar effect in the South. This continual feeding the flame of sectional jealousy is much to be regretted by every true lover of his country, who joins in the memorable aspiration of Webster, (in his reply to Hayne,) that when his "eyes should be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, he might not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

An act "to protect the keepers of hotels, inns and boarding-houses" was passed by the Legislature of this State, which provides that they shall not be held responsible for the loss of any articles of value by their boarders or guests, unless they be deposited with them for safe keeping, nor for the robbery of their baggage if they leave their rooms unlocked. It gives also the right of lien upon the baggage for board due, and renders swindling boarders, who come with a mere empty show of baggage, for the purpose of deceiving,

liable to be arrested, imprisoned, and fined to an amount not exceeding \$100. While tavern-keepers are thus justly protected in their rights, we trust they will pay such regard to the rights of those who suffer by the evils of intemperance as will induce them to submit quietly to the new law which takes effect on the first of October.

Governor Pollock has advertised the Main Line of the public works of the State to be sold, at the Merchants' Exchange, in Philadelphia, under the recent act of the Legislature. The property to be sold includes the whole main line of public works, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, consisting of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, the Allegheny Portage Railroad, including the new road to avoid the inclined Planes, the Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, from Columbia to the Junction, the Juniata Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, from the Junction to the eastern terminus of the Allegheny Portage Railroad to Pittsburg, and including also the bridge over the Susquehanna at Duncan's Island, together with all the surplus water power of said canals, and all the reservoirs, machinery, locomotives, cars, trucks, stationary engines, workshops, water stations, toll houses, etc.

The next State Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society will be held at Harrisburg on September 25,-6-7-8, the citizens of that place having subscribed the amount requisite to secure its location in that borough. The annual address will be delivered by Judge Watts, of Cumberland, President of the Society.

The fruits of the Sunday liquor law speak volumes for the cause of Temperance. The Philadelphia Bulletin of a recent date says that on Monday morning the returns of many of the lieutenants of police were blank sheets, not a single arrest having been made in their districts the day before. In several of the wards in which the station houses were formerly filled to overflowing each week with the victims of Sunday tipping, not a single person has been arrested for drunkenness since the going into effect of the Sunday law. If Prohibition works so well one day in seven why not try it the other six?

The Crop prospects are highly encouraging. We have intelligence from all parts of the country, and everywhere indications of a bountiful harvest are

hopefully spoken of. This, in connection with the fact that large quantities of wheat and flour are concentrated at the great Lake-ports, point with almost certainty to a reduction of the present ruinous prices of breadstuffs. The fruit crops, too, look encouraging all over the East, North and West. In the South the planters have suffered much from drouth, and a rise in many of the staple productions of that region is spoken of—particularly in sugars and molasses. In California late developments have shown that the prices of many articles have been kept up by speculators exhausting the market, and they are now beginning to suffer in consequence, and deservedly too. No man deserves commiseration who meets with misfortune by speculating in the necessities of his less fortunate fellows.

Col. Kinney, about whose filibustering movements so much has been said of late, has been held to trial for fitting out an armed expedition to Nicaragua. The Colonel alleges that his three hundred men found on the vessel at Philadelphia were merely intended as a colony; but published extracts from a letter, written to a friend in Texas, go far towards showing an intention on his part to set up a government there on his own account, in violation of our national neutrality laws.

The supplement to the Common School law passed by the late Legislature of this State, contains a section recognizing the "Pennsylvania School Journal," (published in this city by Thos. H. Burrowes, Esq.,) as the official organ of the department of Common Schools of the Commonwealth, and authorizing the superintendent to subscribe for one copy to be sent to each Board of School Directors in the State, for public use, the cost of the same to be paid by the State. The Journal will hereafter contain the current decisions, the annual report, and such other official circulars and letters of explanation as the Superintendent may find it necessary to issue. This will be a great public convenience, and will materially increase the interest and usefulness of that excellent publication, increasing its circulation about 1500 copies. Mr. Burrowes has labored long and at much sacrifice for the cause of popular education, and this mark of confidence was well deserved.

The opponents of the new law to re-

strain the sale of intoxicating liquors in this State are denouncing it as "the jug law," and men who never felt any sympathy for the temperance cause before have suddenly turned bar-room temperance lecturers, and express great fears that this "jug law" will greatly increase intemperance! They should take the epithet home to themselves and throw their fears to the winds. The "jug law" is older than the temperance movement, and the friends of Prohibition never advocated any such measure. They would have had the ancient "jug law" repealed along with the tavern license law, but their opponents objected. If there is anything obnoxious about the "jug law" the anti-temperance men must bear the responsibility of it. The temperance men will repeal it for entire prohibition as soon as they can do so.

The Virginia election on the 24th ult., was warmly contested, and the result watched with unusual interest by all parties. The returns received at the time we go to press leave no doubt of the election of Henry A. Wise, democratic, over Flournoy, American, by a large majority. The democrats appear to have elected their Congressmen also.

THE OLD WORLD.

We have news from England to the 13th of May and from the Crimea to 10th, from which we can gather very little hope for the peace of Europe or of the early determination of the siege of Sebastopol. Although the allies, during their recent incessant bombardment, threw an amount of shot into the town equal in weight to the rails of the entire route of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the advantage gained was but trifling. The Russians repaired during the night the damage done the preceding day. In the numerous sorties and skirmishes which have taken place, the allies have generally come off victors, but the Russians are so well reinforced and supplied that they can afford to laugh at all such repulses. The impression is now obtaining (and we have thought so for a year past) that the allies will yet be compelled to raise the siege and fight their enemy in the open Crimea, in order to cripple him effectually by cutting off his reinforcements and supplies. Under the present state of affairs the allies could not hold Sebastopol hardly long enough to destroy it—but the probability is that the

present occupants would blow up the fortifications as soon the captors entered. In such an event the slaughter would be too horrible for even distant contemplation!

Politically, the war is treated by the London press as a fixture upon the Governments of France and England, and all prospects of its removal by diplomacy regarded as at an end, although the English Premier—Lord Palmerston—had evaded a direct answer in the House of Commons as to whether the Conferences at Vienna were finally broken off or not. The sincerity of Austria is much doubted, and a rumor is mentioned that she was endeavoring to bring all the German States into a league of neutrality. A motion has been notified in the House of Lords of an address to the Queen deploring the failure of negotiations. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, unwilling to see the war persevered in, had resigned the seals of office, and Count Walewski, the French Ambassador at London, had been called home to succeed Drouyn de L'Huys. Considerable surprise is expressed that an American ship, said to belong to Boston, with the owners on board as supercargoes, should have reached a Russian port in the Baltic, apparently laden with cotton only, but having on board 50,000 muskets and 5,000 revolvers. The English Consuls in the ports of the United States are blamed for failing to watch and notify such an adventure. The London Times again expresses astonishment at the reported Russian sympathies of the people of the United States. The writer considers it shocking and revolting.

An attempt has been made to assassinate Napoleon the Little, Emperor of the French. He was shot at in the public street by an Italian named Pianori, who fired two pistol shots before he was arrested. He says he made the attempt to revenge the overthrow of the Roman Republic. The fact that this bold attempt to rob France of her ruler in so foul a manner has created but little excitement in Paris—much less than the murder of the grog-shop pugilist, Bill Poole, did in New York—does not look as if the Usurper stood very high in the affections of the people. Pianori has already been condemned to death; but the successful wholesale butcher of French republicans is still at large and the recipient

of flattering encomiums tendered by constitutional England!

A serious insurrection has broken out in Ukraine, and it is stated that Poland is becoming very restless. The indications tend strongly to show that the allies will yet be compelled to adopt Kossuth's policy of attacking Russia through Poland, Hungary and Italy, before they can indulge any reasonable hope of humiliating the surly Bear or elevating the oppressed nationalities of down-trodden Europe. All of that eminent statesman's predietorial conclusions are being rapidly developed, and haughty England will yet be compelled to admit the Magyar was right.

A great triumph of art has been achieved in the construction of a line of magnetic telegraph from London to the Crimea, which is now complete, with the exception of a portion across the Danube. Notwithstanding this break in the line, a message can now be transmitted from the camp at Sebastopol to the government in England in two hours. In the House of Commons the question is now asked every night whether there is any news from the seat of war, and the answer has almost invariably been, nothing worth communicating. The government has complete control of the wires and great caution is exercised in giving unpleasant news to the public.

The French government has the negotiation of a new war loan of \$140,000,000 under consideration. A pretty sum to be dedicated by a Christian nation to feed the horrors of war.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

CECIL'S WORKS, in three volumes. Including Miscellaneous, Sermons and Remains. New York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal-st.

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, from the Creation of the World to the present time. From the German of Dr. George Weber. Boston: Jones, Hickling and Swan.

These excellent works have been laid before us by the enterprising firm of Booksellers, MURRAY & STOEK, of Lancaster. Cecil is well known as a clear, sparkling, original, earnest and pious writer. In the volume of Remains, which is principally made up of lectures, there is a vast amount of suggestive thought, and many valuable hints for ministers. Weber's is by far the best attempt at Universal History that has yet fallen into our hands. It is not, like most others, a careful consolidation and abridgment of facts; but rather it is

the LIFE OF THE WORLD IN MINIATURE. The German mind, which always views the inward as over the outward, is in it. The facts of history are made to assume their original positions in the living, Christian philosophy of history.

We cannot refrain from referring to the fact that these standard works are but a fair specimen of the well selected stock of the higher order of literature in all its departments which fill the ample shelves of the book store of Murray & Stoek. It is a pleasure, in these times of the trashy deluge (permitted in wrath?) in the book line, to look upon the vast stock of solid volumes which are here brought together—Sunday-school, tract society publications, together with the old and new standard works in Theology. Messrs. Murray & Stoek are paying special attention to religious publications, and are well supplied with the excellent issues of Robert Carter, Lindsay & Blakiston and others. We can confidently invite our friends who visit the city of Lancaster, to make a pilgrimage through the extensive up-stairs and down-stairs of this large book establishment. We may also say, from experience, that there is here, at least in regard to many works, a real advantage in price over city book stores. The advantages of the trade are all open to country dealers equal with those enjoyed by city dealers; and when we consider that there are many items of expense, such as rents, &c., less in country towns, we need not wonder that the large stores in the inland cities can sell cheaper. Lately we purchased a new book in Philadelphia for \$1.25, which we saw a few days after on the shelves of Murray & Stoek for 87½ cents. It is a matter of sincere joy that such centers of literature and light are brought so near to us.

MARSHALL HALL.—The Committee of the Synod of the German Reformed church entrusted with the erection of this hall near the College, in Lancaster, have matured their plans, selected the site, and are moving on with vigor. The subscriptions to the fund have already commenced. It is expected that the building will be commenced after harvest. This hall, which has been neatly lithographed, will scarcely be second in beauty to the fine College edifice, to which it is to stand in friendly brotherhood upon the same hill. Success to it.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—JULY, 1855.—No. VII.

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have said in a previous number that the mind must be cultivated in order to bring out fully the true spirit and character of a sister, and fit her for her sphere. The influence of mind is compared to light. To have a cultivated mind is to be enlightened. It is intelligence that gives definiteness and clearness to thoughts and actions.

In the natural world light reveals the nature of objects, and their relations to each other; it enables us to judge of them, and to act properly in reference to them. Without light a great part of the world would not exist for us—afford us neither advantage nor pleasure; and objects would possess neither beauty nor power of reflection. It is light that gives to gems their glory, to grass its beautiful green, to the sky its hues, and to flowers their delicate and varied colorings. What light is to the world without us, that is intelligence to the world within us. It gives to all the faculties of the mind enlargement and polish—to all the affections of the heart beauty—and to all the actions of the body grace. It gives dignity to the brow, light to the eye, and life to the countenance.

How important, therefore, is this element in the formation of the female character. It inspires reverence, confidence, and respect. It gives dignity to actions. It begets that prudence and wisdom without which there is but very little true influence. It is easy to see how necessary all these things are to one who would fill properly the position, and sustain the relations of a sister in the family.

Especially powerful and beautiful is intelligence when it has its ground and root and life in piety—when the light of intelligence is a holy light, giving new ornament to modesty, humility, meekness and piety.

The true sisterly character is not complete without an education of the social nature—the manners. This is intimately connected with the heart and the mind. Those things in which piety manifests itself we call the graces—the outward manner of piety.

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Those things in which mind externalizes itself we call cultivation, refinement, polish. True social cultivation always presupposes religion and intelligence.

There is a social polish which is produced by mere outward influences, a mere repression and regulation of the outward being. This is a false social cultivation. True manners, like true piety and intelligence must spring from within. It must not be formal and fashionable, but living, free, and natural. It must not be the forced and cramped production of rules, but the outflow of life—the natural exhibition of inward grace. A true, intelligent Christian needs no instruction in regard to manners. Grace itself is the highest politeness—piety the best regulator of social intercourse.

The sociality of a sister must have the domestic or home-element. Social life, like the rose whose inner petals are most delicate and loveliest, must unfold itself with greatest perfection, in the inner, smaller circles of social life. They do not love abroad who do not love first at home. The very fact that God's order makes it necessary for our affections, in their forming period, to unfold in the family, proves that the home-element is to be their first and their deepest element. Only in proportion as the home feeling pervades a sister's heart has she influence in the family and over the hearts of brothers. Not with any feat of social skill abroad do we love to associate a sister's memory, but with the sober, steady sunshine of joy and love at home.

A sister that shows fondness for vain and giddy display can never hold a sweet and lasting influence over a brother's heart. The light accomplishments of the ball-room he will despise in proportion as he grows earnest and grave. In temptation her airy image, hovering as in the maze of the dance around him, will be no angel touch, or angel whisper to give strength and courage to his soul. In trouble he will feel resort to a sister's sympathy and love, but how then can that airy image of vanity be welcome to him? He will despise it in proportion as his own earnest sorrow differs from the remembrance of her folly. When he remembers her as he sojourns among strangers the very recollection of her light-heartedness will cause her in his own mind to stand apart from all fit sympathy with the plaintiveness of his lonely heart.

In all these circumstances, to be welcome, a sister's form and image must come up in memory, not like a gilded butterfly, a wayward plaything of the air, but mild, earnest, and solemnly tender, like the form and face of an angel—coming bright and cheerful in the joy of her message, but at the same time bearing the holy solemnity of that whence the message comes.

The recollection of anything light and foolish in the past is always unpleasant and repulsive, in others, as in ourselves. No child can stand on the grave of a mother and think with pleasure

of her as a dancing mother. Nor can a sister be so remembered without pain either when she is dead, or when the brother whose thoughts would turn to her is in sorrow. What appears in the past must be serious or earnest, or we hate it. Not so must a sister dwell in a brother's heart. That is the true expression of a brother's heart which speaks to a sister thus:

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometime the while,
My sister, dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O think not, think not of me there;
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

See, then, the model of a sister. She is pious—from her shines out a holy light. She is intelligent—adorned with the materials of wisdom. She is social—rich in all the graces of domestic love. Happy are they who have courage and grace necessary to become all this. If this is your high and holy aim in all your thoughts and studies and prayers, then happy are those around your hearth and home who call you sister.

EVENING HYMN.

THE shades of night around are cast,
And twilight dews are falling fast
Upon a sinful world.
Hear, gracious God! O hear my prayer,
And let my safety be Thy care,
And keep me from the tempter's snare,
Until the bell, at morn, shall tell
Night's sable robes are fur'd.

Oh God! whate'er of wrong I've done
Since I, an erring child, begun
Upon Thy care to live—
All wicked words I may have said—
All wicked thoughts my heart hath fed—
Now, for the sake of Him who bled
And died for me, on Calvary,
I pray Thee to forgive.

ROGER SHERMAN.

"The self-taught Sherman urged his reasons clear."

ROGER SHERMAN was born at Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721. His great-grandfather, Captain John Sherman, came from Dedham, England, to Watertown, Massachusetts, about the year 1635. His grandfather, William Sherman, was a farmer in moderate circumstances. In 1723 the family removed from Newton to Stoughton. Of the childhood and early youth of Sherman little is known. He received no other education than the ordinary country schools in Massachusetts at that time afforded. He was neither assisted by a public education nor by private tuition. All the valuable attainments which he exhibited in his future career were the result of his own vigorous efforts. By his ardent thirst for knowledge, and his indefatigable industry, he attained a very commendable acquaintance with general science, the system of logic, geography, mathematics, the general principles of history, philosophy, theology, and particularly law and politics. He was early apprenticed to a shoemaker, and he continued to pursue that occupation for some time after he was twenty-two years of age. It is recorded of him, that he was accustomed to sit at his work with a book before him, devoting to study every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged. During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Sherman was placed on a committee of Congress, to examine certain army accounts, among which was a contract for the supply of shoes. He informed the committee that the public had been defrauded, and that the charges were exorbitant, which he proved by specifying the cost of the leather and other materials, and of the workmanship. The minuteness with which this was done exciting some surprise, he informed the committee that he was by trade a shoemaker, and knew the value of every article. He was sometimes accused, but without justice, of being vain of the obscurity of his origin. From the distinguished eminence which he reached, he probably contemplated with satisfaction, that force of mind and that industry, which enabled him to overcome all the obstacles which encompassed his path. For the gratification arising from such a contemplation, no one will be disposed to censure him.

When he was nineteen years of age his father died. His eldest brother having previously removed to New Milford, Connecticut, the principal charge of the family devolved on him. At this early period of life, the care of a mother, who lived to a great age, and the education of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, brought into grateful exercise his warm, filial and fraternal affections. The assistance subsequently afforded by him to two of his younger brothers, enabled them to obtain the inestimable advantages of a

public education. He continued to reside at Stoughton about three years after the death of his father, principally employed in the cultivation of the farm, and in otherwise providing for the maintenance of the family. Before he was twenty-one he made a public profession of religion. He thus laid the foundation of his character in piety. That unbending integrity which has almost made his name synonymous with virtue itself, was acquired in the school of Christ and his apostles. Mr. Sherman used to remark to his family that, before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he had learned to control and govern his passions. His success in these efforts he attributed, in a considerable degree, to Dr. Watts' excellent treatise on this subject. His passions were naturally strong, but he had brought them under subjection to such a degree, that he appeared to be habitually calm and sedate, mild and agreeable. All his actions seem to have been preceded by a rigorous self-examination, and the answering of the secret interrogatories, What is right? What course ought I to pursue? He never pounded to himself the questions, Will it be popular? How will it affect my interest? Hence his reputation for integrity was never questioned.

In 1748 he removed with the family to New Milford, a town near New Haven, Connecticut. He performed the journey on foot, taking care to have his shoemaker's tools also transported. He there commenced business as a country merchant, and opened a store in conjunction with his elder brother, which he continued till after his admission to the bar, in 1754. He discontinued his trade as a shoemaker at the time this connection was formed. In 1745 he was appointed surveyor of lands for the county in which he resided. Astronomical calculations of as early date as 1748, have been discovered among his papers. They were made by him for an almanac, then published in New York, and which he continued to supply for several successive years.

About this time, a providential circumstance led him to aspire after a higher station in life. He was requested by a friend to seek for him legal advice in a neighboring town. To prevent embarrassment and secure the accurate representation of the case, he committed it to paper as well as he could before he left home. In stating the facts, the lawyer observed that Mr. Sherman frequently resorted to a manuscript which he held in his hand. As it was necessary to make an application by way of petition to the proper tribunal, he desired the paper to be left in his hands, provided it contained a statement of the case from which a petition might be framed. Mr. Sherman reluctantly consented, telling him that it was merely a memorandum drawn up by himself for his own convenience. The lawyer, after reading it, remarked, with an expression of surprise, that, with a few alterations in form, it was equal to any petition which he could have prepared himself, and that no

other was requisite. Having then made some inquiries relative to Mr. Sherman's situation and prospects in life, he advised him to devote his attention to the study of the law. But his circumstances and duties did not permit him at once to follow this counsel. The numerous family, which the recent death of his father had made, in a considerable degree, dependent on him for support and education, required his constant exertions in other employments. But the intimation which he there received, that his mind was fitted for higher pursuits, no doubt induced him at that early period of life to devote his leisure moments to those studies which led him to honor and distinguished usefulness.

At the age of twenty-eight years he was married to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell, of Stoughton, Massachusetts, by whom he had seven children. She died in October, 1760. Two of his children died in Milford, and two after his removal to New Haven. In 1768 he was married to Miss Rebecca Prescott, of Danvers, Mass., by whom he had eight children.

In May, 1759, he was appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas for the county. He was for many years the treasurer of Yale College. From that institution he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. After success in some measure had crowned his efforts, he still continued to apply himself to his studies with the most unremitting diligence. Encouragement, instead of elating him, only prompted him to greater effort. In the profession which he had chosen, perhaps more than any other, men are compelled to rely on their own resources. Such is the competition, so constant is the collision of various minds, that ignorance and incompetency will surely be detected and exposed.

In 1766 he was appointed a judge of the superior court of Connecticut. In the same year he was chosen an assistant or member of the upper house of the legislature. The first office he sustained for twenty-three years, the last for nineteen years; after which a law was enacted rendering the two offices incompatible, and he chose to continue in the office of judge. It is uniformly acknowledged by those who witnessed his conduct and abilities on the bench, that he discovered in the application of the principles of law and the rules of evidence to the cases before him, the same sagacity that distinguished him as a legislator. His legal opinions were received with great deference by the profession, and their correctness was almost universally acknowledged. During the last four years in which he was judge, the late Chief-Justice Ellsworth was an associate judge of the same court; and from the period of his appointment, in 1785, until the death of Mr. Sherman, a close intimacy subsisted between them. The elder President Adams remarks that, "It is praise enough to say that Mr. Ellsworth told me that he had made Mr. Sherman his model in his youth. Indeed, I never knew two men more alike, except that the chief-justice had

the advantage of a liberal education and somewhat more extensive reading."

The period of our Revolutionary struggle now drew near. Roger Sherman, as it might have been expected, was one of the few who, from the commencement of hostilities, foresaw what would be the probable issue. He engaged in the defence of our liberties with the deliberate firmness of an experienced statesman, conscious of the magnitude of the undertaking, and sagacious in devising the means for successful opposition.

In August, 1774, Mr. Sherman, in conjunction with Joseph Trumbull, Eliphalet Dyer and Silas Deane, was nominated delegate to the general congress of the colonies. He was present at the opening of the first congress. He continued a member of this body for the long period of nineteen years, till his death, in 1798, whenever the law requiring a rotation in office admitted it. In his new post of duty he soon acquired distinguished reputation. Others were more admired for popular eloquence, but in that assembly of great men there was no one whose judgment was more respected, or whose opinions were more influential. His venerable appearance, his republican simplicity, the inflexibility of his principles, and the decisive weight of his character, commanded universal homage. In the fatiguing and arduous business of committees he was indefatigable. He was always thorough in his investigations, and all his proceedings were marked by system. Among the principal committees of which Mr. Sherman was a member, were those to prepare instructions for the army in Canada; to establish regulations in regard to the trade of the United Colonies; to regulate the currency of the country; to furnish supplies for the army; to devise ways and means for providing ten millions of dollars for the expenses of the current year; to concert a plan of military operations for the campaign of 1776; to prepare and digest a form of confederation; and to repair to head-quarters at New York, and examine in the state of the army.

On the 11th of June, 1776, in conjunction with John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and Robert R. Livingston, Mr. Sherman was appointed on the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence. The committee was elected by ballot. The Declaration, as it is well known, was written by Jefferson. What amount of influence was exerted by Sherman, in carrying the measure through the congress, is not certainly known. The records of the proceedings of that illustrious assembly are very imperfect. John Adams says of him, that he was "one of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution." While he was performing the most indefatigable labors, he devoted unremitting attention to duties at home. During the war he was a member of the governor's council of safety.

In 1784 he was elected mayor of New Haven, an office which he continued to hold during the remainder of his life.

In 1791 a vacancy having occurred in the Senate of the United States, he was elected to fill that elevated station.

On the 23d of July, 1793, this great and excellent man was gathered to his fathers in the seventy-third year of his age. He died in the full possession of all his powers, both of mind and body.

The most interesting lesson which the life of Mr. Sherman teaches us, is the paramount importance of religious principle. His undeviating political integrity was not the result of mere patriotism or philanthropy. He revolved in a higher orbit. The volume which he consulted more than any other was the Bible. It was his custom to purchase a copy of the scriptures at the commencement of every session of Congress, to peruse it daily, and to present it to one of his children on his return. To his familiar acquaintance with this blessed book, much of that extraordinary sagacity which he uniformly exhibited, is to be attributed. The second President Edwards used to call him his "great and good friend, Senator Sherman," and acknowledged that, in the general course of a long and intimate acquaintance, he was materially assisted by his observation on the principal subjects of doctrinal and practical divinity. "He was not ashamed," says Dr. Edwards, "to befriend religion, to appear openly on the Lord's side, or to avow and defend the peculiar doctrines of grace. He was exemplary in attending all the institutions of the gospel, in the practice of virtue in general, and in showing himself friendly to all good men. With all his elevation and all his honors, he was not at all lifted up, but appeared perfectly unmoved.

"That he was generous and ready to communicate, I can testify from my own experience. He was ready to bear his part of the expense of those designs, public and private, which he esteemed useful; and he was given to hospitality." What an example is here presented for the youthful lawyer and statesman! Would he rise to the most distinguished usefulness, would he bequeath a character and an influence to posterity "above all Greek or Roman fame," let him, like Roger Sherman, lay the foundations in the fear of God, and in obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Another most important practical lesson which we derive from the life of Mr. Sherman, is the value of habits of study and meditation. He was not only distinguished for integrity, but for accurate knowledge of history and of human nature—the combined fruit of reading and reflection. "He was capable of deep and long investigation. While others, weary of a short attention to business, were relaxing themselves in thoughtless inattention or dissipation, he was employed in prosecuting the same business, either by revolving it in his mind and ripening his own thoughts

upon it, or in conferring with others." While laboriously engaged in the public duties of his station, he had, every day, a season for private study and meditation.

The legacy which Mr. Sherman has bequeathed to his countrymen is indeed invaluable. The Romans never ceased to mention with inexpressible gratitude the heroism, magnanimity, contentment, disinterestedness, and noble public services of him who was called from the plough to the dictator's chair. His example was a light to all the subsequent ages. So among the galaxy of great men who shine along the tracts of our past history, we can scarcely refer to one, save Washington, whose glory will be more steady and unfading than that of Roger Sherman.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not seek to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE FORTUNATE KISS.

THE following little story by Miss Bremer, is taken from *Sartain's Magazine*. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, chatting away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a very young, elegant lady who was at the side of an elderly one, walking slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men now stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed—

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered: "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain but singularly good-looking at the same time)—our hero immediately walked off to the young lady and said, "My fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his as-

piration, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness, "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

L U C Y .

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

T H E D E A D .

WHEN the clear, red sun goes down
Passing in glory away,
And night is spreading her twilight frown
On the open brow of day;
When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
And all of light is fled—
Then, then does memory, sad and lone,
Call back the dear ones dead.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. II.—SPEAKING EVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O how good is it and tending to peace to be silent about other men, and not to believe promiscuously all that is said, nor easily to report what we have heard."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE scriptures enjoin upon us not to speak evil of any one. We venture to set this down as one of the much neglected commands. It is with many professing Christians practically obsolete; and can be indulged in without the protests and reproofs of conscience.

Let us see whether it is plainly a command. "Speak evil of no man." Tit. 3, 2. "Speak not evil one of another, brethren." James 4, 11. "Let evil-speaking be put away from you." Eph. 4, 31. These are all plain, and to the point. It is therefore just as much a command as, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Yet how weak, how forgetful, how wicked are we on this point. How easily and how often do we fall into this sin.

This is a sin of the tongue. The members of our body, like the faculties of our minds, and the affections of our hearts, are all to be instruments of righteousness. We are to hear good with our ears, see good with our eyes, and speak good with our tongues. But how easily do these members—and the tongue not the least among them—become the instruments of unrighteousness unto sin.

The tongue is a noble member. It is remarkable that the word which, in the Psalms, is often translated "glory," is the same as the one which is translated "tongue." When the sacred poet says "my glory rejoiceth," he means my *tongue* rejoices. The tongue is the glory of man. In man, too, it reaches its highest perfection and honor; for in man alone does it speak intelligent words. As the tongue is thus the greater glory of man, the evil use of it becomes his greatest disgrace.

It seems that the crowning honor which grace confers upon man is upon his tongue. When the Holy Ghost, the author of all the graces came, he crowned the disciples tongues with glory. When any one has once had his tongue completely sanctified and devoted to God, he has attained the heights of grace. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." James 3, 2. The same James represents that the tongue controls the whole man, as the helm turns the ship whither-soever the pilot will, or as the bit and bridle controls the horse. "It defiles the whole body." The tongue is a kind of general, commanding hosts; either directing them to rest or retreat, or else

to advance to battle. Words are the signals for fight. Words open the fountains of bitter waters. Words kindle the fire of hell.

Speaking evil is therefore an evil worth attending to; and the command which forbids us to speak evil, ought not to loose its practical power upon our hearts. Let us endeavor to understand it. What means the injunction: "Speak evil of no man?"

Does it mean that we are not to speak of the evil of others? No, no. The evil which exists in others is a proper subject for observation and remark, when it is done in the right spirit and for a proper purpose. The sacred writers spoke often of the evil of men, both in their presence and in their absence. The Saviour spoke publicly and freely of the evil hearts of the Scribes, Pharisees, Publicans, and others. They did it to hold up their evil as evil, to reprove them for it, and to warn and instruct others, taking them as examples of the sins against which they spoke. So we may do, and not be guilty of speaking evil.

So far from being sinful it sometimes becomes a duty to speak of the evil of others. As, for instance, when the civil courts or the church council calls upon us to testify of the evil of which we know another to be guilty. Here truth and right, the ends of civic justice, and the purity of the church require us to reveal the evil which we know. In these cases we may speak of the evil of others without speaking evil of them.

It may also, in more private cases, be our duty to reveal to others the evil which we know. Thus: it may be necessary for us to guard our friends against the evil of evil men by speaking to them of their evil. If we know a certain one to be a dangerous companion, it becomes one of the most sacred duties of friendship to warn him who is in danger of being drawn after him to his own hurt. If there is one in the community who is a sharper, and we know the fact, we must not be silent when we see a friend, or even a stranger, about to fall into his hands. It is the very height of love, and consequently in full accordance with the spirit of piety to point out serpents, pit-falls and snares, wherever we know them to exist, and see that others are in danger from them. Thus, too, we may speak of the evil of others, without speaking evil of them.

Once more, let us ask: Do we then speak evil in all cases when we speak of them that which *they regard as evil*? No, no. Those that made money by the soothsaying damsel thought it a very bad kind of speaking against them which the apostles did, when they "saw that the hope of their gains was gone," yet the men of God did none the less right in showing their abominations to all in the way of reproof and warning. Demetrius, who made silver shrines for Diana, and had his wealth by that craft, regarded that as evil speaking which caused that "this craft was in danger to be set at nought;" yet Paul hurled his words of exposure like scathing thunderbolts at the idolatrous trade. The age of the world in

which we live is not free from men, who, steeped in stupidity and ignorance, and with consciences seared, are prone to call their evil good, and to glory in it as right and good. Do we then speak evil of them, because we declare their evil to be evil, when they themselves are either too ignorant or too wicked to see it as evil. Certainly not. Our Saviour spoke of that as evil in others which they themselves did not see and regard as such, and yet he spoke evil of no man. Men may, therefore, regard us as speaking evil of them when we are merely exposing their evil which they know not as such, to them and to others, and thus reprove them for it.

Now we have learned that neither to speak of the evil of men, nor to speak that which they regard as evil speaking, is a violation of the command, "Speak evil of no man."

We answer now, that to speak evil of men in the sense of the scripture, is to speak that which it is evil *in us* to speak, and to speak that which will be evil *to them*. Let us look at the first of these: Speaking that which requires sin in us to speak is evil speaking. We ourselves are affected by what we speak. Even if our words had no effect upon others, if evil, they will burn a mark into our own hearts. It is evil therefore to speak words which will so blot and blacken our hearts; and we have no right to speak such words—if we do we speak evil.

Let us look at the second: We speak evil when we speak words which will be evil *to them*—words which will wrong them, wound them, injure them. We do them evil when we speak *untruth* of them; when we speak only *part* of the truth; and when we speak *more* than the truth. To tell an untruth is to lie. To tell only part of the truth is to detract. To tell more than the truth is to exaggerate. If you show to another only part of an object he cannot rightly judge of it. Nor can he know it as it is if you so add to it as to cover part of it, and to give wrong proportions to the rest. So it is with any representation we may give in words. To relate part will mislead; to relate more than the whole will also deceive. That is a deep and comprehensive formulary which is used in our civil courts when an oath is administered: "Will you tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth." This rule is worthy of serious consideration and careful application whenever we speak of others. A violation of this is the sum and substance of evil speaking.

How has reputation suffered, how has influence been destroyed, how have ties been sundered through evil speaking! What injury has man thus inflicted upon man! Man in his social relations is like a vine that can only be strong, grow and become fruitful as it fastens itself to, and leans upon something else. To cut these tender fastenings is to hurl it to the earth and cover its hopeful life with ruin. By whispers to cut a man loose from public confidence; by stabs of slander to break the social tendrils by which

he has fastened himself in the hearts of others; through misrepresentation to cause him to be repelled and shunned by floating suspicions—this is work for a devil—this is murder that reaches deeper than the body!

We may not run riot in this sin to this dreadful extent. It is only monsters that do. Yet how often, through weakness and temptation and thoughtlessness, are we guilty in a degree—form a rill to this dark stream. We think not as we should of the serious consequences of our many words. We watch not as we should over our lips. We pray not as we should that the Holy Spirit may so reign in us as to savor all that we say with grace.

Let us not overlook the wide range which this command takes. Speak evil of *no man*. Good or bad, high or low. Is he beneath us?—why should we still more distress and debase even the worm that lies at our feet? As he is far beneath us, so be our pity and our tenderness towards him more. Is he above us? God has placed him there. Let us beware how we assail him. Is he above us in talents, in moral excellence; it is the monument which God has raised to His own honor. Is he above us as occupying a civil office?—he is God's minister, has His authority, and bears His sword. It is ours to reverence and honor him in his office. Is he above us in the divine office of the church?—then let us beware how we touch the Lord's anointed! God has put him into His own place, and says "he that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me." Even corrupt Pharisees are to be honored as long as they are in Moses' seat; and Paul will not speak disrespectfully of the high priest, even though he be a "whited wall." In the office we are to reverence the man; and we are not allowed to "speak evil of dignities." How much evil speaking of this kind there is, even among professed Christians!

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren." This speaks to Christians. Certainly in this inner and holy fellowship there should be spoken only the most careful and courteous words. "He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law." For the essence of the law is love; to speak evil of a brother is to ignore that law. As the mouth speaks out of the abundance of the heart, it is hard to reconcile evil speaking with the existence of grace in the heart. It implies hatred to our brother, or at least an indifference to his welfare: this is the direct opposite of what grace produces. If we can speak evil of our brother whom we have seen, how can we love his God and our God, whom we have not seen. The Jewish Rabbins have a maxim: "No one can speak evil of his brother without denying God." They also regarded the sin and fall of the devil as the result and punishment for evil speaking. Satan intimates that God had forbidden the tree of life to our first parents

through envy, "He doth know that ye shall be like God," therefore he does not wish you to eat of it!

We ought not to overlook the meanness of the sin of evil speaking. It is a way of injuring others which in many cases leaves him no opportunity of correcting the false impression. It is well called, in one of its manifestations, "back-biting." It is also called, in another of its forms, "whisperings." These words strikingly exhibit its mean and sneaking character. Hence evil speaking is within the reach of any capacity. It requires no talents, no education, no polish, no refinement, no parts of any kind; these are rather in its way. The most ignorant and degraded, the lowest and meanest spirit that crawls on the earth, licks the dust, or wallows in corruption—the foulest and most contemptible moral maggot is capable of it. Yea, is only the better fitted for the wretched work. Shall one raised into sympathy with the heavenly life in Christ Jesus fall into such a fellowship of meanness and sin? "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me."

The foulest whelp of sin. The man
In whom this spirit entered was undone.
His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods;
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and hope, and that sweet time
When first I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a friend, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE STRANGER.

BY SELDOM.

SOME years ago our home was in a southern State. It has been a long while since, and many things have faded from my memory. One event, however, has found a lasting lodgment there; although it happened when I was very young, yet even now it is often recalled fresh to my mind amid the excitement of the times in which we live.

Towards the close of a chill November day, an individual stopped at my father's house and petitioned for a home and fare for the night. He stated that he was a stranger, sick, and destitute of means and money. The needy and forlorn looks of the unfortunate stranger won sympathy in his favor. His request was readily granted, and the invalid-looking guest awakened an interest in the family in his behalf. My mother from her own kind heart, as well as from principle of Bible duty, regarded the stranger as the child of misfortune, and therefore entitled to generous kindness.

Bible commands and promises concerning the treatment of strangers are not wanting. "Thou shalt not vex the stranger." "Ye were strangers in a strange land." "There shall be one law to you and to the stranger." There is a stranger's God who looks with no indifferent eye upon the treatment of this class of His creatures. My children may be strangers; then God have mercy on them, for the kindness shown to others in similar circumstances. Has not that prayer been answered more than once! My mother trusted to a faithful God.

A stranger may be "one of the least of those little ones" in befriending whom we may be doing it unto Christ. Our relation to our fellows makes it an unquestionable duty to do all in our power to alleviate the distress of suffering humanity. Man, alas! often hears not the call of this duty and looks upon scenes of wretchedness and misery with selfish indifference. While here and there individuals may be found who like a generous Howard, have souls alive to this duty; the great mass of men live in and for themselves only, and have no concern for any thing beyond sordid interests.

Of the condition of the many whose lot is to be numbered with the unfortunate part of our race, that of the stranger is doubtless the most to be commiserated. He least of all perhaps receives the attention of those whose hearts do sometimes beat in sympathy when moved by "melting pity's call." That the stranger is an unfortunate member of our race it is presumed there are few, in view of the movements in our day, willing to deny. Here, in these evil times, to be a stranger is to be unfortunate. The hardness of

the stranger's lot is this: he cannot help the Providence that has prevented him from being born in the bosom of our own or your own family.

With this apparent digression, we proceed to narrate the simple story of that stranger's woes and wrongs. First, let us introduce him to your notice. He was of a meagre, tall and commanding form, and for one of his age right straight withal. Thin and poorly clad, dressed in a suit of threadbare black. His head and brow bespoke a mind of more than ordinary mold. The undoubted marks of intelligence lit up his face. The fire of his large black eyes still burned with much of its original lustre. Eloquence, beaming from the eye, surpasses all other forms of expression; and thus he poured unfeigned gratitude upon his generous host, who had so freely granted his supplication. His hair, once black, was now mixed with "many hoar and gray," which seemed to indicate that it had felt the blanching frosts of some fifty winters. A deep expression of melancholy spread over his countenance—in short, his whole appearance was that of a careworn man, of one who had poignantly felt the chilling pangs of disappointed hopes, and suffered many of life's keenest woes.

That stranger *once had* a home and friends. A mother's warm heart once did beat as tenderly for her "baby boy" as my mother's ever beat for me, or yours for you. Far from mother, sister, friends and home now, he became the hapless stranger that you see him. Notwithstanding the visible marks of rough-handed time and ruthless fate upon his person, there were yet also traces of former happiness and better days. Something still remained which plainly told the attentive observer that his condition was not always as it now appeared. Only those who have been like him situated can know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land, what it is to be homeless, friendless and alone. God pity the stranger's lot!

The morning of his life had dawned in Italy, where all things were as bright to him as the rising sun on a clear summer day. There first he breathed the pure air, fragrant only with the balmy odors of the flowering groves. There those dark eyes first drank in heaven's clear light. Early joys there filled his soul with pristine emotions never to be forgotten. There, too, with enrapturing delight, peculiar to the enthusiastic soul of those born and nurtured in the "sunny south," he beheld the surpassing natural beauties of fruitful plains, the vine-clad hills, and the glassy surface of the seas reflecting from their smooth bosoms the bright and dazzling floods of light, as the king of day sinks to rest in his place in the west. The land of poets, where once the Muses dwelt, where every hill is crowned with the remembrance of mighty deeds, where once proud Rome flourished in magnificent glory—that land was his home. He could once call it his own native land. A land which to those of other climes appears so lovely, must have been

peculiarly dear to him. There were the scenes of his first, his only, his fondest love, where he was encircled too by friends and luxurious affluence.

Providence saw fit to change his lot. Regardless of his happiness, he was torn from his friends and the embrace of those he most dearly and tenderly loved. He was cast upon our own free shores. Misfortunes never come alone. In almost every walk and at almost every turn the needy stranger was driven and repulsed from the door of the selfish, unfeeling man of the world—often perhaps through sheer thoughtlessness and ignorance of his real condition. The unsympathizing fathoms not the harrowed look of disappointment, of sadness, and of loneliness which the stranger ever wears in his face. This is often seen even when the houseless and homeless wanderer does not depend upon the cold charities of the world for his daily bread. How often has not a sympathizing look and a kind soothing word of a new found friend, as radiant sunshine, cleared up and dispelled the clouds from the beshrouded brow! Or, in the case of the needy, as he goes away cold, hungry and sick, we can see the inward feelings of his heart portrayed, in the sad expression of his dejected countenance; while thoughts of *home* and absent *friends* stir up the deep yearning fountains and inmost broodings of the soul.

Alas! even in our happy, blessed America, on Freedom's soil, the stranger finds "there is no place like home." Even here, wandering on, an outcast from society and its privileges, destitute of many of the comforts and necessities of life, the stranger is made to feel too keenly the bitter pangs that gnaw into the vitals of the sad heart. Who in this selfish, money-loving, business-driving world has the time or disposition to stop and inquire after the hapless, forlorn and persecuted stranger? Who will sympathize with him in his distress, or impart a word of consolation to him, as he buffets with the storms and billows on life's mad tossed ocean?

Having suffered many of the ills incident to a stranger's lot, through many wearisome years, he resolved once more to see his native land, and in his happy boyhood's home commune with friends. Then when life's flickering flame would cease to burn, the hand of some kind one might close his eyes in death and satisfy stern nature's last sad claim. But in this too he was doomed to be disappointed. The fell monster in the form of a wasting disease had already fastened on his vitals and marked for his own. Death met him in this foreign land. He never left our house. In that upper corner room he went to bed, grew worse, and in a very short time died. No loving mother, no affectionate sister, no sorrowing friend was there, whose tender hand would wipe the death sweat from his brow. These were not there to prepare and cheer his lone soul for

its solitary journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death. All alone he met the mighty conqueror, the King of Terrors.

His remains were decently buried near the banks of the beautiful Antietam. The great national road, near which is his grave, has grown less noisy since the stranger sleeps there. The rolling stream still murmurs on as it did when first we laid the weary stranger down to rest under the branches of a "weeping willow." Two rough, nameless and unlettered stones marked the spot where his body is buried. His requiem is still chanted by the spring zephyrs, the summer breezes, the autumnal winds and the wintry storms, as moaningly they revel among the branches which overhang the grave. No longer now does he feel the stranger's cold rebuff. There he will continue to rest alike unmindful of the busy, heartless world passing by upon the road, and of the gently gliding waters of the stream as they roll onward to the mighty ocean.

His friends are doubtless, if alive, uncertain of his fate to this hour; but when the last trump shall summons the cold, dark grave to give up its dead, he will arise and come forth. Then the stranger and others will stand in the presence of the Judge who will say to the righteous, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in—forasmuch as ye did it to the least of one of these, ye did it unto me."

If we have gained by this plea for the stranger, for the forlorn and friendless wanderer, one cup of cold water, one crust of bread, one soothing word of sympathy, of comfort or of pity, our labor has not been in vain.

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

TO A REDBREAST.

BY LANGHORNE.

LITTLE bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee or me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou 'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.

BOTANICAL REFLECTIONS.

BY NATHAN.

"Ye are the scriptures of the earth,
Sweet flowers fair and frail:
A sermon speaks in every bud
That wooes the summer gale."

YES, flowers are the bibles of Nature, on whose blushing pages we can learn lessons of divine truth. They are the hieroglyphics of inspiration, full of mysterious meaning. They constitute an evangelical picture-gallery, where Nature exhibits her native, untutored skill in the art of spiritual painting. They are the living untarnished symbols of the graces and virtues of our holy Religion.

"Great God gave to each
A language of its own;
And bade the simple blossom teach
Where'er its seeds are sown."

We have a feeling for flowers akin to the tenderness which parents have for their children. We can pet and caress them for hours with singular fondness, and have even caught ourselves talking to them. "Childish illusion," you will say. Well, perhaps it is. And yet a harmless illusion, which we are by no means willing to abandon. We have often more patience with our flowers than with our friends. We can bear with their drooping, lingering growth for months, nurse them with unabated devotion during a crippled, sickly existence, and with a soft hand smooth their dying pillow. He who could neglect or destroy a plant on account of its declining health, or heedlessly tramp upon a flower, need not think hard if we mistrust his friendship. Such an one betrays a degree of selfishness which would make him a very doubtful friend.

It has often seemed to us that the science of Botany, like some of its kindred sciences, measurably retarded the very object it professes to advance. Hitherto the treatment of plants, with few exceptions, has been too mechanical. In studying the conformation of flowers and their practical analysis, our text-books and professors in botany, give undue prominence to their mere mechanism. If the student of botany is able to analyze a flower, which often means nothing more than to tear it into shreds; if his memory is sufficiently faithful to retain the names and numbers of the several parts, he is at once put down as an adept in botany. This has given rise to a race of literary hypocrites, having the form of botany, but denying the power thereof. Endeavoring to awe the world into respect for their vast learning, by a long array of technical terms, which, like the long prayers of the Pharisees, is simply a sham.

We have always had an insuperable aversion to technical terminology in the study of botany. Apart from the inconvenience and inutility of applying foreign names to plants, it divests them of their home-associations. All our domestic flowers are historical monuments. They are like the costly cathedrals of ancient times. Each has a distinct history, every page of which is filled with family reminiscences. They are like suns in the firmament of home, around which revolve many fragrant memories. They shed a joyous radiance over the history of youth, and are often pleasant helps to pious meditation. We are passionately fond of the rose, and value it as a precious floral album, in which are the autographs and kind wishes of friends whom we are loath to forget. It contains the history of a few large rose-bushes around the old homestead, and tells some very pretty stories in which our boyish mirth acted a prominent part. Shakspeare says—

"That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

But this is true only in fragrance, but not in fact. Perhaps this was all he meant by this assertion, as he made it with the view of proving a particular point.

We still admire and feel tenderly attached to the honeysuckle, as well for its intrinsic worth as its historic associations. Like the joy we experience when in a country far from friends and their happy society, we become acquainted with a near relative of a beloved one at home, so is the acquaintance with every new honeysuckle we meet. We recognize in each one a near relative to the old friend which spanned the old gate-way to our garden, underneath whose shady bower we oft would sit us down to watch the busy humming-bird loitering from flower to flower. It tells us of the hands which trimmed and trained it; hands ever busy to relieve the suffering and comfort the distressed. It speaks eloquently of the kindness of a pious mother, not lost but gone before. But it does this in the affectionate simplicity of its native household language, and not in the unpronounceable, heartless idiom of a foreign tongue. Hence we deprecate that spirit of retrogressive innovation which would rob our favorite flowers of names consecrated by the happy recollections of childhood. Tax the ingenuity of botanists as much as you please to invent classical names, our hearts cling with tenacious fondness to names which we were taught in the school of home, and we will call them by no other. Why darken counsel by words without knowledge?

We could never reconcile the prevailing method of analysing flowers with the dictates of a sound taste. There is something revoltingly cruel in tearing to pieces these fairest specimens of Nature's handiwork simply to gratify our curiosity. We regard it as a species of botanical rationalism, which cannot believe a single

petal, unless it is first lacerated by the criticism of Reason and smell. We have no objection to a post-mortem examination, if the cause of botany requires it. But to commence the operation on a living flower, fresh and fragrant with the glow of beauteous life, is a murderous business. You will perhaps say that we assign to flowers a sensibility which they do not possess. Although they lack the properties of animal life and sensation, they are living organic embodiments of ideas. They are maternal expressions of the beautiful. And to lay violent hands on forms of living beauty is committing sacrilege and murder in the Temple of Nature.

By this time our readers doubtless will put us down as an Old Fogey in botany, far behind the times. Well, be it so. Our mind is conscientiously unbotanical, so far as the mechanism of flowers is concerned. If lectures, text-books, and fields can make a practical botanist, there is no reason why we should not be one. For we have passed through the whole ordeal of botanical drilling. Climbing mountings, traversing meadows, penetrating forests—these were excursions in which we gave full proof of our floral prowess. During the hottest days of the hottest summers we ran, rough-and-tumble, after a professor noted for his pedestrian agility. We gathered as large a proportion of plants as any of our classmates. But here our dexterity was at an end. To pluck the petals and sever the heart-strings of flowers still fresh with life, required a species of vandalism which we never could acquire. We were therefore deficient in analyzing plants because the violent rupture of their parts grated so harshly upon our nerves as to confuse our calculating faculty, so that usually we were among the last to discover the classes, genera and species to which they belonged. On our return we would collect specimens which we were requested to analyze at our leisure. But think you that we would calmly and deliberately pull the life out of a flower simply to gratify curiosity? As well might you expect us to pull the feathers out of a live bird to examine their pretty colors, or to make an incision into the larynx of a live canary, to get at the secret of its melodious voice. Within the premises of our room at least flowers were protected from the cruel vandalism of botanical science. There we would nurse, water and pet them, while they retained a spark of life. Their demise would always be attended with becoming solemnity. And no one could venture with safety to lay rude hands upon them.

Perhaps some one will accuse us of disobedience to a superior. We are protestants in botany as well as in theology. In either case it is right to refuse the commission of a wrong act. In the competency of our professor we all had the utmost confidence. He was a man born and eminently fitted for his station. For it is with the botanist like with the poet, he is *born* and not *made*, as our own history doth most clearly prove. He was an enthusiast in his profession. None of your mechanical book-worms, who

never venture away from the pages of the text-book. He was a complete walking herbarium fast and daring, that would bid defiance to streams and mountains. He would prop himself up in some fence-corner or recline beneath some welcome, long-wished-for shade-tree, and extemporise for hours on the nature and history of plants, interspersing his remarks with occasional passages from Goethe or Schiller. Thus he brought from the treasury of his capacious memory things new and old. What piles of plants he had collected! A perfect hay-stack of specimens, gathered and secured by his untiring diligence.

The good man still teems with the vigor of botanical lore. Long may he live to bloom in the realm of botany and letters. Should his eye meet these pages, he will please accept this faint allusion to his worth, as an humble tribute of gratitude from one who fondly cherishes his memory and dearly values the benefits of his instructions. May he pardon the botanical indocility of his devoted pupil and this indelicate assault upon the old and long-established customs of his favorite science.

Would he learn our progress in this branch of natural science? We have not analyzed a flower since we passed out of his hands. Yet we have examined and praised many a one, and promoted their cultivation. We consider their cause so sacred as to plead it from the sacred desk. Our interest in flowers, however, is mainly spiritual, which to our view is more creditable than a mere mental interest. We gave them a place in our heart while others convert their brains into a floral memorandum. It is well to do both. But if any is to have preference, we would most decidedly choose the former. We abhor abstractions as nature abhors a vacuum. Whether in theology, politics or botany, they are both unnatural and unreal. We view every flower as a concrete reality, a living tint, whose symmetry, structure and tinted beauty will not admit of a reduction to vulgar fractions. Therefore we examine flowers by synthesis and not by analysis.

ETERNITY.

Thou rollest on, oh! deep unmeasured sea,
 Thy length and depth a mystery profound;
 Days, weeks, years, centuries—in immensity
 Pass on, nor leave a footstep, nor a sound.
 Thou lightest up thy smooth, unwrinkled brow,
 Beyond the limit of our utmost thought;
 A shoreless space, where ages mutely bow
 Like bubbles on thy bosom, and are not.
 We hear a tramp of feet, we see a throng
 Of generations flashing through the gloom;
 They fade and others rise, and far along
 Thy caverns yawn, and Nature finds her tomb
 In the—but tho u, nor young, nor old, art evermore
 One all-pervading space—a sea without a shore.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. X.—THE OLIVE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Olive is a most interesting tree, and is very frequently referred to in the Holy Scriptures. It flourishes in the East, and especially in Syria, where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to its growth. Naturalists mention eighteen kinds of olives, but there are only two kinds mentioned by the sacred writers: the cultivated and the wild olive. Rom. 11, 17, 24. The most prominent difference between these two is, that the wild olive is considerably smaller than the cultivated, and its fruit, when it bears any, is far inferior.

The cultivated, fruit-bearing olive, is thus described: "It is of a moderate height, and thrives best in a sunny and warm soil. Its trunk is knotty, its bark is smooth, and of an ash color. Its wood is solid, and yellowish. Its leaves are oblong, and almost like those of the willow, of a dark green color on the upper side, and whitish below. In the month of June it puts forth white flowers, growing in bunches, each of one piece, and widening at the top, and dividing into four parts. After this flower, succeeds the fruit, which is oblong and plump, somewhat like a plumb in shape. It is first green, then pale; and when quite ripe, it becomes black. Within it is enclosed a hard stone, filled with oblong seeds."

The olive is referred to in scripture as a beautiful tree. God says of Israel, when he shall be restored from his despoiled condition, "his beauty shall be as the olive tree." In the parable of Jotham this tree receives the first honor: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees." Well and modestly said. It will be a happy time when all men learn to know their places so well, and are more anxious to fill well the sphere they occupy than look ambitiously higher.

The branches of olives have, from the earliest times, been the symbol of mercy, reconciliation and peace. The presentation of a twig of olive was the same as to say, Let there be no strife between us. Thus when the waters of the flood began to abate God gave the dove an olive leaf to bear back to the ark, to show Noah that His wrath was overpast.

The preservation of the olives was regarded as an evidence of the special favor of God. So shall it be a blessing of God in a pious family; "the children shall be like olive plants round the table"—

they shall flourish in peace and plenty. On the other hand the destruction of the olive was a strong mark of God's displeasure: "Thou shalt have olive trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with oil; for thine olive shall cast his fruit." Deut. 28, 40. See also Habak. 3, 17.

The olive was especially valued on account of the oil which it yielded, which was a great luxury, and could be put to various uses. A full-sized tree, when it bears vigorously, produces a thousand pounds of oil. In gathering the olives, the Jews were bound to remember a very touching commandment in regard to the poor. "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." Deut. 24, 20. Hear that, ye who not only stint, but even spurn the poor! Your spirit is not even as good as Judaism, to say nothing of christianity. Moses will condemn you; how then will you answer Christ!

The manner of making the olive oil, and the uses made of it, are thus described: "The olives, from which oil is to be expressed, must be gathered by the hands, or softly shaken from the trees before they are fully ripe. The best oil is that which comes from the fruit with very light pressure. This is sometimes called in Scripture *green oil*, not because of its color, for it is pellucid, but because it is from unripe fruit. It is translated in Ex. xxvii. 20, *pure olive-oil beaten*, and was used for the golden candlestick. For the extraction of this first oil, panniers or baskets are used, which are gently shaken. The second and third pressing produces inferior oil. The best is obtained from unripe fruit; the worst, from that which is more than ripe. The oil of Egypt is worth little, because the olives are too fat. Hence the Hebrews sent gifts of oil to the Egyptian kings. Hos. xii, 1. The inferior quality is used in making soap. But the Hebrews used oil not merely in lamps, and with salads, but in every domestic employment in which butter is serviceable, and in the meat-offerings of the temple. It is observed by travelers, that the natives of oil countries manifest more attachment to this than to any other article of food, and find nothing adequately to supply its place.

"A press was also used for the extraction of the oil, consisting of two reservoirs, usually eight feet square and four feet deep, situated one above the other. The berries, being in the upper one, were trodden out with the feet."

The Mount of Olives derives its name from the number of fine olive trees which have in all ages flourished upon its sacred heights, as well as in the "sad Gethsemane" at its foot. The garden, or rather the plot where it once was, has still its sacred olives.

"There are still," says Robinson, "within this enclosure, eight very old olive trees, with stones thrown around their trunks." What associations cluster around this rural spot. "Giving myself

up," says Robinson, "to the impressions of the moment, I sat down here for a time alone beneath one of these aged trees. All was silent and solitary around; only a herd of goats were feeding not far off, and a few flocks of sheep grazing on the side of the mountain. High above towered the dead walls of the city, through which penetrated no sound of human life. It was almost like the stillness and loneliness of the desert. Here, or at least not far off, the Saviour endured that "agony and bloody sweat," which was connected with the redemption of the world; and here in deep submission he prayed: "O my father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done!"

'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Needs not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight—and from other plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

BLEST IN CHRIST.

Nor eye hath seen so fair a sight,
Nor ear hath heard so sweet a sound,
Nor heart enjoyed such pure delight,
As in my Saviour I have found.

On Him my brightest hopes repose,
And sweetly in His love I rest;
While He is near I fear no foes,
But in Him feel supremely blest.

'Tis Jesus—who, in life, shall be
My hope, my joy, when sins prevail:
'Tis Jesus who shall comfort me,
When every other hope shall fail!

X. Y. Z.

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

"I will be even with my bitterest foe,"
Revenge exclaims, and then returns the blow.
"I'll be superior"—should the Christian say,
And kind forgiveness readily display.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

There are thousands of men who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. Those would give half their fortunes if they could be set back and have the leisure for mental culture which young men are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race. With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

FAREWELL, MOTHER.

Farewell, Mother, thou hast left us
For a bright and heavenly sphere,
Providence has thus bereft us
Of a friend and mother dear.

Farewell, Mother, thou art happy
While in our bosoms grief doth swell,
Mourning here thy long, long absence—
Farewell, Mother, fare-thee-well.

Farewell, Mother, we in sadness
Round thy lifeless body stand,
While thy spirit waits in gladness,
In the bright and heavenly land.

Farewell, Mother, gone for ever,
Never more on earth to dwell,
And thy pleasing voice shall never
More salute us—fare-thee-well.

Farewell, Mother—gently sleeping
With a smile upon thy brow,
Which does seem to chide our weeping,
For thee who art happy now.

Farewell, Mother, thou must molder
Underneath the cold, cold ground,
Never more shall we behold thee,
Till the last loud trump shall sound.

Farewell, Mother, thy calm features
Plainly tell us all is well,
Yet it pains our hearts to leave thee,
And to say the last farewell.

Farewell, Mother, may we meet thee
Where the heavenly chorus swell—
Midst the happy we will greet thee,
Never more to say farewell.

GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

The most cheering fact we have to record as the development of the past month is the prospect, now reduced to an admitted certainty, of one of the most abundant grain and fruit harvests with which we have been blessed for years. From all sections of the country the accounts were favorable during the earlier part of the season, and now the wheat crop is so far advanced as to be beyond the reach of any serious injury, unless from the depredations of the weevil, which has not yet made its appearance, at least in this section. During a trip through parts of Lancaster, Chester and Montgomery counties near the close of the month, we everywhere beheld evidences of the most ample rewards of the labors of the husbandman. The quantity of wheat out is very large and well headed. In some places the heavy rains which occurred about the 24th ult. beat much of it down, where the straw was too heavy, but the process of heading and filling were too far advanced to result disastrously. The only loss which would be likely to result to the farmer might be in the increased labor of cutting and gathering. The Peach crop will be unusually fine, the trees everywhere being literally burdened with this luscious fruit. The apples and other fruits will be abundant. The crops of corn do not look to be as forward as might seem desirable, owing to the extreme backwardness of the season, though if the late rains are followed by a few weeks of settled, warm and "growing weather," the average yield will compare favorably with other years. The same may be said of the potato crops, though we hear some of the farmers expressing their fears that "we are having too much rain," and that "the potato crop will be ruined!"

We have often been struck with the disposition of farmers to complain or murmur when there is no cause for it. No matter how high the prices they receive for their produce, you seldom hear a farmer who is willing to admit that he is "making anything." Such a dispo-

sition is to be much regretted and seriously deprecated. The farmer is the true nobleman of nature and the most independent of any class of society. He has all within himself upon which the existence and necessities of life, with the substantial comforts of Home, really depend. The blessing of Providence rests upon him in a peculiar manner, and he should be the last of men to murmur at His dispensations. Our land has never yet been cursed with a famine, and however much the poorer classes in the large cities may have suffered, the farmer in this country has really never experienced the trial of Want. Besides, as a general thing, the calls upon his benevolence are much less frequent and heavy than upon the citizens who are called upon almost every year to alleviate the distress of their suffering poor. During the past year, especially, the farmer has been peculiarly favored. While he has received the highest, and, in some instances, the most exorbitant prices for the produce of his farm, the wages of such labor as he is obliged to employ have not been increased in an adequate proportion. Then, ye noblemen of nature, who, under Providence, cause the desert places to blossom and the wilderness to bring forth fruit to make glad the heart of man, be grateful and murmur not, lest God be angered and smite the land of your hope.

The great event of the political world during the past month has been the assembling, deliberations, and, finally, the partial dissolution of the National American or Know Nothing Convention at Philadelphia. Like the old political parties this new one, which had swept the entire north as with a whirlwind of unprecedented triumph was doomed to split at last upon the rock of Slavery. A resolution being adopted, by a vote of 80 to 59, affirming "the existing laws upon the subject of slavery as a final and conclusive settlement of that question in spirit and in substance," the delegates from the northern States withdrew and unanimously agreed upon an appeal to the People in which

they denounce the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act and declare that they "will use all constitutional means to maintain the positive guarantee of that compact until the object for which it was enacted has been consummated by the admission of Kansas and Nebraska as free States." The newspapers both north and south are advocating the formation of parties on this issue, and from present indications the presidential campaign of 1856 will be a very exciting and ambiguous contest.

The friends and opponents of the Maine liquor law have been severely exercised of late on the subject of the recent liquor riot in the city of Portland. Neal Dow was bitterly denounced by the liquor press as a murderer and his "illegal acts" held up to the public as the cause of the riot. The official investigations and reports have triumphantly acquitted Mayor Dow and thrown the responsibility of the riot, with all its consequences, upon the enemies of the law, who conspired to destroy city property under the power of mob law. The authorities were justified in every step they took, and had the Mayor hesitated to use the authority placed at his disposal, and the mob been allowed to destroy the City Hall, with its contents, he would have been denounced as a cowardly and inefficient executive by every opposing press in the country, and the enforcement of the Maine Law represented as an impossibility. They are now pretty well satisfied that prohibitory liquor laws can and will be enforced as well as other laws, and we trust the lesson which Hon. Neal Dow has taught his enemies will not be without its good effect on all interested.

The unconstitutionality of the new liquor law has been argued in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, before Chief Justice Shaw, on the appeal of a woman who had been sentenced to the House of Correction for selling liquor, and was committed to jail, not being able to give bonds. The Attorney General and District Attorney appeared for the Commonwealth, and after an argument of several hours, the Court postponed a decision. Judge Shaw afterward decided that the thirty-second section of the liquor law, giving the right to appeal, is repugnant, inconsistent, unconstitutional and void; that it has no force to repeal statutes

inconsistent with its provisions, and that it therefore leaves the revised statutes in full force, so that a committal in accordance with the old statute is valid, although the commitment would be wholly unsupported by the new law. The committal was therefore sustained. This may be considered a very important decision in sustaining the enforcement of the laws against the traffic.

The friends of Horace Greeley were shocked with the intelligence, brought by the last European arrival, that this celebrated editor and philosopher had been imprisoned in France, where he is attending the French Industrial Exhibition. The natural supposition was that the event had a political character and that the Imperial Government had been paying him off for some excessive frankness of a democratic nature of which he or his paper had been guilty. Such however was not the case. His Imperial Majesty limits his repressive measures toward *The Tribune* to the frequent suppression of copies sent to subscribers in France, and has not yet laid his heavy hand on the person of any member of that establishment in his dominions. The history of Mr. Greeley's adventure is narrated by himself in a very happy manner, occupying four columns of his paper. The arrest was made at the suit of Lecheze the sculptor, who had a claim against the Crystal Palace of New York for a statue—which still lies safe and sound in one the courts of the Palace—and who thought to hold Mr. Greeley pecuniarily responsible as a director of the Association. The Court however refused to adopt Mr. Lecheze's view of the matter and discharged the defendant. Mr. Greeley spent two days in "Clichy," resolutely refusing to pay the unreasonable demand, and he gives a very graphic account of prison life and a chapter of good philosophy on getting into debt and prison. It was a fortunate circumstance that Horace got into "Clichy," otherwise his readers would have been deprived of the most interesting and spicy letter he ever wrote from Europe.

Morals in California seem to be improving under the restricting influence of wholesome legislation. The anti-gambling law has gone into operation and its provisions are reported to be very generally complied with, causing considerable satisfaction among the people. The El Dorado House, the

principal and most fashionable gambling house in San Francisco, has closed its doors and put up a bill "to let." The Sabbath is much better observed than formerly, and the subject of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors is steadily and rapidly gaining ground.

The liquor dealers in this State are proving the new law to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors to be a much better one than its friends claimed for it—at least we have a right to infer so by their conduct. Attempts were made during the past month to get up "glorious demonstrations" in favor of the repeal of this "odious jug law" at Reading and Lancaster, but they both turned out to be glorious failures, pleasing nobody but the temperance men, who would like to see such Rum demonstrations held every week. The Reading Journal says a few such would cause even Old Berks to give her 8,000 majority on the other side of the question. We are confident that the law cannot be repealed except to give place to entire Prohibition.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Mexico seems doomed to suffer a continual succession of internal dissensions and bloody revolution. From the intelligence received under date of the 2nd ult., we learn that Santa Anna was again driving the revolutionists before him. He had captured the town of Zamora and taken two thousand prisoners. He then left for Aris, where General Comonfort was stationed with twenty-five hundred men. Numerous small bands of the revolutionists had been dispersed by the government troops in various parts of the country. Brilliant fetes had been held in honor of Santa Anna's re-election to the Dictatorship, at one of which a manifesto from him was read, the tone of which indicates that the progress of the revolutionists under Alvarez gives the wily Dictator a vast deal of trouble and uneasiness. The Yucatan slave trade is extensively carried on under the guise of colonization schemes, and land belonging to American residents at Lagaira had been seized for government purposes, for which the chances for compensation were very doubtful.

Accounts from the Rio Grande state that the whole of Northern Mexico is in a ferment of revolution, in consequence of the arrival of an emissary of

Santa Anna at Monterey, with orders to arrest and put to death several of the leading citizens. The Governor was forced to surrender, but the lives of the victims were spared. The insurgents made a demonstration upon the town, and the Governor fled. The revolutionists in San Luis Potosi had issued a pronunciamiento, and troops were preparing to leave Matamoras to quell the insurrection. Chihuahua is reported as on the eve of a revolution.

Later accounts state that the revolutionists have captured Monterey, and that about seventy officers and twenty-six pieces of cannon, with other munitions of war, were captured. Caravajal had again recovered himself and encountered the government troops. It is also stated that the insurgents had taken possession of Guanajuato and that Victoria and Saltillo had joined the revolutionists. Conflicting and unreliable as these reports undoubtedly are, it is certain that with the revolutionists in the North and in the South, and Caravajal fighting on his own responsibility, Santa Anna has about as much to contend with as he can well manage.

From South America late intelligence represents the various republics in that region to be in a state of peace, although the people of Bolivia and Ecuador are much affected with fears of invasions by Flores and Santa Cruz, who are harbored and allowed to prepare hostile expeditions in Peru. It is also stated—not on the best of authority, however—that the abolition of slavery had fallen so severely on the cultivators of land in Venezuela that a scheme of law had been introduced in congress to diminish the rates of taxes now imposed upon agricultural produce; but it is more probable this proposition to lower the taxes on industrial pursuits arises from a liberal desire to encourage the native industry of the country.

THE OLD WORLD.

A disinterested spectator watching the pending struggle before Sebastopol between the Russians and Allied armies, would scarcely, in the opinion of the New-York Times, know which to admire most—the besiegers, for their persevering and impetuous valor, or the besieged, for their stubborn and heroic resistance to one of the most potent combinations that the world has ever seen arrayed against a single nation. Again the news from the

theatre of war is of an exciting character; more especially when it is contrasted with the wearying sameness of the dispatches received during the Winter months. It seems that the Allies have at length found the right man to fill the right place; for though General Pelissier may be steeped to the eyelids in moral turpitude, he has, nevertheless, within a few weeks, proved himself to be an energetic soldier and an able commander.

The mails brought by the St. Louis informed us that, through the active operations of the Kertch expedition, no less than four war steamers and two hundred and forty vessels, employed in conveying supplies to the Russian army in the Crimea, have been destroyed. By the Asia, we learn further that the bombardment of Sebastopol was recommenced on the 6th of June, and that after a fierce cannonade of three days' duration, the French attacked and carried by assault the "Mamelon" and the "White Tower." Though the allied forces—now undoubtedly in splendid fighting condition—have given proof that they will not leave the Crimea, but will prosecute the war with determined vigor, yet their recent achievements will not bring the campaign to such a speedy issue as the London Parisian press would have us believe.

The Russians have lost one valuable source for vivandizing their army; but there are others that must necessarily be cut off before they can be starved into submission. It must not be forgotten that several rivers are navigable from the very centre of the Russian Empire, and that among them is the Dneiper, which empties itself at Oczakow, within forty miles of the town on the Isthmus of Perekop. These large rivers are all open to the carriage of every description of materiel to the Crimea, and from their banks there are well constructed roads to Perekop. The entrance of the French and English squadrons to the Sea of Azoff is but the opening of a new and more desperate campaign—the first step towards cutting off the hitherto inexhaustible supplies of Prince Gortschakoff. We know not yet by what means the Russian General can counteract the advantages his enemy has acquired; but from past experience it is fair to infer that he is not wholly destitute of resources. Sebastopol itself is composed of a series of defences, each of which, it appears,

must be separately taken. Several have already fallen; and, though the siege will, in all probability, be greatly protracted, the recent successes of the Allies seem to indicate that the fortress, which has so long and so grandly withstood their attack, must eventually be captured.

The general news from Europe by these arrivals is not of any special importance.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

CHURCHES OF THE VALLEY: or an Historical Sketch of the old Presbyterian Congregations of Cumberland and Franklin counties, in Pennsylvania. By Rev. Alfred Nevin, of the Presbytery of Carlisle.

It is a mistaken idea that works of this kind are only of local and demographical interest. They are a part of the inner history of our country; and the true way to bring out the elements of our common civilization is to bring out the history of the churches of our "vallies;" for these have molded hearts, minds, families, society, and government. These churches of the various denominations are the fountains which have poured grace and gladness over the land. He that attempts to write the history of our State or county without including their influence, is as great a fool as he who would improve Shakspeare's play of Hamlet by leaving the part of Hamlet out. Not so? Thanks, then, to the men who bring out the "history of the churches." The wise men who shall write our history in after time, will find more use for these local ecclesiastical histories than they will for the cords of political rant and cant which political archives preserve. These last will be viewed as the foam of fermentation; the first as the pure old wine beneath, and growing better by age.

We have often been surprised at the indifference of churches and pastors to the local history of their congregations. Most of the history of our oldest churches could yet be traced back—but it will not be long possible! The "dim period when records fail," will soon have vanished beyond our reach forever. Why do we not gather up these interesting reminiscences of the "olden time" while yet we may? Again we say, thanks to Mr. Nevin for having undertaken so good a work, and for having accomplished it so well. We hope he will continue the good work by giving us the history of other "vallies."

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—AUGUST, 1855.—No. VIII.

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. III.—RASH AND UNCHARITABLE JUDGING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practice the same."

"JUDGE not." This injunction, in the sense which our Saviour intended it should bear, is at the present day much disregarded. Of this every close observer is convinced. Rash, harsh, and unmerciful judgments flow from the lips of men as naturally as water from a fountain. Men talk, in this respect, with a readiness and assurance as if they had a direct commission from God to judge the world and all that are in it.

There are two causes for the prevalence of this sin at the present day. One is this: This is a hasty age. Every thing goes with a rush; and all things are done in a hurry. Men think, speak and act hurriedly. There is not sufficient deliberation. Whatever comes up is dispatched at first sight and first thought. Matters come up before the mind and are passed off with a haste which isolates them from their proper explanatory connections, and so they are judged, censured, condemned. What room here for mistake! What danger of rash decisions. What a temptation to harsh, ill-considered judgment.

The second cause is this: Society is divided into sections, parties, caste, clans. It is so in politics; it is so in common social life; it is so even in the church. Here are sectional interests, creating sectional jealousies and envies. Narrow-minded zealots think they can only go up as others go down. Thus the broken segments of society are thrown into an attitude of opposition and contradiction to each other. Individuals and parties become the spies of one another; and here is the greatest temptation to rash and uncharitable judgments. The one party finds it difficult to do justice to the other; and innocence falls under the ban of censure.

Let us endeavor to get the precise meaning of our Saviour's "Judge not."

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It does not forbid us to form an estimate of the characters and moral worth of one another. We may sit in judgment upon the acts of our fellow men. This is a privilege and a duty. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Neither does it hinder us from taking part in judging and condemning the guilty in a civil process. We may sit as judges; we may weigh a fellow being in the scales of justice as jurors; we may stand as witnesses and detail faithfully the evil we know of those arraigned. This, too, is duty.

Nor yet does it forbid us the right of judging an unworthy brother in the church—bringing him up for trial, testifying what is true against him, suspending and separating him from the church if he be found an offending member. This, too, is plainly enjoined.

The judging, therefore, which is condemned is a private, uncharitable judging—a hasty private decision without proper evidence—a harsh, censoriousness without charity—a condemnatory spirit that speaks only by its own assumed authority.

The radical meaning of the word which is properly translated "judge" is, to separate, to divide. That kind of judging is forbidden which causes Sunderings and separations. This is the legitimate fruit of hasty, inconsiderate and condemnatory judgments.

It separates the one whom we rashly judge from *us*. If I am joined to a fellow being in confidence and love, an evil report of him has a tendency at once to disturb that relation in proportion as I give it credit. The moment I entertain it as true the separating process has commenced. There is something in me that withdraws from him. If, therefore, I hastily accept the report as true, I hastily divide myself from him; I suffer myself to estimate him less than before; and this in a hasty way and without sufficient ground. So I do him injustice in my own mind, the effect of which, operating at the time only on me, separates me from him.

It separates the person wrongly judged from *others*. This is done when the rash judgment passed in my own mind is expressed to others. Every one to whom I make known my judgment is, by it, so far as my influence goes, separated from the person whom I have rashly judged. Thus I go to one, two, three, expressing my opinion, and in each case I sunder ties, separate friends, and isolate the victim of my harsh judgment in the midst of society.

It separates from God. The relation of God to man is that same relation of love which man is to sustain to man. That love which binds society together is only the continuation or extension of the love which flows from God to man. God binds men to himself through men. If, then, I separate myself from men, and men from men, by uncharitable judging, I labor to sunder myself and others from God. Thus the elements of judging are in the spirit of separations and divisions, separating us from others, men from men, and men from God. The most solemn of all is, that where

this spirit is habitual in any one it is a strong evidence that such an one is separate from God and man. He falls under the just condemnation of all good men, as observation will prove to all who reflect. And as to his standing with God, his own spirit of harsh judgment is the prophesy of his doom. "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

We all feel that this sin which our Saviour condemns, proceeds from a most unlovely as well as wicked spirit. We, no doubt, feel also that, by temptation, we have often been in a degree drawn into it. We have, moreover, frequently made resolutions for the better; and even now we desire never to fall into its power. But how shall we guard ourselves against it? We will, in answer to this question, offer a few rules.

1. Be always unwilling to believe anything of your fellow being. The spirit which is guilty of this sin is just the opposite of this. Those who easily fall into unmerciful judgment of others, are willing, yea, desirous of believing the evil which is reported. It is a luxury, it does their hearts good to hear an evil report of another. It gladdens their hearts like good news from a far country. "It is too good to keep." They get uneasy in the possession of it. They burn to communicate it to others, and are unhappy until it is circulated. "Report," say they, "and we will report it." Jer. 20: 10.

The true spirit is the opposite of this. We must hear it unwillingly, painfully. It must distress us instead of giving us joy. We must hope and believe that it is not so, and be distressed if it should be true—desiring most earnestly that there may be some mistake about it, which will be in favor of the accused person. Do not even civil courts proceed upon this principle. They regard every man innocent until he is proved guilty—believing him guilty only as a last resort, when his guilt is forced upon their conviction by the evidence. Would you wish to be brought before a court when the judge should be anxious to believe and find you guilty, and when all his desires should lay against you? Even the law leans on mercy's side. How does this fact put to shame that spirit of harsh judgment which glories and is glad in the weakness and sins of men in such a degree as even to find them quickly where they do not in truth exist.

2. Take not up evil against another at first report. To do this is rash. It is unsafe. It is unjust. In such an important matter as the reputation of another, there must be deliberation. This requires a suspension of judgment long enough to know the facts. That first report must wait for confirmation. We must not at once "take up a reproach against our neighbor."

How often is it found that first reports are rash, exaggerated, and greatly untrue. They come blowing upon us like a cloud of

dust, unfitting us to see or to judge; and when the dust has blown away, and the face of society is calm, things look quite differently from what they at first appeared. Is it not a matter of daily occurrence that first reports deceive us? How wise, then, the rule which bids us suspend our judgments for further confirmation or correction. Let the evidence be ample, and that it may appear to be, or not to be so, give it time.

3. Always put the best construction upon what you hear to the detriment of others. Those who report may have self-interest in giving it a strong coloring. Even what is true may have much to palliate it. It may have its ground in a peculiar weakness in the person. There may have been much ignorance in the case, which must be "winked at." It may have been an unguarded expression, drawn out in confidence, which the reporter has betrayed. It may have been an error fallen into under an extraordinary press of temptation. In short, let every consideration which can palliate it be brought forward. Let there be that charity which is not easily provoked, which believeth all things and hopeth all things. As we do in the case of our dearest friend, when we think of a thousand constructions and explanations of what we hear, so as not to implicate him, so must we do to all. Hang to them, cling to them, till forced away by clear and overpowering facts showing his unworthiness. "O, Ephraim! how can I give thee up?"

Let, then, these three rules be observed. Believe unwillingly; believe not immediately; believe only when forced to it. So shall you be much aided in withstanding this sin of rash and uncharitable judging. If any farther considerations are necessary to inspire us with suitable horror and disgust in view of this wickedness it is easy to find them. Let a few be considered.

It is always a proof of low life. It betrays at once a want of all proper cultivation. It is not found in truly refined society. Observation will prove that where rash judging is a habit, there is always a coarseness of character, meanness of disposition, a narrow and grovelling spirit. Our Saviour alludes to this when he reminds them that while they would censure defects which are small, like a mote, they themselves have them as coarse as a beam.

It always betrays a spirit of envy and jealousy. The one who is guilty of it betrays this meanest of dispositions. It seeks to elevate itself by depressing others. It cannot endure any excellence that rises above its own wretched self. This was the spirit of Satan; having fallen himself he could no more endure to see the happy innocence of our first parents. He is still "the accuser of the brethren;" and all who do the like are his children. Quaint, solemn, old Jeremy Taylor, has well said: "There is not in all the world a worse devil than a devilish tongue."

Seeing the meanness and malice of this spirit in others ought to fortify us against the sin. We ought often to mirror ourselves in

the characters of "these persons who have stings instead of tongues, and venom in all the moisture of their mouth, and reproach in all their language—that make nothing of murdering their brother's or their sister's fame—that invent evil stories falsely and maliciously—or believing them easily report them quickly, and aggravate them spitefully, and scatter them diligently."

Young man, young woman, learn early to hate and shun this sin of rash judging. Cultivate a courteous, charitable and merciful spirit towards all your companions. Thus shall you be agreeable to them, and escape the censure of your Saviour.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

WHEN I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages
Through which pure feelings roam,
But its middle isle is sacred,
To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
Like a rosebud, from the blast;
Where boyhood's brief elysium,
In joyousness was past.
To that sweet spot, forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision;
'Tis his old, old home.

A father sat (how proudly!)
By that dear hearthstone's ray,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's day;
And one soft eye was beaming—
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear ones who were swelling it
Are with the seraphim.)
The fond "good-nights" at bed-time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us altogether
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowrets,
Close intertwined each heart,
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart.
But sainted, sainted memories,
Like angels, ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

TITLES AND TOYS:

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN OF LARGER GROWTH.

BY NATHAN.

AMERICAN society is constitutionally impetuous. It partakes largely of the steam and telegraphic elements, the proud offspring of its native genius. Start it on the track of a principle and it will either dash to doom or into a ditch. And if it is seized with a stubborn fit it will run the wrong direction with all our law-makers on board, in spite of the remonstrance of a stifled conscience. We are predisposed to a species of mania. We have one among many proofs of this in the indiscriminate extravagance of conferring titles. Colleges, congress and communities, vie with each other in the solemn business of dubbing and brevetting human worth. Whilst our ancestors required a long process of training and heroic trials to entitle them to marks of honor, our age has discovered a more expeditious route to fame. Great men is what the world needs just now, and institutions that can make them according to order, are certainly not the least wonderful of modern wonders,—make them, not by the circuitous route of a thorny educational pilgrimage, but by the fiat of a College-diploma or a Congressional resolution. One can no longer talk about “the hill of science,” for that is a term which has been levelled away by title-generators, and is no longer allowable even for the convenience of poets. The mountains have been made low, and the valleys exalted by medals and honorary degrees. So that now, a man may be the stupidest of mortals, the quintessence of all that is dishonorable, and yet receive the title of a great man, with a diploma testifying to his worth, in solemn classic eloquence, provided he have money to pay the required fee.

Titles are feathers in the cap of character. They wave in graceful beauty on a man who has a sensible head and a brave heart, but are a stinging reproach to one who has neither. They are to some men what stilts are to boys. They often raise a man above the shoulders of his fellows when his own legs can not. They give him legs without a brain, sail without ballast, prominence without merit. In this way they often become a source of incumbrance. They entangle the limbs of his progress and bring him to the earth with an insurmountable tumble. They have brought many a one into a sad plight, these titles have. For the world expects that the quality of the goods answers to the label. Hard must be the heart that would not be moved with pity at seeing a man so bedubbed and bedoctored with titles without merit, as to lead us to expect in him a very Daniel in Wisdom, when he has nothing to sustain his great name. This is literally breaking a man's back by the corpulent weight of his body.

To some men titles serve the part of a valve in a balloon. If they are wise enough to keep it closed in silence they will rise in public esteem; the world will take their wisdom for granted. But if they are unskilled in pulling the valve-string, and permit the escape of too much gas, the balloon will collapse and descend to a sudden exposure of emptiness—a vacant brain under a doctor's cap.

Titles are of an intoxicating character. They create a morbid appetite for honor, which increases with its gratification. They are the artificial stimulants of the soul. Even by their moderate use, men will insensibly acquire a growing fondness. Once accustomed to their puffing flavor, and they need them just as much as the nervous toper his morning bitters, before he is fit to work. To use a drunkard's excuse, they can't do without them. If they can't get them honestly, they will resort to pilfering and plunder. Inflated with vanity, they may be unconscious of their crime. For we have seen men actually so befuddled with titles, so drunk with vanity, as to be unfit for grave and serious business.

Now whilst it may be perfectly right to confer and use titles for their remedial properties, giving prominence to mental and moral greatness, whose virtues are as the salt of the earth and the light of the world, it is nevertheless very dangerous to use them as a beverage. To peddle them so abundantly and cheaply that men can drink sham honors like water, is a very unsafe policy. We need a sort of a "Maine Law," to stop the making and vending of intoxicating titles as a beverage; to check the abuse of a good principle, and prevent men from acquiring wrong habits by the use of false stimulants.

The power of conferring titles seems closely allied to the saint-making power in the Romish Church. With this difference however, that the latter are more governed by merit, and are therefore deserving of more respect. Colleges have a kind of a sinking fund of merit and learning, perhaps the result of works of supererogation, wherewith they canonize men good and bad, gold and dross, into the third heaven of literary renown. For the practical object of a diploma after all is not to certify to the bearer's learning, but they answer the part of a begging certificate, in imposing a thankless tax on the credulous charity of a generous public, to urge men to regard him learned.

These titles moreover are endowed with a remarkable longevity. They are very tenacious of life. No amount of theoretical or practical heresy will kill them. They survive the wreck of character. A man once dubbed a knight in philosophy or theology, and ever after the world will just as naturally say Dr. Jones as St. Patrick.

Every ware depreciates in value in proportion as the facilities for its production are increased. It seems that titles are doomed to the same fate. The article is becoming so cheap, by reason of a

glutted market, that it has not only fallen in price but in respect. Almost every other man you meet with now, is Col., Gen. or Dr. Somebody. In addressing clergymen, it is always safer to append a title to their names. Very few that have not D. D., P. D., A. B., A. M. or something else to betitle them. At the present rate the hobby will either be rode to death very soon, or tired into a more rational pace. Like a great many exotics planted into our rank American soil, the business is rapidly growing into a humbug, a sort of multicaulus speculation, that will end in fire and smoke. There is still a considerable rush for the article, and many go joyfully away with what they conceive to be a cheap ticket, little dreaming that every brainless dupe is destined to draw a blank. We have been favored with one title for our incipient greatness, which cost us five dollars. We value highly the autographs of the subscribers, but beyond that it is good for nothing. It is decidedly the dearest piece of furniture we ever bought. It told things that were not true, and we pity the men whose official position compels them to subscribe to an untruth. Three-fourths of these diplomas are not true in fact, and are no more reliable than the weather-prophecies of an almanac.

Well, if a man is too short-legged, it may be some comfort to have two letters with which to stilt himself above the troubled waters of theological uncertainty. They bolster up the sore limbs of a deficient training and hide the ulcers of a diseased theology. They elevate him above the fogs of untitled vision into the purer atmosphere of undoubting certitude. One is almost tempted to envy the happiness of some, who regard all difficulties in science and religion as solved and finished forever, whilst they look down with profound astonishment upon the stupidity of their unbeknighted brethren whose minds are harassed with the church question, or who discern such ominous signs in the ecclesiastical heavens. And yet their explanation of the difficulty is about the same as the empiric gave to the physicians of his King; "Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent; permit me to explain it. An intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you can not."

Most seriously be it spoken, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, but a span between titles and toys. They have degenerated into jargon play things, with which grave, sensible men are infinitely delighted. They parade them through the world like boys parade the streets in regimentals, playing the soldier. No wonder that Europeans have not even common respect for many of our titled worthies. In most American Colleges, any man that has money enough to keep him four or five years at a College, and a decent suit of clothes, can get his first degree. Three years and a few dollars to pay for his diploma, will secure him his second degree of A. M., provided *he asks for it!* Should he study the-

ology, a few years of his practical life and a few friends in some College Board, will make him a D. D. And all this while he may be nothing more than Walter Scott's factotum—a very clever fellow.

We have a profound respect for old Diogenes, heathen as he was. His incorruptible manliness of soul, which spurned with indignant scorn the proffered shadow of borrowed glory, still points him out as a man intrinsically great. Though the ragged tenant of a tub, he was richer than the proud conqueror of a world. Alexander, finding him lying down in the sun, a seeming object of pity, asked him whether he wanted any thing. Diogenes replied, "Yes, that you would stand a little out of my sunshine."

Honor is like our shadow. It follows us when we flee from it; but flees from us when we follow it. When we see the dashing business our College Boards are doing in this dubbing mania, we can not help but think of locomotives, freighted with candidates for honors; having their backs turned to the sun, they dash and puff them along at a fearful speed, to aid them in catching their shadows. They have a hopeless task before them, these title manufactories. They are running in the wrong direction. To get young men and old right and honorable in their minds and hearts, they must let them face the sun, put their shadows behind them, and they will have a better prospect of success.

This whole business is exceedingly deleterious to the cultivation of a noble, manly spirit of independence, which makes a man glow with the conscious elements of inherent worth. It fosters a slavish dependence upon borrowed honor. It chills the ardent flame of a man's native strength. It stifles the impulses of noble, dignified sentiment. And many a young man, whose bosom once swelled with the throbbings of generous emotions, is lured into a base servility, by the baits of sham titles. They teach him to lean upon a broken reed, to walk with crutches, when he has legs of his own to stand upon. It makes doughfaces in literature, politics and religion; servile men of cringing lukewarm principles; Judases who would betray the Lord of Glory for the empty puff of a diploma.

The true end of education is not to make a man great and good by painting him over with the ornamental insignia of honor, but to mature and train his inherent undeveloped strength into a vigorous fruit-bearing activity. The plume of honor that graces his character must be his own offspring and not the product of artificial skill.

Young man, see to it that you consecrate yourself to God in Jesus Christ. For without this you must spend an aimless life, and die a hopeless death.

"A Christian is the highest style of man." Cultivate and develop the elements of strength in you, sanctified by religion. Lean not upon others to do the business of life for you. Act the part of a true man; act it well, "there all the honor lies." In

whatever station you are, do your duty. You have hands to relieve the suffering, and aid the cause of right and religion. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy *might*." A cup of cold water to a poor disciple, will receive a reward of much merit. You have a heart to sympathize with the distressed. O! how refreshing is Christian sympathy to the weary worn-out spirit. You have a mind and speech; use them for God, for Christ, for humanity. Fear not. Let the world applaud or denounce. *Speak out*, if not from the rostrum or pulpit, speak in the retirement of your family and among your associates. O! stifle not the utterance of your generous nature. Speak out, if not in the finished style of the schools, speak in the stammering eloquence of the Galilean fishermen. Speak out in the language and energy of Christian faith. Your deeds are your diplomas, 'known and read of all men.' These will speak of your worth, when your voice is hushed in death. Go forth, though weeping, and scatter the seed of right actions into the large beating heart of the world; you will come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Then you will receive the degree of "*well done*," the highest title in the gift of the Judge of all the earth.

There is an imposing majesty in a man, who can make his mark in the world, in the face of untoward circumstances—who becomes a blessing to his race in spite of temptations to become a curse. And this every young man has it in his power to do.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

NOON AND MORNING.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are stronger, and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air—
But it never comes again!

THE LOVES OF WASHINGTON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with his apparently unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well-regulated mind, and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness, we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere school boy and treated him as such; or his own shyness may have been in his way, and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him, and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please. Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage, "I used often to wish he would talk more."

Whatever may have been the reason, this attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him. It clung to him after he took final leave of school in the autumn of 1747, and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament, the waste pages of his journal betrayed several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are mere common place rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his woes.

The tenor of some of his verses induce us to believe that he never told his love; but, as we have already surmised, was prevented by his bashfulness.

"Ah, woe is me that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished and never dared reveal."

It is difficult to reconcile one's self to the idea of the cool and sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a woe-worn lover in his youthful days, "sighing like a furnace," and inditing plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however, of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh, throbbing with the warm impulse of human nature.

The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age, he no longer seemed a boy, nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, his early self-training and the code of conduct he had devised, gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy of which he speaks may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies' eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. The charms of Miss Carey, the sister of the bride, seems even to have caused a slight fluttering in his bosom; which, however, was constantly rebuked by the remembrance of his former passion—so at least we judge from letters to his youthful confidants, rough drafts of which are still to be found in his tell-tale journal.

To one whom he addressed as his dear friend Robin, he writes: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady living in the same house, (Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister;) but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion.

Similar avowals he makes to another of his young correspondents, whom he styles "Dear friend John;" as also to a female confidant styled "Dear Sally," to whom he acknowledges that the company of the "very agreeable young lady, sister-in-law of Col. George Fairfax," in a great measure cheers his sorrows and dejectedness. The object of this early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the "Lowland Beauty" was a Miss Grimes, of Westmoreland, afterwards Mrs. Lee, and mother of Gen. Henry Lee, who figured in revolutionary history as "light horse Harry," and was always a favorite with Washington, probably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother.

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love-melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a staunch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived. The neighborhood abounded with sports, but fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skilful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle and as eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into his peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-

riding old nobleman, that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarkable.

Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two adjourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and school-mate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of the Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Phillipse, a rich landholder, whose manor house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robinson, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Phillipse, sister and co-heiress of Mr. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth.

We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life, however, of constant activity and care—passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society—had left little mood for the indulgence of the tender sentiment: but made him more sensible, in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

That he was an open admirer of Miss Phillipse is a historical fact; that he sought her hand but was refused, is traditional and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished presence were all calculated to find favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief; he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version of the story is, that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege of the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender.

Washington was now ordered by Sir John St. Clair, the Quartermaster-General of the forces under Gen. Forbes, to repair to Williamsburgh, and lay the state of the case before the Council. He set off promptly on horseback, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served the late Gen. Braddock. It proved an eventful journey, though not in a military view. In crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, a branch of York river, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne who lived in the neighborhood, and who in the spirit of Virginian hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with difficulty Washington could be prevailed on to halt for dinner, so impatient was he to arrive at Williamsburgh, and accomplish his mission.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Danbridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband, John Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with two small children and a large fortune. She is represented as rather below

the middle size, but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank engaging manners, so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had met with her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect on him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments, snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate, his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days, was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door, but for once Washington loitered on the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburgh. Happily, the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County, at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Phillipse, at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renown so ennobling in the eyes of woman. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.

A G E M.

While here and there a noble mind
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light!
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night;
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

U N D E R T O N E S.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be;
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

FAITH, HENNIE!

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE world is sometimes dark, Hennie,
But then the heavens are bright;
And glories hidden in the day,
Dawn out along the upward way
When all below is night—
That is the world of Faith, Hennie.

II.

The spirit has an eye, Hennie,
A hidden, mystic eye,
That sees behind the veil of sense
The regions of a world immense,
In glorious prospect lie—
This is the eye of Faith, Hennie.

III.

The spirit hath an ear, Hennie,
A strange mysterious ear,
That hears sweet tones from worlds of bliss
Amid the harsh discords of this,
Still sweeter and more near—
This is the ear of Faith, Hennie.

IV.

The spirit hath a strength, Hennie,
A superhuman strength;
Which, though borne down by sin and earth
Will rise by grace to glorious birth
And stand unchained at length—
This is the strength of Faith, Hennie.

V.

The spirit hath a home, Hennie,
A high and happy home;
Where, in the Salem of the blest,
It shall secure and ever rest,
And never, never roam—
That is the home of Faith, Hennie.

THE SEED MUST DIE.

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
O, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so;
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungered!

SISTERS IN THE FAMILY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have spoken of the evil influences of the dance. Novel reading has the same tendency to destroy the right relation between brother and sister. It kills pure love. It makes the heart morbid. It turns it away from real objects and marries it to unreal images—to ideals which have not their like in flesh and blood; and the heart is thus unfitted ever to transfer its love to that which is joined with infirmities beneath its vapory heights.

The heart of a novel reader is like a frosted apple—its tenderness is unhealthy humor. The spirit resembles the bleared and bloated body of one who has displaced the regular flow of vitality by the introduction of stimulants.

A brother is too every-day for a spirit thus wedded to ideals. She devotes her heart to dreamings of what ought to be, rather than to duty to what is. She is cut loose from the true sympathies of life. She lives not in her family, but in her fancies, sympathizing with strangers of her own creating rather than with those of her own hearth and home. Her affections are no more fresh from the fountains. The treasures of her love have been opened to strangers—they are like wilted vegetables that have been often exposed at market. She has much more sentimentality than either seriousness or sense. Her tenderness is worn out in the chase of unrealities; and there is left only a sickly and vapid sympathy which has no strength to lean upon. Her imagination is strengthened at the expense of her judgment; her fancies run away with her feelings, and affectation takes the place of affection.

Novel reading promotes selfishness. It is a kind of solitary indulgence. They seek to be alone. They seldom speak of the novel which absorbs them wholly. It destroys native cheerfulness. It begets a moping, silent, sullen disposition. The heart, instead of being fresh and cheerful, like a landscape in the morning, resembles—if there were such a sight in nature—a garden after having been deluged by a hot rain!

Such a sister! Such a wilted, vapid, drowsy, dreaming, sighing, heart-worn creature, to brace up the morals, and mold the heart of a brother! Yet how many families, in these effeminate times, are cursed with these sickly ornaments of the sofa—with these ghosts of moonshine—with these fainting, swooning victims of paper-covered literature. The Lord give patience to their future husbands—or repentance and renovation to them.

How often have the wisest and the best men raised their voice of warning on this subject. Happy are those who listen to their

wisdom, rather than learn the sorrow that lies in the consequences, when repentance comes too late. We cannot refrain from quoting on this point the words of an old writer, Dr. Fordyce, in his admirable lectures to young women—now, alas, out of print :

“We consider the general run of novels as utterly unfit for you. Instruction they convey none. They paint scenes of pleasure and passion altogether improper for you to behold, even with the mind’s eye. Their descriptions are often loose and luscious in a high degree; their representations of love between the sexes are almost universally overstrained. All is dotage or despair; or else ranting swelled into burlesque. In short, the majority of their lovers are either mere lunatics or mock-heroes. A sweet sensibility, a charming tenderness, a delightful anguish, exalted generosity, heroic worth, and refinement of thought; how seldom are these best ingredients of virtuous love mixed with any judgment or care in the composition of their principal characters!”

Further on he says: “To come back to the species of writing which so many young women are apt to doat upon, the offspring of our present novelists, I mean the greater part; with whom we may join the present herd of play-writers. Besides the remarks already made on the former, is it not manifest with respect to both, that such books lead to a false taste of life and happiness; that they represent vices as frailties, and frailties as virtues; that they engender notions of love unspeakably perverting and inflammatory; that they overlook in a great measure the finest part of the passion, which one would suspect the authors had never experienced; that they turn it most commonly into an affair of wicked or of frivolous gallantry; that on many occasions they take off from the worst crimes committed in the prosecution of it the horror which ought ever to follow them; on some occasions actually reward those very crimes, and almost on all leave the female readers with this persuasion at best, that it is their business to get husbands at any rate, and by whatever means? Add to the account, that repentance for the foulest injuries which can be done the sex is generally represented as the pang, or rather the start, of a moment; and holy wedlock converted into a sponge to wipe out at a single stroke every stain of guilt and dishonor which it was possible for the hero of the piece to contract. Is this a kind of reading calculated to improve the principles or preserve the sobriety of female minds? How much are those young women to be pitied that have no wise parents or faithful tutors to direct them in relation to the books which are, or which are not, fit for them to read. How much are those parents and tutors to be commended who, with particular solicitude, watch over them in so important a concern.”

These earnest words are worthy of all acceptance by every female desirous of forming a worthy character, and of cultivating

those dispositions which will fit her for the important relations of a sister in the family. Let the solid be earnestly coveted. Let the mind be fed on true wisdom. Let the affections be cultivated in the spirit of piety, rather than in the spirit of romance.

We yet commend the following truthful picture of the evil to which we have called attention. Can any words give a more just and sarcastically severe description of this ulcer in literature as it now streams its festered pollution over the fair face of society.

"The story-telling tribe, alone, outran
All calculation far, and left behind,
Lagging, the swiftest numbers. Dreadful, even
To fancy, was their never-ceasing birth;
And room had lacked, had not their life been short.
Excepting some, their definition take
Thou thus, expressed in gentle phrase, which leaves
Some truth behind: A Novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft-crammed full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page,
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And, miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found, but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung, in a day,
From lean and shallow-soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired, yet, while they lived,
Tremendous oft-times was the popular roar;
And cries of—Live for ever! struck the skies."

A LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

The following, if read as it stands, is nonsense. When properly punctuated it makes good sense all through. It shows how necessary good punctuation is the sense of composition. How many of our young readers can punctuate it as it should be done?

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing star that dropped down hail
I saw a cloud begirt with ivy round
I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale
I saw the brackish sea brim full of ale
I saw a phial glass sixteen yards deep
I saw a well full of men's tears to weep
I saw men's eyes all on a flame of fire
I saw a house high as the moon or higher
I saw the radiant sun at midnight
I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XI.—THE CEDAR TREE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Cedar is greatly celebrated in the Scriptures. A few are still standing on Mount Lebanon, above Byblos and Tripoli east; but none elsewhere in these mountains. In former times there must have been a great abundance of them, since they were used in so many extensive buildings. These trees are remarkably thick and tall; some among them are from thirty-five to forty feet in girth. The cedar tree shoots out branches at ten or twelve feet from the ground; they are large and distant; its leaves are something like those of rosemary; it is always green, and distils a kind of gum, to which different effects are attributed. Cedar wood is reputed incorruptible; it is beautiful, solid, free from knots, and inclining to a red-brown color. It bears a small cone like that of the pine.

The cedar grows not only on Mount Lebanon, but in Africa, in Crete, or Candia. The wood was used in making statues designed for duration. The temple of Jerusalem and Solomon's palace were finished with cedar. The roof of the temple of Diana at Ephesus was of cedar, according to Pliny. In 1 Kings 10: 27, it is said that Solomon multiplied cedars in Judea, till this tree was as common as sycamores, which are very general there. Compare 2 Chron. 1: 15; 9: 27.

The cedar loves cold and mountainous places; if the top is cut it dies. The branches which it shoots, lessening as they rise, give it the form of a pyramid. Le Bruyn, in his journey to the Holy Land, says the leaves of the tree point upwards, and the fruit hangs downwards; it grows like the cones of the pine, but is longer, harder and fuller, and not easily separated from the stalk. It contains a seed like that of the cypress, and yields a glutinous, thick sort of resin, transparent, and of a strong smell, which does not run, but falls drop by drop. This author tells us, that having measured two cedars on Mount Lebanon, he found one to be fifty palms in girth; the other forty-seven. Naturalists distinguish several sorts of cedars, but we speak here only of that of Lebanon, the only one mentioned in the Bible. The wood was used not only for beams, for planks which covered edifices, and for ceilings to apartments, but likewise for beams in the walls. 1 Kings 6: 86; 7: 12; Ezra 6: 3, 4.

In the purification of a leper, cedar-wood, together with hyssop, was to be used in sprinkling the leper. Lev. 14: 4, 6.

* This article, suiting exactly our purpose, we have taken entire from Calmet.—ED. GUARDIAN.

This celebrated tree, the *pinus cedrus* of botanists, is not peculiar to Mount Lebanon, but grows also upon Mounts Amanus and Taurus in Asia Minor, and other parts of the Levant; but does not elsewhere reach the size and height of those on Lebanon. It has also been cultivated in the gardens of Europe; two venerable individuals of this species exist in Chiswick in England; and there is a very beautiful one in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The beauty of this tree consists in the proportion and symmetry of its wide-spreading branches. The gum, which exudes both from the trunk and the cones or fruit is, according to Schulz, "soft like balsam; its fragrance is like that of the balsam of Mekka. Every thing about this tree has a strong balsamic odor, and hence the whole grove is so pleasant and fragrant that it is delightful to walk in it." This is probably the *smell of Lebanon* spoken of in Cant. 4: 11; Hos. 14: 6. The wood is peculiarly adapted to building, because it is not subject to decay, nor to be eaten of worms; hence it was much used for rafters, and for boards with which to cover houses and form the floors and ceilings of rooms. The palace of Persepolis, the temple at Jerusalem, and Solomon's palace, were all in this way built with cedar; and the latter especially appears to have had in it such a quantity of this wood that it was called "the house of the forest of Lebanon." 1 Kings 7: 2; 10: 17. The ships of the Tyrians had also masts of cedar. Ezek. 27: 5.

Of the forests of cedars which once covered Lebanon, only a small remnant is left. A single grove only is now found, lying a little off from the road which crosses Mount Lebanon from Baalbec to Tripoli, at some distance below the summit of the mountain on the western side—at the foot, indeed, of the highest summit or ridge of Lebanon. This grove consists of a few very old trees, intermingled with a large number of younger ones. The former are the patriarchs of the vegetable world; it is certain that they were ancient three hundred years ago; but their number is decreasing, as the oldest decay or are destroyed. In 1550 the number of these ancient trees is stated by Bellonius at 28; from that time down to 1818, they are stated at 24, 23, 16, 12 and 7. Mr. Fisk, in 1823, says there are six or eight of the largest, but does not see the propriety of the statements just enumerated. See the extract from his journal below. As the subject is interesting, the following extracts from various travelers who have visited the spot are subjoined. It will be seen that the account given by Mr. Fisk is the most full and satisfactory.

Maundrell writes, in 1696, as follows: "These noble trees grow amongst the snow, near the highest part of Lebanon, and are remarkable, as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the word of God. Here are some of them very old and of a prodigious bulk, and others

younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up only *sixteen*, and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree."

Pocoke, 1738, describes them with greater minuteness: "The cedars form a grove about a mile in circumference, which consists of some large cedars, that are near to one another, a great number of young cedars and some pines. The great cedars, at some distance, look like very large spreading oaks; the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which, growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those Gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars. Higher up they begin to spread horizontally. The young cedars are not easily known from pines; I observed they bear a greater quantity of fruit than the large ones. The wood does not differ from white deal in appearance, nor does it seem to be harder. It has a fine smell, but not so fragrant as the juniper of America, which is commonly called cedar; and it also falls short of it in beauty. I took a piece of the wood from a great tree that was blown down by the wind, and left there to rot. There are fifteen large ones standing."

Burckhardt speaks of the cedars in 1810, as follows: "They stand on uneven ground, and form a small wood. Of the oldest and best looking trees, I counted *eleven* or *twelve*; twenty-five were very large ones, about fifty of middling size, and more than three hundred smaller and young ones. The oldest trees are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, or even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower; but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew gardens. The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travelers and other persons who have visited them. I saw a date of the seventeenth century. The trunks of the oldest trees seem to be *quite dead*; the wood is of a gray tint. I took off a piece of one of them, but it was afterwards stolen."

Dr. Richardson visited the cedars in his way from Baalbec to Tripoli, in 1818. From the summit of the mountain, the descent towards the west, he says, "is rather precipitous, and winds, by a long, circuitous direction, down the side of the mountain. In a few minutes we came in sight of the far-famed cedars, that lay down before us on our right. At first, they appeared like a dark spot on the base of the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of *dwarfish* shrubs that possessed neither dignity nor beauty, nor *any thing* that entitled them to a visit, but the name. In about *an hour* and a half, we reached them. They are large, and tall, and

beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen. There are in this clump two generations of trees; the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. We measured one of them, which we afterwards saw was not the largest in the clump, and found it thirty-two feet in circumference. Seven of these trees have a particularly ancient appearance; the rest are younger, but equally tall, though, for want of space, their branches are not so spreading. The clump is so small, that a person may walk round it in half an hour. The old cedars are not found in any other part of Lebanon. Young trees are occasionally met with; they are very productive, and cast many seeds annually. The surface all around is covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices."

Under date of October 4, 1823, the American missionaries, Messrs. Fisk and King, record in their journal the following description of the cedars of Lebanon: "Taking a guide, we set out for the cedars, going a little south of east. In about two hours we came in sight of them, and in another hour reached them. Instead of being on the highest summit of Lebanon, as has sometimes been said, they are situated at the foot of a high mountain, in what may be considered as the arena of a vast amphitheatre, opening to the west, with high mountains on the north, south, and east. The cedars stand on five or six gentle elevations, and occupy a spot of ground about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. I walked around it in fifteen minutes. We measured a number of the trees. The largest is upwards of 40 feet in circumference. Six or eight others are also very large, several of them nearly the size of the largest. But each of these was manifestly two trees or more, which have grown together, and now form one. They generally separate a few feet from the ground into the original trees. The handsomest and tallest are those of two or three feet in diameter, the body straight, the branches almost horizontal, forming a beautiful cone, and casting a goodly shade. We measured the length of two by the shade, and found each about 90 feet. The largest are not so high, but some of the others, I think, are a little higher. They produce a conical fruit, in shape and size like that of the pine. I counted them, and made the whole number 389. Mr. King counted them, omitting the small saplings, and made the number 321. I know not why travelers and authors have so long and so generally given 28, 20, 15, 5, or 7, as the number of the cedars. It is true, that "of those of superior size and antiquity," there are not a great number; but then there is a regular gradation in size, from the largest down to the merest sapling. One man, of whom I inquired, told me that there are cedars in other places on mount Lebanon, but he could not tell where. Several others, to whom I have put the question, have unanimously assured me that these are

the only cedars which exist on the mountain. They are called in Arabic *ary*. The Maronites tell me that they have an annual Feast of the Cedars. Before seeing the cedars, I had met with a European traveler who had just visited them. He gave a short account of them, and concluded with saying, "It is as with miracles; the wonder all vanishes when you reach the spot." What is there at which an infidel cannot sneer? Yet let even an infidel put himself in the place of an Asiatic passing from barren desert to barren desert, traversing oceans of sand and mountains of naked rock, accustomed to countries like Egypt, Arabia, Judea, and Asia Minor, abounding, in the best places, only with shrubbery and fruit trees; let him, with the feelings of such a man, climb the rugged rocks, and pass the open ravines of Lebanon, and suddenly desory, among the hills, a grove of 300 trees such as the cedars actually are, even at the present day, and he will confess that a fine comparison in Amos 2. 9, "whose height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks." Let him, after a long ride in the heat of the sun, sit down under the shade of a cedar, and contemplate the exact conical form of its top, and the beautiful symmetry of its branches, and he will no longer wonder that David compared the people of Israel, in the days of their prosperity, to the "goodly cedars," Psalm 130: 10. A traveler, who had just left the forests of America, might think this little grove of cedars not worthy of so much notice; but the man who knows how rare large trees are in Asia, and how difficult it is to find timber for building, will feel at once that what is said in Scripture of these trees is perfectly natural. It is probable that in the days of Solomon and Hiram, there were extensive forests of cedars on Lebanon. A variety of causes may have contributed to their diminution and almost total extinction. Yet, in comparison with all the other trees that I have seen on the mountain, the few that remain may still be called "the glory of Lebanon."

AVARICE.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee by fire he made thee bright;
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right,—
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
And, while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

II.—WEDDING.

MARRIAGE was considered by the Jews as a matter of the greatest importance. There was no greater reproach in Israel than that of celibacy. And hence the Jews married very young. The age presented to males by the Rabbins, was eighteen years. Females were ordinarily married at twelve years of age—whence the husband is called the guide of her youth; (Prov. 11: 7;) the husband of her youth (Joel 1: 8.) The not giving of wardens in marriage is in Psalm 7: 28-63, represented as one of the indications of the divine anger toward Israel. Among the Hindoos, at this day, the delaying of the marriage of their daughters, is regarded as a calamity and a disgrace.

No formalities appear to have been used by the Jews, in joining man and wife together; at least none were enjoined by Moses. The manner in which a daughter was demanded in marriage is described in the case of Shechem, who asked the daughter of Jacob in marriage. Gen. 34: 6-12.) We are informed by Jewish writers, that kisses were interchanged in token of an espousal, to which custom there may be an allusion in Canticles 1: 2. After this token the marriage was reckoned as consummated and ratified.

In both the old and new testaments, we learn that the Jews celebrated the marriage solemnity with great festivity and display. The ceremonies observed by them on such occasions, were common to the Greeks and Romans. From the Song of Solomon, 3: 11, the ceremony of crowning merely married persons, was performed by one of the parents of the parties married. Among the Greeks the bride was crowned by her mother. These crowns were not only those made of natural flowers, but also of gold and silver, which material denoted the rank of the person presenting the crown. It is thought by some that these nuptials, crowns and other regalia, are referred to in Ezekiel 16: 8-12. We certainly can get a very correct idea of the dress of the bride and bridegroom from Isaiah 7, 11: 10. The custom which still pertains with us—that of the bride and bridegroom having one or more attendants—is very ancient and peculiarly oriental. Sampson had thirty young men to attend him at his nuptials; their attendants were called children of the bride-chamber, as in Math. 12: 15; Mark 2: 9. It was also customary for the bridegroom to furnish his guests with garments; (Math. 22: 11,) and which (from Rev. 19: 8,) were white. The wedding garments referred to in these passages of Scripture were intended to be emblematical of true christian holiness and the righteousness of the saints. The bride was conducted by night to

the house of her husband.' The attendants of the bridegroom usually attended her. She was also attended by a train of female companions—virgins with torches, music, and every kind of demonstration of festivity. To this custom our Saviour alludes in the Parables of the wise and foolish virgins—Math. 25. i: 12—and of the wedding feast given by a certain king in honor of his son's marriage. Math. xxii: 2. The Rev. Mr. Hartley, describing an Armenian wedding says: "The large number of young females who were present, naturally and forcibly reminded me of the wise and foolish virgins in our Saviour's parable. These being friends of the bride, the *virgins, her companions* (Psalm 14: 14,) had come to meet the bridegroom, who had come to escort the bride to her home. It is usual for the bridegroom to come at *midnight*; so that literally, at *midnight the cry is made*: behold! the bridegroom cometh; *Go ye out to meet him*. But on this occasion the bridegroom tarried: it was two o'clock before he arrived. The whole party then proceeded to the Armenian Church, where the bishop was waiting to receive them; and then the ceremonies were completed."

Mr. Ward, in his history of the Hindoos, gives the following description of a Hindoo wedding, which strikingly illustrates the parable of the wedding feast in the gospel:

"At a marriage, the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Levampon, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length near midnight, it was announced, as if in the very words of scripture, 'Behold! the bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him;' all the persons employed now lighted their lamps and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession; some of them had lost their lights and were unprepared; but it was then too late to seek them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered a large and splendidly illuminated area before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time and then went into the house, the door of which was immediately shut and guarded by Sepoys. I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment: and the door was shut!"

The Scripture moreover informs us, that the marriage festivals of the Jews lasted a whole week, as they do to this day among the Christians and others of Palestine. Gen. 29: 26-27; Judges 14: 12. This week of festivity our Lord refers to in Mark 11, 19, 20. The Eastern people were very strict in their notions of

propriety. They did not permit the young women at marriages to be in the same apartments with the men. They did not, therefore, spend their time merely in eating and drinking, nor in libidinous and promiscuous revelry. The custom was for the men to propose questions and hard problems, in resolving which the wit and sagacity of the whole company were exercised. This was done at Lampron's wedding, where he proposed a riddle to divert his company. Judges 14: 12. Two interesting passages of Scripture derive their force and illustration from this custom, which we have been considering. The first is that of Luke 14: 8-10. In a country where the highest importance is attached to such a coveted distinction, the propriety of the advice is more striking than if applied to the manners of our own country. The other passage is that which occurs in the celebration of the Passover: He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. Math. 26: 23. As there are very few, and those always the dearest friends or most honored guests, who are seated so near the waiter of the feast as to dip their hands in the same dish with him, the baseness of the treachery is the more increased and aggravated, when one of these very few and most highly honored becomes the betrayer. And no doubt the conduct of Judas was meant to be depicted in this light, by using that descriptive expression.

THE CANARY BIRD.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have a little friend at the Parsonage who is a subscriber, and we are told also a diligent reader, of the Guardian. On a visit lately we found that she is very anxious to have a canary bird, and seemed very anxious to know all about these little songsters. Wishing to gratify the little girl as far as we can, and having no bird to give her, we at once concluded to do our part in the matter by telling her, and all our readers, something of what we have learned of the canary.

First of all then, let it be known that this little beauty derives its name from the fact that it was originally brought to the continent of Europe from the Canary Islands. It is, however, also found in the Cape Verde and Madeira Islands, where it is still found in its wild state, filling the beautiful groves with its melodious notes.

In its native Islands, the canary bird "is of a dusky gray color," and so different from those usually seen in Europe, and our own country, that they scarcely seem like the same bird. With us, they have that variety of coloring usual in all domestic fowls; some white, some mottled, some beautifully shaded with green; but they

are more esteemed for their note than their beauty, having a high, piercing pipe, as indeed all those of the finch tribe have, continuing it for some time in one breath without intermission, then raising it higher by degrees, with great variety.

In Germany these birds have long been extensively raised and sold into different parts of Europe. From thence they have been introduced into England and this country. At first they were sold at very high prices; but lately they are becoming cheaper; and yet in our cities, they ask from \$2.50 to \$5 "for a good singer."

This little bird is not only beautiful, and very interesting on account of its song, which in some of its notes equal the nightingale, but it has also a great many pretty little ways about it. The canary is a social and familiar bird, and is capable of contracting an attachment for the person to whom it belongs. It will perch on the shoulder of its mistress, and peck its food from her hand or her mouth. It is also capable of being taught still more extraordinary feats. In 1820, a Frenchman exhibited four and twenty canary birds in London, many of which, he said, were from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downward, on their shoulders, having their legs and tails in the air. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between his legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself, and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword and pouch, and carrying a firelock in one claw; after some time sitting upright, at the word of command, freed itself from its dress, and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down, as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow, and wheeled away by one of its comrades; and several of the birds were at the same time placed upon a little firework, and continued there quietly, and without alarm, till it was discharged.

"O Papa, it would be very nice to have a canary." So it would, for you; but would it be just so nice also for the bird itself? Would it be pleasant for the little creature to be confined all the day long in its small cage, while the trees are so green, and the shade so cool, and it would be so joyous to hop and sing from branch to branch? It would look so much like a little prisoner in its cage. It would seem so glad when some one would come to it; and while hopping and singing and putting out its little bill between the bars, it would almost seem to say, "O let me out!" Then the little girl at the Parsonage, if she had a tender heart would pity it, and perhaps almost wish she had never had a canary bird.

In addition to what we have said about the canary bird, we recommend to our little friend the following beautiful parable, from the German of Krummacher:

A little maiden, named Caroline, had a canary bird which was

very dear to her. The tiny creature sung from dawn of day until the shades of evening closed around. It was very beautiful, of a golden yellow, with a dark-colored head; and Caroline fed him with seeds, and with cooling herbs, adding now and then a small lump of sugar, and daily she supplied him with fresh, clear water.

But all of a sudden the little bird began to droop, and one morning when Caroline brought him water, he lay dead at the bottom of the cage. Then the little girl wept and lamented sorely over her favorite; so the mother of the maiden went out and bought her another bird, of still more beautiful plumage, and which sung even as sweetly as the former one, and she put it in the cage.

The maiden, however, wept only so much the more when she beheld the new bird. Her mother wondered much at this and said, "my beloved child, wherefore dost thou still weep and mourn so bitterly? Thy tears cannot recall the little bird to life, and here thou hast one which is not less beautiful than the other which thou hast lost."

Then answered the child, "Ah, dear mamma, I have not acted rightly towards the little creature, and have not done all I might have done for him."

"Beloved Caroline," answered her mother, "I thought thou didst always tend him most carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child; "it was only a little while before his death, that, instead of bringing him a bit of sugar, which thou gavest me for him, I ate it myself."

Thus spake the maiden with a troubled heart. The mother did not make light of Caroline's remorse, for she recognized therein the holy voice of truth which spake within the heart of the child. "Ah!" said she, "what must then be the grief of an undutiful child over the grave of its parents!"

BOYS, LOOK AT THIS.

That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since, under the following circumstances: A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for a sick sister and her children, when he found a pocket wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution, and the pocket book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy in his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

A SUBJECT OF GRATITUDE.—In our last month's Retrospect we stated that the most cheering fact we had to record was the prospect of one of the most abundant grain and fruit harvests with which we had been blessed for years. Now, that the expectations then expressed have been realized—when the toil of the husbandman is rewarded with a superabundance of the great staples of human subsistence, and all the broad acres of our vast country are blessed with the providential smiles of "peace and plenty"—it would illly become a periodical of the pretensions of *The Guardian*, not to make this fruitful subject a leading theme for the Retrospect of this month. Alas! how many are there in this highly favored land who will, amid this shower of blessings, forget the bountiful Hand that has so munificently blessed them! How few in the aggregate will remember, in its practical application, that "God is good," and that "when He openeth His hand all His creatures are satisfied"—that "neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." The farmer may toil "from early dawn to twilight gray," may plough and plant, and exhaust all his energies, and yet if it should please Divine Wisdom to withhold "the increase," disappointment, disaster and ruin will follow. From every section of the country we have intelligence that the harvested crops exceed the expectations of the most sanguine. In this county, while the straw in some sections was not so heavy as in other years, the yield will be unusually great. A great many estimates have been made of the probable extent of the crop this year. One puts down the crop of all the States and territories at 158,572,000 bushels, which is 68,000,000 bushels over the crop of 1849. The value of the wheat crop in that year is put down in the census report at \$100,000,000. If we value the present crop at \$1.25 per bushel it will be worth an aggregate of more than \$210,-

500,000! While the foreign demand with the increase of population at home, will insure the farmer a fair reward for his labor, the hopes of the speculator—the Idler who stands between the producer and consumer—are finally crushed. They have managed to keep up a show of enormous prices in Philadelphia, but the speculators and bread-brokers in the great cities must finally yield to the more healthy and equilibrating pressure from the country. We notice that at Well-sburgh, Ohio, (week before last,) a lot of flour was offered at SEVEN DOLLARS a barrel, for which the holder had refused ten dollars a few weeks before; but the flour would not bring the seven dollars, and the speculator was obliged to leave it "on sale" at the commission house for want of a purchaser.

The weather was exceedingly favorable for housing the wheat harvest. On Friday, the 20th, it was intensely hot, the thermometer ranging at various points from 94 deg. to 100, but on Friday evening we were visited by a heavy rain, with thunder and lightning, and it has continued cool and showery up to the present writing (25th.) The thermometer fell in three days over 30 degs., but it is now excellent weather for the corn and potato crops, which, as a farmer friend remarked to us yesterday, "can almost be seen growing." If it continues warm we will have the heaviest corn and potato crops ever known, and such is the prospect now.

A NATIONAL PLATFORM.—The Philadelphia Ledger suggests that, while so many parties are springing up, each claiming to develop and give utterance to the ideas now at work among the people, a few of our national principles might be carried out a great deal farther than has yet been attempted. Among these it enumerates Education, the means of obtaining which should be placed within the reach of all, free of expense, from A B C to B. A. of a College at least; with a few institutions for even higher cultivation of particular branches of science, and all possible improvements adapted to make the

course of education as practically useful as possible. One effect would be that, there being no pecuniary inducements for the officers to keep an army of students at College, if they did not study, the regulations would be formed and carried out with a view simply to the interests of scholarship. Examinations would be conducted more upon the principles of West Point, a degree would mean something when attained, and the industrious student would not be retarded and ruined by the too common dissipations of a College course, led on by the indolent but perhaps wealthy young man, whom the officers dislike to send home, for fear of cutting down their numbers. Michigan has already adopted this plan, and there is no reason why it should not become universal. Qualification, to profit by the instructions conferred, should be the only pre-requisite to any degree of educational promotion. For the State is always more benefited than even the individual, by his advance in science. As education must be obtained before it can become remunerative, wherever the individual contributes the time and expense of living, the State may safely advance that of instruction, especially as this puts education more within the reach of the masses. In many States the public lands do or might support the expense of this. In all cases the land is so raised in value by the education of the citizens that a tax sufficient would be immensely reproductive.

Another plank in this new platform is the Encouragement of Marriage by every reasonable means, such as donations of the public lands, so regulated as to make a marriage certificate secure a homestead to each couple, when they chose to go and settle upon it; and the discouragement of foreign, luxurious and expensive habits, which, by increasing the expenses of a family, prevent marriage and entail corruption.

A third principle is the elevation of the industrious classes by all just and suitable means, such as the protection of the poor and of the rights of labor by all proper laws from the frauds, corruptions and evil enticements too often successful through misapplied wealth. These, among others, the Ledger very justly considers more truly our American principles than any other handed down from Washington; principles that acted up to, will promote the security and advancement of all nations, and

without which free institutions will never spread to others, if they can even survive among ourselves.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—The most interesting question in the moral and legal world during the past month has been the operation of the New York Prohibitory Liquor Law, which took effect on the 4th of July. In the city of New York the law has thus far been inoperative, owing to the quiescent position of Mayor Wood, who declines taking any active measures in its enforcement until its constitutionality has been decided by the courts of highest resort! In Brooklyn, however, Mayor Hall has nobly determined to enforce the law and leave the consequences with its framers and the courts who may be called to pass upon it judicially. The Syracuse Journal (which occupies an independent position) says that "whatever may be the fate of the law in the courts, the principle on which it is based has, since the 4th, made many thousands of converts. We form this opinion from the state of things in this city and vicinity, where, in the midst of great excitement over the prosecution of an offender, there has been an universally expressed congratulation of the most total extinction of crime and bestiality, as evinced by the police returns. A contrast has been furnished, during the past few days, of sobriety and good order in those quarters where the practice of these virtues was before unknown, that makes an enduring impression in minds that had not before thought correctly on the subject." The same journal adds that there is an earnest hope and confidence in the breasts of a large majority of the people of that State that the law may be sustained and enforced; but should it go down under the decision of the legal authorities, we have the fullest confidence in the determination of the people that its principle shall be sustained. If there be wrong in the present law, it will be righted; but there is a great principle of justice at its foundation which must and will be perpetuated. The Tribune says: "So far as we can judge from the reports which come to us from all sections of the State, the Prohibitory Law is very generally in operation. It is true the liquor sellers stand out in a few localities, and trample on the law in the hope that the courts may some time or other pronounce it unconstitu-

tional: but these persons are not numerous, and they generally reside in the larger cities, a majority of them being in New York. There is very little liquor retailed in the agricultural districts. In the country towns the bars have generally been closed, and the beneficial effects are already beginning to be felt."

"THE JUG LAW."—There appears to be a favorable reaction taking place in favor of the "Act for Restraining the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors," passed by the last Legislature of this State, and which its opponents denominate "the jug law," by way of derision. The Liquor men have generally abandoned the idea of holding whiskey meetings, as they find it does them more harm than good! The more the new law is understood the stronger disposition is evinced to have it enforced. It is not strictly a prohibitory law, for it has no "search and seizure clause" in it. As its title implies, it is a law to RESTRAIN the sale of intoxicating liquors. Is this not greatly needed? Do not our young men need it? Do not neglected wives and abused children need it? Do not intemperate persons need it? Temptation, in its most seductive forms, now meets them at every street corner and cross-roads. They are beguiled and overcome. Go to our prisons. By whom are they filled? By those who are the victims directly or indirectly, of the liquor traffic. Go to our pothouses. By whom are they filled? Seven-tenths of the thousands supported there are inebriates and those dependant upon them. Go to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and who do you see arraigned there for petty offences and crimes of a higher magnitude? The large majority of them are the victims of strong drink. A reverend gentleman of Philadelphia, recently went with Hon. Judge Kelly to Moyamensing Prison to witness the Court proceedings occasionally held there to save the expense of transporting back and forward the victims of intemperance. On a single afternoon one hundred cases passed under review. Such a miserable throng he had seldom seen. More than sixty of the hundred were females, sent to prison for intoxication. Do we not need a reform, and will not every good citizen lend his aid to give efficiency to our restraining law? The State Temperance Convention, which meets at Reading on the 8th of August, should be attended

by every one in the State who takes an interest in this great cause. Those interested in the traffic are organizing for REPEAL, and the friends of Temperance should prepare to meet them, with a complete organization, and fight for victory under the glorious banner of PROHIBITION.

THE PORTLAND RIOT.—The committee of investigation, appointed by the Board of Aldermen to investigate the circumstances connected with the recent liquor riot in Portland, Maine, have concluded their labors and published a detailed report, in which they not only exculpate Mayor Dow from all blame, but declare he would have been highly culpable had he done less than he did. "The committee, on a careful and laborious investigation of the whole case, are satisfied that the Mayor and other executive officers of the city did no more in the emergency than their duty or the public service required; and that they would have proved unfaithful to their trust had they done less." Thus is Neal Dow twice vindicated triumphantly.

THE OLD WORLD.

"Sebastopol is not yet taken!" On the 18th of June the Allies made an unsuccessful attempt to storm the Redan and Malakoff towers, and were repulsed with a loss of about 5000 men, killed, wounded and missing. There are two stories current as to the cause of this failure. In Paris it was reported that the failure was, in a measure at least, owing to errors committed by the British commanding officers. These errors are described as two-fold—first, in not having had fascines provided for filling up the trench within in the Redan; and next, in not having immediately apprised the French Commander that they found it necessary to retire. The British on their side say that they took the Redan, but could not hold it because the French failed to silence the Malakoff. The truth of the matter is that the Russian soldiers are much harder to conquer than the allied powers had been led to believe. Not only the officers in command, but the rank and file of the garrison have shown on all occasions the most astonishing coolness and courage. An American surgeon, in the employ of the Russians, writing from Sebastopol, says, "events have proved that the English soldier is much inferior to the French or Russian, and that

with certain exceptions the Russian is as good as the French. Sebastopol," he continues, "will never be taken—it may be blown up by the Russians." This is the opinion we expressed months ago, and we yet see nothing to justify us in changing it.

The latest intelligence announces the death of Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea, who fell a victim to the climate and an overtaxed mind. He is succeeded by Lord Simpson, who as a commander is almost wholly unknown to fame. The cholera is again making sad havoc among the troops, and the heat of summer is likely to be as fatal as the frost of winter. The destruction of life in this war has already been terrible, and thousands of lives are yet destined to be sacrificed before Sebastopol is taken.

In England the most remarkable event has been the introduction of a bill into Parliament, and its subsequent withdrawal, intended to prohibit Sunday trading. Its introduction by Lord Grosvenor was followed by a meeting or mob in Hyde Park—one of the largest ever seen there—who denounced the bill and its author in the most unmeasured terms. The mob came in collision with the police, and a number of arrests were made, and the rioters taken to prison, but the next day they were dismissed and the obnoxious bill was withdrawn. It is said to have been partly a ministerial measure, and had been supported by a considerable majority of the House, and would have become a law, but for the demonstration made against it by the mob. This is one of the most remarkable concessions to a mob on record, and must finally have a disastrous effect upon the home power of the British government. It was generally conceded by the ministry and lords that the measure was right, but the government lacked the nerve to stand by its own faith. This is conceding more to "democracy" in monarchical England than ever was attempted in this country, and more than can ever be hoped to be achieved by a mob of Americans. The contrast is highly creditable to our own excellent government. Here the general Sunday Law and Sunday Prohibitory Liquor Law, are observed and respected; and everlasting infamy would attach to any Legislature which would bow to the mandate of a mob.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

It is stated that above 200 eminent scientific foreigners have been invited by a local committee to attend the meeting of the British Association in September next. Among the names are those of Louis Agassiz, Princes Charles and Lucien Bonaparte, Baron Humboldt, M. Leverrier, Baron Liebig, M. Quetelet, Chevalier Bunsen, Professor Knocke, Dr. Freund, &c. The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History are expected to appear in the present year. The concluding volumes of Moore's Life, by Lord J. Russell, are in the press. Tennyson's new volume, so long expected, will soon appear. It contains three new poems of some length—Maud, an Idyl, and a poem on Italy. A grand cavalcade of the students of the University of Leyden has recently taken place, on the occasion of the 280th anniversary of the foundation of that establishment. The town wore all the appearance of a fête. The strange story of Newton's mental aberration, so uncharitably insisted on by Biot, is forever set at rest by new proofs having been discovered of Newton's vigorous and unclouded intellect at the periods of his alleged insanity. It is said that Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," will visit the United States this fall, on an engagement to lecture before some of our literary societies. Thackeray is making arrangements to again visit the United States to deliver a series of entirely original lectures. James G. Percival, the poet, holds the office of State Geologist of Wisconsin, having been appointed by Governor Barstow about a year ago, since which he has resided there. A newspaper correspondent thus describes him: "His nose is hooked and thin, his eye is gray, his mouth closed, his forehead high and broad, with the shape of unhappy years and torturing thought upon it. His timidity is unconquerable; he is now as bashful as a child—is frightened at his own voice in a strange circle, never speaks until he is addressed, shuns society, and seeks no friends. Devoted to his duties, he spends his days in mineral holes and quarries, and his evenings in recording his observations, and his nights in quiet sleep. He is quite poor, depending upon his profession as a geologist for his support."

The Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College took place in this city on the 25th ult.



ENGINEERED BY J. BARNES. THE ORIGINAL BY SIMON-DENNETT.

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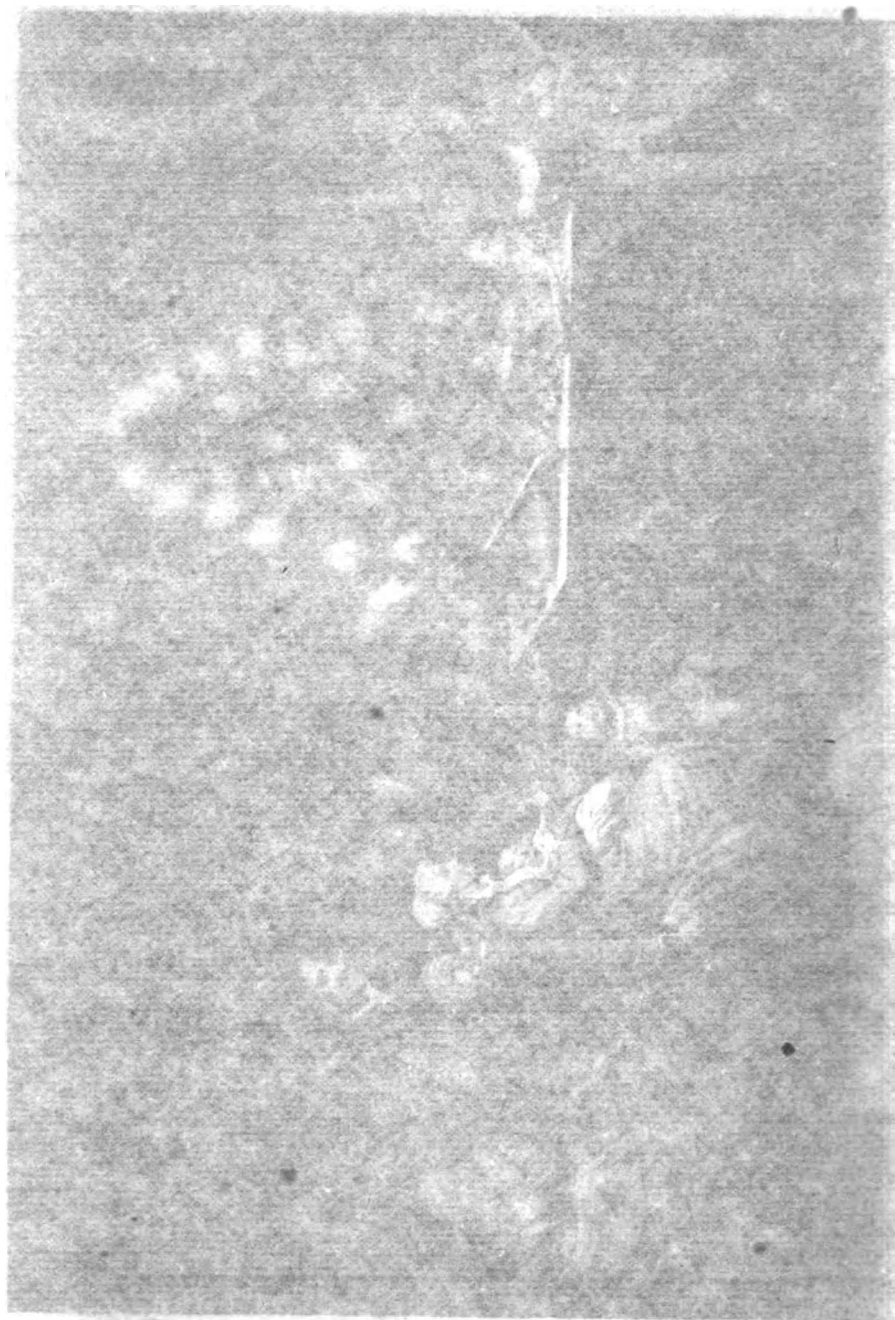
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2025-01-01 to 2025-01-01



The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—SEPTEMBER, 1855.—No. IX.

THE COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves."

FROM all we know, Cain was the first man that "buildded a city." If we consider what manner of man this Cain was, and then also apply to him and his work the maxim that, as the tree is so is the fruit, it will not much raise our estimation of the piety and goodness of this thing that Cain did. We would almost be forced to conclude, that the same spirit which suggested to him to slay his brother, also moved him to build a city. If the reader draws this conclusion we cannot help it; we are not arguing the case, but only giving history. It is a fact that a murderer built the first city—make of the fact what you can.

A certain wise man has also said: "Cities are the devil's universities!" If this is too severely said, fight it out with him, and do not blame us for stating the history of opinions. Moreover, God, in ancient times, dealt very severely with cities, as we have read in the Bible. Our Saviour, too, said, "Wo!" to cities—charged them with having "killed the prophets," and declared that though exalted to heaven they should be "thrust down to hell." All this would seem to show that cities have, in all ages, been characterized in a great degree by the spirit of the one who built the first.

If our own opinion on this point should be desired, we would not be slow to say that we have no great faith in the holiness of cities. Though some have the saintly prefix St. attached to their names, yet we doubt their right to canonization. We are of opinion that self-interest, and a spirit of worldliness, has built every city on the globe; and that these are the master spirits that reign and rule in them. They have their good; but so from the dung-hill may the fowl scratch wholesome grains. They have their outward polish; but so have whitened sepulchres, which nevertheless are within, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. If the veil which covers the

abominations of our larger towns and cities could be removed, it would abundantly appear, that a good man's language was not a whit too earnest when he said: "These are the blotches and boils of the body politic!"—strong language, but not too strong. Truly, as the poet says, "man made the town." Man, sinful man, makes it the sink of iniquity which it in truth too often proves to be.

Our introduction is perhaps too long, and rather spicy. Our subject is not cities, but the country. It is not our object to blame towns, but to praise the country. We offered these strictures upon cities by way of back-ground to our picture. We proceeded upon the principle generally adopted by two who are disputing with each other:

"When down goes my opponent,
Then up go I."

The country—we praise the country. What a "volume in a word" has the poet uttered, when he exclaims—

"God made the country."

What God makes is worthy of Him. It will be a continued revelation of Himself; and He will ever be found in its midst, the source of rest, and peace, and joy.

"God made the country." One must be in the midst of rural scenes to feel fully the beauty and force of this declaration. By this we do not mean that one must fly through it in a railroad car. It despises such an attempt to view its glories, and hence seems to run away before our eyes; not a tree will stand still long enough to enable us to get it full in our eyes. Rattling, rumbling, rolling, roaring we go—through bridges, through deep-cuts, and through hills we go, as though we were doomed vagabonds. Do not call this seeing the country. A fool, walking through a library and gazing at the backs of books, views the fields of literature as much as a traveler in a railroad car views the country.

Away from thoroughfares, away from towns, where only the faintest din of the noisy world is heard, and where only the tallest spire of the distant town is seen—here is the country. Here we sit under the shade of an ancient tree and look out at leisure upon the quiet fields, the distant green woods, the blue sky above, with here and there a white floating cloud, mocked by its own shadow that moves, like a dream-image, over the serene landscape before us. It is harvest time, and yonder are golden fields that but barely wave with whiter sheen in the gentle breeze. Others by their side are already streaked with hollow swaths and rows of shocks. There are the hay-fields, so soon green again since the mowers have passed over them. There are green fields of oats, even now growing white on the surface, bidding the farmer hasten to finish the earlier harvest to be ready for this. Yonder,

too, is the dark green corn, upon which the last care of the husbandman has been bestowed, and which now needs only the blessing of the great Father in heaven. We see, too, from this slope, orchards and poplars, and parts of the roofs of houses and barns. We see the road along yonder hill; we see the quiet mountain brow afar; we see, here and there, the glistening surface of the winding stream; and we see the yellow willows by the mill-dam turning up their white silvery leaves in the sun at each lift of the breeze. O, these are goodly sights. They never tire our eyes or our hearts.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years:
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

Yet these, and thousand other, minister nameless sights, do not yet make up the full idea of country. The pure, bracing air, belongs to it. The balmy fragrance which always comes upon the air in the country is an indescribable part of its charming variety and richness. Nor must we forget the true teachings of the Poet:

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid Nature.
They lull the spirit while they free the mind.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear."

Amid scenes like these there must be health to the body and to the spirit. Though we are not of those who think that any outward influences of nature can change the heart and thus become a Saviour, yet there seems to be a "divine presence" amid the quiet scenes of the country which is a check to sin, and a stimulus to holy thoughts and feelings. The poet is right in saying that "health and virtue" do "most abound," and are "least threatened in the fields and groves." There seems to be a silent grace around country life, which, like the healthful air that silently invigorates the physical system, breathes courage and strength into every germ and bud of virtue.

We cannot but regard it as a great mistake that country life should be thought unfavorable to intellectual culture. There seems to be a general disposition to acquiesce in the venerable error that cultivation of mind is best accomplished in towns and cities. Why should this be so? Mind in cities is apt to grow like street poplars—thin, slim and weak. While mind in the country takes deep and earnest root, and grows sturdy and strong, like a tree in the open fields which expands because it has room, and grows strong because it has little by its side either to hinder or to lean upon. If mind is less cultivated in the country than in towns, it is because it is less attended to. There are at present nearly the same facili-

ties accessible in the most rural districts as in populous places. Labor-saving improvements have vastly increased the leisure of the husbandman; and thus the fields of mental culture lie open and inviting. And what a place for reading and study is the quiet country—where health makes meditation vigorous and pleasant; and where separation from the great flow of busy, vain, giddy and worldly life makes interruptions few.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same,
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,
The gentle, never;
Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

H O M E.

Oh! if there be on earth a spot
Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,
Or if there be a charm—a joy—
Without satiety, or alloy—
Or if there be a feeling fraught
With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought,
Or if there be a hope that lives
On the pure happiness it gives,
That envy touches not—where strife
Ne'er mingles with the cup of life;
Or if there be a word of bliss,
Of peace, of love, of happiness—
Or if there be a refuge fair,
A safe retreat for toil and care,
Where the heart may a dwelling find,
A store of many joys combin'd,
Where ev'ry feeling—ev'ry tone—
Best harmonizes with its own,
Whence its vain wishes, ne'er can rove,
Oh! it is home—A HOME OF LOVE!

ARISTOCRACY.

WHILE most classes of society are disposed to cry out against Aristocracy, as a general thing they have no reluctance in their turn to exercise its privileges over others. It is no uncommon thing for us to behold those who declaim loudest against their superiors, treating their inferiors with the same contempt that they condemn in others, when exercised against themselves. The occasions for exhibiting this feeling are never wanting. No matter what an individual's circumstances may be, or his station in life, there are always around him those from whom he imagines he may exact respect and consideration, and to whose deference he has an undisputed right. If we could uncover the secret workings of the human heart, we should perhaps discover that most of the jealousies, which embitter families, and neighborhoods, and indeed nations, spring originally from disappointed pride—from an ill-directed ambition that will not rest satisfied until it sees a particular district bow to its whims and acknowledge its importance. This common failing of our species might tempt the philosopher to smile, the satirist to ridicule, the christian to weep; but it will prove a salutary lesson for us all, if it serves to teach us to bestow upon others the homage which we ourselves expect, and to regard the loudest radical as the greatest aristocrat at heart.

When we reflect that the feeling of aristocracy is so common, and its claims or side at least so universally admitted, we are justifiable perhaps in asserting that it has its ground in nature and truth; whilst much of what passes current as democracy, is at bottom mere cant. It is doubtless true, and that in an emphatic sense, that all men are equal. The Scripture teaches us this when it requires of us to do as we wish to be done by. Observation too goes to show that man, in all ages and countries, is possessed of the same or similar gifts, both of body and mind. In the darkest regions of the earth, he presents himself as a being endowed with intelligence, without lacking a single member or faculty that his more enlightened neighbor possesses. But whilst men are equal in this general sense, what differences do we observe when we descend to particulars! Here we meet with such a variety, that one would almost be at a loss to say, whether we all belonged to the same family, if we were not positively assured that we are. Men differ in natural, no less than acquired talents. Some enjoy the fame or the wealth of their ancestors, whilst others are entirely destitute of any advantages of this kind; some must necessarily occupy posts of trust and honor, whilst others must submit to be ruled—some must be employers, whilst others depend upon them for the means of subsistence. Is it possible then for us to remove the unpleasant

differences which these distinctions in society produce? It would be an easier task to tear up society itself, root and branch, than to accomplish a work of this character. If one has an advantage over another from birth or talents, it is clearly owing to the fact, that he occupies a different position from his friend, and to bring them to the same level in point of privilege, we must bring them to stand on the same foundation, that is, they must be of the same talents, they must enjoy the same advantage of birth and education; but such a view is utopian and destructive to the very idea of society.

If then differences must exist among men, is there no remedy for the disorder and strife which exist among different classes—the rich and the poor, the learned and unlearned, the patrician and plebian? Doubtless there is. It would certainly tend very much to the harmony and peace of society, if every member would be satisfied with the consideration which his position gives him, and be willing to give to others, what he has a right to claim as his unalienable right. This, however, it must be perceived, is seldom done. Not only do different ranks endeavor to ignore each others claims to respect, but frequently a large mass of society is entirely left out of consideration, as if they were worthless. We all remember the sovereign contempt which the poet held for the common people, and which he has expressed in the verse,

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

With him the populace were as worthless as the filth in the street, the further from which he was removed the better. But christianity has taught us that the beings now wallowing below us in the mire are our brethren, and are susceptible of being elevated to a station more becoming the dignity of their nature; whilst the many examples which we have before us of the vulgar origin of the great and the good, tend to excite in us respect for the masses, if not for what they are, at least for what they may become. The “upper ten thousand” may be aptly compared to the precious stones, that serve to gratify our taste by their exquisite lustre or brilliant colors, but are farther than this of little value; whilst “the million” resemble the noble granite, which, whether concealed in the earth and serving as a foundation for the solid globe, or brought forth by the hand of art to be employed in erecting temples or houses, is equally valuable and important. Let then the commonality be properly appreciated, and one source of public dissatisfaction will be closed. At the same time much will be accomplished if a proper state of subordination can be established among those who in common estimation are permitted to shine. All talents, certainly are not of equal value. This, for instance, it is a sad mistake when it is attempted by means of wealth and rank to outweigh genius, talent, learning and moral worth; when the rich aristocrat, whose ancestors can be traced back to William the conqueror, would have

the humble son of poverty, rich in genius, obsequiously to bow to his behests, and cringe to gain his favor. The signal failures, which patented nobility has invariably met in contending with the nobility of nature, should have induced the former long ago to give up the contest. It is the fiat of fate, that Intellect in its widest sense, embracing morality, has the strongest claims upon the honor and esteem of the world, and, therefore, as long as men have any regard for moral beauty or sublimity, the aristocracy of Intellect must have sway.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY H. L. M.

THIS world is truly an empty bubble. A few short years and we are numbered with the dead! How many close their eyes in death before they have had existence a single year. This is a serious reflection; and yet how much time is spent by many in light-heartedness and frivolity, in decorating the body, and gathering gold and silver—having little thought concerning their immortal souls, just as if the things of this world were all that is required to make happiness complete. Some quiet their consciences, and ease their minds by saying, “I will think of these things after a while.” But months pass, years glide away, and still no time is found for prayer, meditation, and preparation for an eternal world.

What a blessed thing to be prepared for death! What a glorious sight must it be to behold the saints and angels worshipping before “the great white throne,” and casting their crowns at the Saviour’s feet. Oh, how ardently should we long for the time of our departure from this sinful world that we may be in the presence of God. Those who have friends there may meet them, never again to be separated. Delightful thought! Though we are called to part with those dear to us, while our hearts are wrung with anguish, we shall see them again where our sorrows will be forever at an end.

POWER AND WILL.

ALL power is in the will, and will is fate?—
 Who would pursue the future let him search
 The book of his own soul; if there he read
 The unconquerable purpose, the resolve
 Eternal and immutable, the faith
 Which fears, doubts, questions nothing—let him on!
 He bears his fortune with him, and his fate—
 All else is naught!

DEMOCRACY OF THE GOSPEL.

BY J. M. W. CRIST.

THE faithful and humble believer in the Divine truths of the Gospel needs not to be told of its wonderful adaptation to all the wants of the entire human race. He has felt its power in his own heart and witnessed its outward manifestations in the lives of others. Wherever he goes, and in whatever he does, he carries with him the conviction of Hager, "*Thou God seeest me!*" Through all the changes of life—in the sunshine of prosperity and the clouds of adversity—he sees the finger of an All-wise though often mysterious Providence, tracing out those comfortable words of eternal significance, "*God doeth all things well!*" Has the hand of affliction fallen heavily upon him; have "summer friends" vanished before the chilling blasts of adversity's winter; or has the last fond hope of worldly happiness become extinguished in the approaching shadow of an ominous to-morrow? The true believer in the Gospel looks with the certainty of assured hope beyond the Present, and turns philosopher on the true and scriptural principle—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." However humble he may appear as an atom in the great creation of the universe—however much he may know himself to be scorned or overlooked by the vain worms of the dust who may surround him—he not only feels that the grace offered in the Gospel is "sufficient" for him, but he looks with compassionate hope upon those who stubbornly refuse to work while it is yet day, for he feels that there is a Democracy in the **ARISEN GOSPEL** which may yet bring an anchor of hope to their souls before that terrible night of death cometh in which no man can work.

But while this is true of the really faithful and humble believer in the Gospel, there are many who profess its sacred truths, and many more who ignore them altogether, who strangely overlook the most *popular* element in Human Progress—the *Democracy of the Gospel*. It has become a settled axiom, at least among the people of this favored land, that the safety and prosperity of a people is best attained under that system of government which secures "the greatest good to the greatest number." This is regarded as the basis of a true democracy. No party, no government, no individual, can justly claim to be democratic, the immediate and ultimate aim of whose system does not center in the social and moral, as well as in the political elevation of the masses. An exclusive aristocracy is directly at war with the best interests of society. In politics it is bad enough; in religion it is worse. Its natural tendency is to elevate the Few into an insecure position of self-confidence and to depress the Many below that happy mien

where true happiness is most sure to follow as the reward of honest industry, however humble. An aristocracy in religion is as unnatural as the mistletoe in the apple-tree. It may be often seen there, growing in vernal luxuriance, very pleasant to the outward sense, yet neither the power of nature nor ingenuity of art can make it harmonize with or become a part of the native tree. In the luxuriance of its vernal leaves it may surpass its less ostentatious parent by adoption, but that which maketh glad the heart of man is not there. That unseemly trunk, with its irregular branches and dwarfish searing leaves bears fruit in abundance—that ostentatious mistletoe affords at most but a momentary pleasure to the curious eye. The husbandman, in due season, eats of the fruit of the one and his soul is satisfied: he looks on the other, beholds nought but barrenness, and, like the fig-tree of the parable, it is cursed.

I insinuate no disparagement to the pure religion of the Cross, when I say that much of our professed Christianity is but the mistletoe of practical unbelief, partially disguised among the branches of a living faith. When the world prospers with us, we are too prone to regard ourselves as “the salt of the earth,” of which we are at once the sun and moon and stars, the dry land and the seas; the leaven of that little lump called Self, of which we constitute the center and circumference! We forget that the Gospel is humanitarian as well as divine; that Jesus died for a Lazarus as well as a Joseph of Arimathea; that he chose for his disciples the unlearned and unknown fisherman as well as an accomplished and celebrated scholar in his Apostle Paul. Our great **EXAMPLE** tells us that he “came to seek and to save that which was lost”—to preach the kingdom of righteousness and peace in the by-ways and hedges of life as well as in the gorgeous Temple at Jerusalem; but how often do we act as if the Cross had been erected on Calvary merely that we might, beneath its holy shadow, build magnificent churches, occupy the “highest seats in the synagogue,” wear the finest apparel, and fare sumptuously every day—forgetting, alas, how often, that the Son of God had not whereon to lay his head, and that we are surrounded by those of his brethren and sisters—immortal souls bought with the dreadful price of his blood—who are poor and neglected and “without God in the world.”

We aim too much to make a display of our religion—regarding too much the form and ignoring its practical power. I do not protest against fine church edifices and extravagant establishments for those who can afford them, but we should not blind our eyes to the fact that in that direction lies a dangerous extreme. We are but the stewards of God's truth as well as of that portion of this world's goods with which in his Providence he may have been pleased to bless us. It is not our own any more than we are our

own—for are we not “bought with a price?” If we have an abundance, a liberal share of that abundance belongs to our poor brethren. Democracy in human government teaches the greatest good to the greatest number—but Democracy in the Gospel teaches the greatest good to the whole family of man. “God is no respecter of persons,” and he who has invidious respect to the persons of men cannot be a practical Christian.

The Gospel is democratic, because it teaches its true believers to care for the bodies as well as the souls of men. Its divine author not only preached repentance and faith, but he “went about doing good.” He healed the sick and fed the hungry. If he became the guest and saviour of the rich and great, he at the same time permitted a vile and despised Magdalen to wash his feet and wipe them with the hair of her head—almost gray with a life-weight of iniquity—and then forgave her all her sins. If, when the weary pilgrimage of this life is over, we would hear the divine welcome of “well done, good and faithful servant,” we must put this “higher law” Democracy of the Gospel into daily practice. If we are sincere in our desires to see Humanity elevated we must remember that it is only by a practical admission of this Democracy of the Gospel that such a glorious end can be attained. We must strive less for Self and Sect and more for the general good and the glory of God.

And this brings me to the application of this desultation—for I cannot dignify it with the title of Essay—the objects which we have in view in organizing and sustaining Christian Associations: Whatever may be said, truly or falsely, I affirm not, of the exclusiveness and jealousies of Christian sects, in these, at least, men of all shades of religious opinion, if based upon an evangelical sentiment, can meet together for the general good of one common platform. Here we know not the distinction of Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran or Methodist, or any title of exclusive significance, but we hail and welcome in each a *Christian brother!* Here the various shades and distinctions which mark the creeds of sect, and too often fall like evening shadows on our social system, are obliterated by the noonday light of Christian Brotherhood. Here the bond of union is brotherly love and the object of that union the work of love.

I look upon the work and destiny of all Christian associations as a glorious mission, and especially worthy of commendation where the young become the active instruments of doing good. The work of Young Men's Christian Associations is not merely, as many suppose, to build up a library and reading room, which of itself would be an achievement worthy the exertion and meriting the thanks of our fellow citizens. As we gain strength with increasing years, new fields of usefulness will open before us. Where neglected children are to be clothed and educated in the Sabbath

School, into which so many have not yet entered, there will the democracy of the Gospel be practically illustrated by the members of Christian associations building up Sabbath Schools without the circles of our churches which, under the blessing of God, will stand as living monuments of Christian Association in a good cause. Already, I am pleased to be able to state, have the preliminary arrangements of this great and good work been commenced, and I know all Christians, everywhere, who love to see the highest interests of humanity advanced, will join with me in wishing a hearty "God-speed" to the good work.

And when the chilling frosts and driving snows of winter are again upon us, bringing destitution and misery to many an humble fireside now peaceful and adorned with that hope which springs perennially from the smiling present—then may not the members of Christian associations be found as "ministering angels of mercy" in the hut of poverty and want, calling down upon them as the rewards of their endeavors to practice the democracy of the Gospel, the blessings of grateful souls, tenants of comfortable bodies, made so by their humble mission. Oh, my friends! here is a mission in a field which you may well look forward to with hope and joy, for He who dispenses blessings and withholds misfortunes has said that whoever shall thus give a cup of cold water in his name shall not lose his reward.

In conclusion, my friends, I am a firm believer in Human Progress; and while I ignore any system of preaching to the soul which overlooks the claims of the body, I regard the Gospel of Jesus as the only basis in which any great moral, social, or political reform can be prosecuted to a final triumph. The voice of divine wisdom has told us that if in all our ways we acknowledge the Lord he shall direct our paths. No matter whether that way leads us to the house of God, the social circle, the place of business, or to the ballot box in the exercise of a freeman's highest prerogative, we must remember him through the claims of our suffering brothers and his children, if we at the end expect his blessing. If we pray "Thy kingdom come," we must work, not wait in idleness for that kingdom. Then will this Gospel, based upon that higher democracy of the greatest good to the whole number, "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

GENTLY, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of Heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

MR. ELDON: The following sketch, taken from the *Cincinnati Dollar Times*, in which a school teacher gives his experience in school-going and school-teaching, struck me as peculiarly interesting and good; and thinking it would be equally so to your readers, I thought it would be worthy of being preserved in the Guardian. In the course of narrating his experience the teacher says:

But to return. I must mention an incident of which it gives me real pleasure to think, betimes, when I look back upon the past.

There was a little nervous fellow, of some ten summers, attending school. He was all brain and motion. Not one minute was he still. I could not comprehend him. Every motion was grace and poetry. Every look from those liquid blue and sparkling eyes revealed a soul. He must be doing something all the time; no listlessness, no dullness. He confounded me and all the rest. No lesson too deep for him to comprehend; no task he would not accomplish, as it were, by intuition. I often stood by his side and watched him in his studies, that I might learn, perchance, from him, but the longer I looked, the more I marveled. He was a gay fellow, and very easy to laugh at anything bearing the semblance of being funny, consequently it was the delight of his schoolmates, less given to study, to watch him when he was off his guard, and provoke his risibilities. I always knew something wrong was going on when I heard "my favorite" laugh, and generally was quick enough to catch the offender in his tricks, which were often of such a laughable nature, that I had to lay by my dignity and join in the chorus of voices.

One day, while having all my attention directed towards the hearing of a recitation, I heard Charley's clear, ringing laugh, behind me. Other scholars took it up, which irritated me considerably, and I mentally resolved that I'd visit a heavy punishment upon the "little rascal," who was the originator of the fun. I soon finished the recitation, and with a heavy cloud hanging portentously upon my brow, I inquired who was the author of so much merriment and confusion. No one answered, but all appeared to be zealously engaged upon their lessons. Again I inquired in an angry tone, and I saw many a little bosom heaving with fear, while anxious, fearful glances were cast towards me.

"Let the guilty one make himself known immediately, or, when I do find out the offender, it will go hard with him."

No answer, no movement, all as still as death.

I then changed my tone; told them that such disorder was incompatible with good school government, that it could not be allowed or endured; that if the mischief-maker would come forward,

acknowledge his guilt, and promise reform, I would forgive, and all would move on harmoniously.

No one manifested a disposition to move; I was perplexed more than ever. I hesitated only a moment, however, and then called Charley upon the floor. I knew *he* must know, and I was determined to fathom the mystery.

He came up slowly, after he had laid his books aside, looking me straight in my eye. What *was* there, in that look, so piercing, for I am conscious I fairly trembled? What dark shadow fell like a death pall over that youthful countenance, and marred its more than earthly beauty? I understood it not.

"Charley," said I, laying my hand upon his head, "what was the cause of your laughter?"

"I can't tell you, master," answered he, in thrilling tones. "I can't tell you."

"Why not? Do you not know?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, sir, I know, but I can't tell."

"Can't tell? Know, and can't tell? Curious, surely! Who caused you to laugh? tell, sir, quickly!" said I tartly, giving him a slight shake.

The little fellow's bosom swelled, and his whole frame shook with emotion: He raised his eyes to mine, and a big tear dropped from each, left a glistening track down his pale cheeks, and fell to the floor. So still was the school, that those tear drops sounded like great heavy hail-stones, to my heart at least, as they struck the floor.

"Oh! sir, I cannot tell. Punish me, for 'twas I who made so much disturbance. I shouldn't have laughed so. I was the only one to blame, as I ought to have been studying, then I wouldn't have seen what was going on. Do with me what you think right, master, and I'll be a better boy after this," and other tear drops followed the first.

I was nonplussed, and for a minute remained undecided—lost in thought. I couldn't understand why Charley should refuse to inform me who was the offender, and persist in taking all the blame upon himself.

"Charley," said I at last; "Charley, you should know that this will never do. If I punish you only, I do not reach the originator of the trouble, and he will go on defyingly into deeper depths of mischief, and get you and others into more difficulties. I wish to reach the root, and tear that from its fancied place of security, and thus break up the source of all this. It is for your own good, the good of your companions, and of your teacher, that I insist upon obtaining this information. Will you give it?"

He hesitated, and was evidently weighing some important matter in his mind. I watched the expressions of his countenance closely, in hopes of getting some clue in the way of solving this worse than Algebraic problem.

At first a darker shade settled upon his face, when the hot blood seemed to rush to his head, extending every vein to an alarming extent upon his face and neck, and I was about to utter an exclamation of alarm, and catch him in my arms, when the blood as suddenly receded and left his countenance bloodless. Then the shade passed away, a beautiful crimson tint overspread his faultless features, a holy light beamed from those beautiful orbs, and a look of unutterable loveliness rested upon his countenance as he spoke, "Dear teacher, again I say I cannot. I have considered well what you have said, and love you all the more for saying it. Do with me as pleases you best, and I shall love you, even in all things else, but in this I cannot, oh! I cannot!" and he bowed his head and wept.

"Then," said I sternly, though hardly able to refrain from shedding tears myself, "I must punish you for your obstinacy," and forthwith proceeded to search for my rod, but just as I had raised it I was startled by the cry, "Dón't whip Charley! O, master, don't whip Charley! I made him laugh! I'm to blame! Whip me! whip me, and let Charley go!" and the next moment a boy of some twelve summers rushed in between us, and caught Charley in his arms, bore him to a seat, and returning stood in Charley's place. I was bewildered. My head began to swim around; my hand fell powerless at my side, and I mechanically dropped into the nearest seat. The next I remember was, I saw Charley and his noble preserver embracing each other, each one sobbing aloud, and every eye in the room streaming tears. The whole truth flashed through my mind instantly. The boy was Charley's enemy. He always took great delight in tormenting Charley, getting him into trouble, and abusing him wherever and whenever he had an opportunity. The cause was envy and jealousy. Charley bore all patiently, always treated him kindly, which only seemed to irritate his persecutor all the more; until at last, Charley had displayed such magnanimous and noble forbearance and love, that the obdurate heart of the boy was melted, and the two souls flowed together, in life, and I feel, eternity enduring friendship.

I said no more; wiped dry my eyes, and thereafter never had cause to reprimand either one.

Charley was my ideal of a noble soul. He knew that if he informed upon his enemy, the teacher would punish him severely, and he (Charley) could not bear to witness it, but rather endure the wrath of the teacher himself.

How oft among men, do we find hearts as bold and firm in the right, as Charley's.

NEVER think that which you do for religion, is time or money misspent.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

The man in the Bible, "I go, sir," and went not, has his counterpart, at the present day, in every department of life. Nothing is more common than for persons to make promises or excite expectations which are never realized. It is an easy thing to give one's word, but a harder thing to keep it. An unwillingness to disoblige, a disposition to keep on good terms with all, a desire to get rid of importunity, together with a carelessness and indifference as to what constitutes an obligation, lead many to say they will do a thousand things which are never done, and which, indeed, if they had looked into their hearts, they would have discovered they had no real intention of doing. Some amiable people seem to lack the nerve and moral courage to say "No," even when the contrary involves them in an untruth. One is asked to be present at a public meeting where important measures are to be discussed, and his counsels and co-operation are regarded as important. He is not cordially in favor of the object, or is pressed with other engagements, or prefers enjoying his evenings with his own family circle, or over his books, and in his heart has no purpose to accede to the proposition. Unwilling, however, to avow his real sentiments, or to appear disobliging, he gives his word to be present, or so frames his speech as to leave that impression on the mind of his friend. Virtually he has given his promise; but the occasion comes and passes without his ever having harbored a serious thought of cheering it with his presence. A mechanic is engaged to do a piece of work. It is important that it shall be attended to promptly; arrangements involving the convenience and comfort of the family depend upon it, and, except for the positive assurance that it should be done at the appointed time, some other person would have been engaged. But the appointed day comes and goes, and, notwithstanding repeated applications and new promises, weeks pass on before the first hammer is struck, or the first nail driven.

The result of this looseness of speech and conscience is, first, great vexation and disappointment. The party to whom such promises were made relied upon them. But the faithlessness of the other party has deranged all his plans, and subjected him to much inconvenience. He is impatient and vexed, gives way to unpleasant tempers, says many hard things, and, perhaps, commits much sin.

Then, also, confidence is destroyed in the person who made the promise. The word of the latter had been pledged, and if he has failed to keep it once, he may fail again. The victim of his deception, having discovered that he is not to be relied upon, fixes a mark upon him, and takes care not to put himself in the way of future disappointments, and advises his friends in like manner.

Hence, too, the man who makes and breaks promises is a loser in the end, so far as mere self-interest is concerned. In order to keep his business, or not to disoblige customers or friends, he pledged himself for what he knew, or might have known, would not be done. Instead of promoting his end by this deception, he has frustrated it. The loss of customers, and their adverse advice and influence, does him an hundred-fold more harm than frankly to have told the truth at the outset.

The worst result of all, however, is the injury done by the faithless promiser to his own moral principles. Whatever interpretation he may put upon his language, and however he may endeavor to excuse himself, he has uttered a falsehood. The repetition of such obliquities deadens his moral sense, so that, after long practice, he thinks nothing of giving and breaking his word. At last, he can tell an untruth every day of his life, and not even be conscious of impropriety.

The lessons to be drawn from this subject are: 1. That we should weigh well our words. Strictly interpreted, perhaps, your language may not have necessarily implied an absolute obligation; but if such an impression was made, the injury is done. And, 2. That in all transactions it is best, in every sense of the term, to be honest. If a request cannot be complied with, say so. You may fail, for the time, to please a customer or friend, but in the end you will have gained his respect and confidence.

THE WELCOME DAY.

THE psalmist sadly swept the strings,
And sighed his spirit's anxious prayer
To have the wild dove's quivering wings,
And breathe a calmer, purer air.
When boyhood's dream of glory's fled,
And all our hopes have passed away,
And friendship's joys are with the dead,
Who will not hail the welcome day?

When times has chill'd affection's glow,
And damped the nobler fire of youth,
Each pulse is beating sad and slow,
And doubts encompass every truth,
Who would not, from his inmost soul,
The psalmist's prayer breathe o'er again,
And cleave the clouds that round us roll,
Amid the grief and cares of men?

When by a friend's sad corse we stand
And think the soul that warmed this clay
Has sought the pilgrim's promised land,
The mansions of eternal day;
Who would not wish to break the tie,
That binds the unwilling soul to earth,
And mount rejoicing to the sky,
Ecstatic in another birth?

LUTHER IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

[See Engraving.]

WE all know more about the public acts and virtues of distinguished men than we do of their private relations in life. Book-makers, in elaborating biographies of eminent men, have given us a full view of their heroes in the pulpit, the senate, or the forum, but permitted us to see very little of them in the family circle—although, as has been truly said, the finest traits of some of our best and greatest men are those known in their domestic life. However distinguished a man may be in his relations to the outer world in which he moves as the center of attraction and admiration, no life-picture of him can be complete unless it modestly lifts the veil from the inner shrine of the heart, when surrounded by the quiet endearments of home or the fitting shadows of domestic affliction.

There is not an American heart that does not warm up at the mention of a Washington and the recollection of his many noble acts of benefaction as "the Father of his Country." And yet, how many of the admirers of this great and good man know comparatively nothing of those finer traits of "Washington at Home," *Washington within himself*, which can alone give us a proper conception of his perfectness as a Man, until our great American author, Washington Irving, lifted the veil from the Innermost and revealed to us the glory of Washington as a son, a brother, a husband, a father, a friend! If Irving had never written anything else deserving fame, his latest work* would be sufficient to identify his name forever with the best and greatest patriot, hero and statesman of his native land.

Although Martin Luther, the great Reformer, is best known in his identification with the Reformation of the 16th century, sufficient details of incidents in his private life have been presented to us, through the lapse of ages, to show that "his finest traits are those known in his domestic life." The engraving in this number of *The Guardian* is a happy effort of the artist to bring home to us one of those family scenes in which the great reformer delighted. His passion for music, represented by the lute—his affection for his beloved and faithful "Kate," sitting a perfect picture of maternal felicity by his side—his friendship for his noble companion in reform, Melancthon, the ever welcome sharer of the quiet bliss of the family circle as well as the angry disputations of the excited theological world—his regard for good old "Aunt Lebac," so often and affectionately referred to in his letters home—the pleasure he felt in the innocent amusements of his children, for whom

* *IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.* G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. 1855.
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the "Christmas-Tree" has been trimmed and laden with toyful fancies—the bow with which Melancthon so often occupied a leisure hour in amusing little Martin—that picture of sweet innocence, little Magdalena, who looks as if she felt a presentiment of soon becoming an angel herself—surely the artist has here given us the picture of "a happy family," which may well interest us in recalling a few incidents in the domestic life of the Reformer which so aptly illustrate our subject.

Luther's attachment to the institution of Marriage and the Family appears to have matured almost to a feeling of veneration. He says,* "There is not a more lovely, endeared, blessed relation, communion and society than a happy marriage, in which husband and wife live in peace and union with each other. Neither is there, on the other hand, anything more distressing or painful, than when the bond is severed by a separation or final parting. Next to which is the death of children, when they die, which I have tasted and experienced." Again: "When marriage is peaceful and agreeable, it is—next to a knowledge of God and his Word—the highest favor and blessing of God. For many married people are very obstinate and whimsical, neither concerning themselves about their children, nor cordially loving each other. Such people are not human beings." Again: "The highest favor and blessing of God is a pious, endearing, God-fearing and thrifty wife, with whom you can live in peace, to whom you can confide all your property, and what you possess, yea, your body and life, with whom you bring up children. But God plunges many into the married state, without consulting them, before they rightly consider the matter, and it is well he does so. Kate, you have a pious husband, who loves you; therefore, you, as other pious wives, are an empress—acknowledge it and thank God. But it requires a person that is pious and God-fearing for such a station." Again: "Next to God's Word, the world has not a more lovely and endearing treasure on earth than the holy state of matrimony, which He himself has instituted, preserving it, having adorned and blessed it above all stations, from which not only all emperors, kings and all saints, but even the eternal Son of God, though in a supernatural way, were born. Whoever, therefore, hates the married state, and speaks evil of it, certainly is of the devil." "I live, continue and die, praising the holy state of matrimony."

On this account, he so ardently longed for his family when he lay so dangerously ill at Schmalkalden. "I thought," said he, afterwards, "I would not see my wife and children here again: how greatly did such separation pain me! I believe, indeed, that the natural inclination and love which a husband has for his wife,

* We quote from MEURER'S LIFE OF LUTHER, for which we are indebted to John Baer & Sons, Booksellers, Lancaster.

and parents for their children, are most intense in persons that are dying. But as I have now, by the grace of God, again been restored to health, I love my wife and children so much the more. No one is so spiritual that he does not feel such natural inclination and love. For it is a mysterious thing, this union and communion between man and wife."

Luther's second child, his little daughter Elizabeth, born to him in the year 1527, had again been taken away by death on the 8d of August, 1528. "I am surprised," he wrote in reference to this, to his friend Haussmann, whom he thanks for some toys, which the latter had sent to his little John, "at the frail, almost effeminate heart which she has left me, so greatly am I distressed on her account. I would scarcely ever have thought that a father's heart could become so tender towards his children."

In return for this affliction, God subsequently presented Luther with another daughter, Magdalena, and two sons, Martin and Paul, and finally a third daughter, Margaret. Being poor himself, he might well have been concerned for his wife and children; but he considered such concern vain, and committed them to Him who had to this day richly granted everything. On one occasion, he blessed one of his children, which an aunt carried upon her arm, and said: "Go, and be pious; money I shall not leave to thee, but a rich God I will leave to thee, who will not forsake thee. Be pious; which may God grant thee to be. Amen." The children themselves he considered the greatest blessing of God.

Dr. Jonas having once suspended a beautiful branch with cherries over the table, in remembrance of the creation, and praising the noble blessings of God in such fruits, Dr. Martin Luther said: "Why do you not much rather consider this in your children, as the fruits of your own body, which are more excellent, beautiful and noble creatures of God than any fruits of trees? In them you have displayed the omnipotence, wisdom and skill of God, who created them of nothing, in one year giving them body, life, and all their members, of such admirable perfection and beauty, and now also nourishes and preserves them. We, nevertheless, live on without greatly regarding such gifts of God, yea, perhaps, even become blind and avaricious because of them. As is commonly the case, that people, when they are blessed with children, become worse and more avaricious, scraping, flaying and shaving wherever they can, that they may lay up treasures for them, not knowing that a child, even before it enters the world and is born, has its portion, what and how much it is to have, and what it is to become, assigned to it, as the Scriptures testify, and as the common proverb says: 'The more children the more blessing.' 'O, dear Lord God, how great, alas, is the blindness, folly and even wickedness in a man that does not consider this, but does the opposite with regard to the best and noblest gifts of God, which he

perverts to all manner of sinful and shameful uses, in accordance with his pleasure and lusts, never singing a *Deo Gratias* to our Lord God for them!" Once he beheld his children and said: "O, what a great, rich and noble blessing God confers upon the married state! What joy does not a man experience in his descendants, who are numbered from him, even after his death, when he lies and decays! Is that not the most delightful and the greatest joy?" Again: "Children are the most lovely fruits and bonds of marriage, which confirm and preserve the bond of love." He, however, also knew that the married state had its burthens and the holy cross (through the children.) On New-Year's day, his child once wept and cried so that no person could quiet it; then he and his wife were sad and distressed for a whole hour. Afterwards he said: "That is the disgust and the burthen in the married state, on account of which every one shuns and dreads it and hesitates to marry. We all dread the whimsical notions of the female sex, the bawling and crying of the children, great expenses, bad neighbors, &c. Therefore we wish to be free and unfettered, that we may remain free lords, and do what we chose."

The occupations and the manners of the children afforded Luther great joy. "The faith and life of children," said he, "are the best, for they have nothing but the Word. To this they cleave, in simplicity, giving God the honor, that He is true, being assured that He will do what he promises. But we, old fools, are subject to wretched, infernal doubt, which causes us first long to dispute about the Word, which they, the children, simply receive in a pure faith, without disputing. And, finally, if we wish to be saved, we must, in accordance with their example, base ourselves wholly upon the Word; as Christ says and avers with a solemn oath: "Verily, I say unto you, except you be converted and become like little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," &c. Mat. 18. It is one of the devil's artifices and tricks, that we suffer ourselves thus shamefully to be diverted from the Word through other business and matters, imagining that these are more important than God's Word (upon which, after all, our welfare and salvation, temporal and eternal, are wholly based.) Sometimes, too, we do so, ignorantly, not remembering that the matter is so important. Truly, we are unhappy people. Therefore, the best thing is, soon to die, and to be buried." On another occasion, Luther took his little son, and said to him: "Thou art our Lord God's little fool, under his favor and forgiveness of sin; not under the law, thou dost not fear, art secure, and dost not trouble thyself about anything. What thou doest is well done."

On another occasion, he observed the simplicity of his children, and praised their innocence, saying that they were much further advanced in the faith than we old fools. For that they in all simplicity, without disputing or doubting, believed that God was gra-

cious, and that there was an eternal life after this life. How happy are children that die at such an age, although such an event would grieve me most greatly, for it would be a part of my body and a part of the body of their mother, that would die, and this natural love and inclination do not cease in pious and upright Christians; that they should not be affected or grieved or take it to heart, as is the case with obstinate, obdurate heads and dolts, when their children or relatives, whom they love, are afflicted. For such emotions and inclinations are works of divine creation, which God has implanted in the nature of man, and which are not in themselves sinful. Children live in admirable simplicity and purity of faith, not troubling themselves with the objections of reason, as Ambrosius says: reason is in fault, not faith. From Coburg he wrote the following letter to his little son John: "Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy; I am glad that you learn so well, and pray so diligently. Always continue to do so, my dear boy: when I return home, I will bring you a handsome present. I know a beautiful, delightful garden, in which there are a great many children, who wear golden coats, and go about under the trees, picking up beautiful apples, pears, cherries, and plums, singing, leaping about, and rejoicing; they likewise have handsome little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children those were? And he said they were the children that prayed and learned well, and were pious. Then I said: Good man, I also have a little son, whose name is Johnny Luther, might not he also come into your garden, and eat such beautiful apples and pears and ride upon such fine little horses and play with these children? Then the man said: If he prays and learns well, and is pious, he also shall come into the garden, Lippus and Jocelin too, and when they all come together, they also shall have fifes, tymbals, and lutes, making all manner of music, on stringed instruments, and shall dance too, and shoot with little cross-bows. And he showed there a pleasant meadow in the garden, prepared for dancing, and it was hanging full of golden fifes, tymbals, and beautiful silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet taken their meal; therefore I could not stay for the dance, and said to the man: My good sir, I will go straightway and write all this to my dear little boy, Johnny, so that he may pray diligently and learn well and be pious, that he too may come into this garden; but he has an aunt, whose name is Lehne, her also he must bring with him. And the man said: yes, it shall be so, go and write all this to him. Therefore, my dear little boy, pray and learn diligently, and tell Lippus and Jocelin too, that they also learn and pray; then you will all come into the garden together. With this I commend you to Almighty God; greet aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss in my name. In the year 1530. Your dear father, Martin Luther."

In the most trifling amusements of his children, as well as in the grandeur and sublimity of nature and the providence of God, Luther was accustomed to read useful lessons. On one occasion he was playing with his little daughter, Magdalena, and asked her: "Magdalena, what will Christ bring you?" Then he said: "Little children have such admirable thoughts of God, that he is their God and dear father in heaven." Then his wife brought to him his little son, Martin. Whereupon he said: "I wish that I had died at the age of this child, I would gladly for the sake of it give all the honor which I have obtained or might yet obtain in the world." "Alas, how much murmuring and pollution does our Lord God bear within us, more than a mother from her child!" On another occasion, observing his little son Martin, as he was playing with a little dog which he had, he said: "This boy preaches God's Word by his actions, where God says: *Have dominion over the fish of the sea and the beast of the earth*; for the dog endures everything from the child." Once again he beheld his children, and observing how different their natures and dispositions were, he marvelled at the work and creation of God, and said: Just as the dispositions are different, so the gifts also are different, and one man fares well, another evil; the one experiences more happiness or misfortune than the other. Therefore we are to have regard only to God, the creator and originator, to trust in him, and to call upon him.

Luther nevertheless was very strict towards his children. Once he for three days refused to see his son, or again to take him into favor, unless he would first humble himself and ask forgiveness. And when his mother, Dr. Jonas and Dr. Teutleben interceded for him, he said: "I would rather have a dead than a disobedient son. St. Paul did not in vain say, that a bishop should be a man who ruled his own house well, and had obedient children, that other people might be edified through them, take good example from them, and be not offended. But our disobedient children cause others to take offence, and the boys commit wrong, presuming upon our privileges. Yea, and though they sin often, and are guilty of all manner of knavery, I still do not find it out, I am not informed of it, and it is concealed from me. Thus we fare according to the common proverb: The wrong that is done in our own houses, we hear last. Therefore he must be chastised, and not at all indulged or suffered to go unpunished."

While he was distinguished by the most tender affection for his wife and children, and friends, Luther has left a good example to his admirers in his manner of treating his servants. He highly esteemed faithful servants, and admonished them frequently not to occasion scandal in the house—"for," said he, "the devil watches me closely, being intent upon disparaging my doctrine, or casting some reproach upon me." When one who had served his family

faithfully for a number of years was about to leave, Luther urged his wife to give him ten florins if they had them—not less than five—as a present for a faithful servant, and “because he is not clad.” For another servant, Luther was anxious to purchase a small house, that he might know where he could abide after his death, and not be constrained as a beggar and homeless wanderer to seek refuge in a hospital. How different from this the example of many modern professed Christians in their treatment of servants!

But Luther’s humanity and stern sense of right were seen in his regard for the irrational as well as the rational of God’s creatures. The servant last alluded to had once established a finch-decoy, when Luther drew up the following complaints of the Birds against him:

“To our gracious lord, Dr. Martin Luther, preacher at Wittenberg. We throstles, ousels, finches, flax-finches, gold-finches, together with other pious honorable birds, herewith inform your honor, that one, called Wolfgang Sieberger, your servant, having, as we are credibly informed, from great wrath and hatred against us, dearly purchased a large nefarious decoy, and several old injured nets, for the purpose of establishing a finch-decoy, presuming to deprive not only our dear friends and finches, but all of us of the liberty of flying in the air, and of gathering grains on the earth, which God has allowed to us. Besides this, he has designs even against our lives, whilst we have not committed against him the least wrong, nor deserved such insidious and sudden treachery from him. All this now, as you yourself can imagine, being an excessive and great grievance to us poor free birds (who before have neither barns nor houses, nor what is contained in them;) we humbly and earnestly pray you, to cause your servant to desist from such treachery; or if you cannot do this, at least to insist, that he, in the evening, scatter grain upon the decoy, and do not in the morning arise and go to the decoy before eight o’clock; thus we will then take our passage over Wittenberg. If he does not do this, but thus nefariously makes designs upon our lives, we will pray God that he would frustrate his designs, and cause him during the day to catch frogs, grasshoppers and snails on the decoy in our stead, and at night annoyed by mice, fleas, lice and bugs, that he may forget us and not obstruct our free passage. Why does he not employ such wrath and fierceness against sparrows, swallows, magpies, jackdaws, ravens, mice and rats, which verily do you much injury, stealing and robbing, and even carrying the grain, oats, malt and barley, &c., out of your houses, which we do not do, as we seek only the small crumbs and single scattered seeds. We submit this our cause to the decision of unbiassed reason, whether he does not unjustly thus fiercely spread his nets for us; we however trust to God, that as so many of our brethren and friends have fortunately escaped his wiles this fall, we also shall

escape from those nefarious rotten nets of his which we saw yesterday. Given at our heavenly seat under the trees, under our usual seal and feathers. 'Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. *Are ye not much better than they?*' Math. 6."

—Such is a hasty glance at Martin Luther in the Family Circle and within the sacred influences of Home. There may be many thoughts in these passages which, if entertained aright, may bear fruit in the hearts of our readers. If so, the artist has not graven nor the author written altogether in vain. J. M. W. G.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

Let us draw around the fire;
Embers ruddy glowing—
What a comfort they inspire,
Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
And it freezes out of doors,
And the wintry haze is snowing,
And the keen Northwest is blowing!

Sit and listen to the gale;
Frost without is stinging;
What a sad and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls,
Ever with a death-psalm ringing:
What a dirge the winds are singing!

Reddened in the heart-light warm,
From the great log yonder,
Housed and sheltered safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the coals,
On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing!
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unsepulchred remains
Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
Franklin and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
'Mid the icebergs hoary,
There to death they slowly froze.
On such errand let brave men
Never be dispatched again;
Keep them for the strife of glory:
What a fire-side winter story!

TRUE IDEA OF EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPHUS.

No word is more wrongly conceived, and is generating more infidelity at the present time, than just the idea held of Education. The received opinion of an education is, that it consists merely in drawing out the intellectual powers and adorning the outward man with agreeable bows, or mechanically preparing him to read, write and cypher, so as to enable him to discharge the duties of life, with which he will come in contact, whilst the "nurture" of the moral is neglected or made something secondary to the great purpose of life.

In order to solve the mystery of life, man must understand the relation existing between himself and his Creator; and make all things good in themselves, subserve as a means to this end. He must be conscious of and appreciate the high position he occupies in society as a moral and an intellectual being, endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, which constitute him a steward, and for this stewardship he is to render an account to the author of his gifts. He must also become conscious, that on account of sin, these faculties have been clothed and shrouded in midnight darkness, and have subjected him to blindness of mind, misery, sorrow and distress. He must commence a course of education for the purpose of leading him to the dawn of that "Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," that he may chose intelligently to dwell beneath the canopy of Christianity and bask in the "sun of righteousness."

Man may, by a stoic resolution and by close application and attention, enjoy himself partially, and render those around him apparently happy; but this can only be accomplished thoroughly where the intellectual and moral faculties are simultaneously developed, and made to feel the full import of the meaning he carries within himself, namely, that he is a responsible being.

Whilst the word Educate means to draw out, as derived from the Latin *educō*, it also means properly "to bring up; to form by discipline and nurture," as derived from the Greek *paideuo*. That education which developes the intellectual faculties and sacrifices the nurture of the moral, is one-sided, injurious to man's higher nature and defeats the end to which man was ultimately to be led, namely, to see and feel his own insignificance, his dependence upon God, and the weighty responsibilities of life resting upon him. Only as these facts influence him and are made incentives to virtuous and noble deeds and checks to evil, can man expect to

discharge the duties of life which may be made incumbent upon him, to the happiness and prosperity of all concerned. Here, again, a proper education brings into operation the nobler feelings of his higher nature; and all that he does, from this stand-point, he does intelligently for the happiness of his fellow creatures.

The unfolding of the intellectual faculties without the nurture of the moral is merely to educate man for nature and not for God; whilst, on the other hand, to educate the moral and not the intellectual, is to despise the gifts of God and make him careless and indifferent to the happiness of the family and prosperity of the State. The social nature of man requires that they be not inseparable. In either case you cause him to entertain the idea, and that, no doubt, unconsciously, that by the cultivation of the one at the sacrifice of the other, he can become a good citizen, perform his part in the State honorably, and thus fulfil the duties of life acceptably to Him, to whom he is to render an account of his stewardship. He is the best statesman and the best citizen who appreciates and seeks a moral and an intellectual education combined, where the one influences the other and makes him to feel that he has something higher to live for than merely the fame, honor and glory of this world.

Can they who sever these inseparable things and advocate the infidel doctrine, "Let the State educate the head and the church the heart," be benefactors to the family and the State? - No. "What God had joined together let no man put asunder." They are to be developed together that the nurture of the heart may sanctify that of the head. Without it *Reason* will be the ruling principle of man's life on the one hand, and *Spiritualism* on the other. The advocates of such a system, may pretend and desire to be benefactors to their race, yet they have no higher aim in view than to prepare man, not only for the true purpose of human existence, but for present enjoyments and selfish ends. Such views must ultimately destroy the end to which education as a means was designed to lead man. It leads him to make use of any means to accomplish his selfish and nefarious designs. We have now the fruits of such a system amongst us, both in Church and State.

No wonder that our age is becoming notorious for its infidelity and rationalism, when even synods give countenance to the impure and deadly sentiment without rebuke, that "Education is" merely "to fit the child for association in the world." It is the very germ and root of Infidelity, under the form of an angel of light, in the garb of interest for the youth and the advancement of the human race in civilization and freedom. With such views, and with such teachers as are employed in many schools, where infidelity and immorality are inculcated, it is time the sound of alarm be given, and the sentiment of Locke be sown broadcast over the

land and practiced by parents and directors, "That children should be committed to virtuous and judicious teachers, and let them rather be men of experience and moral culture, than of profound learning."

The child must be taught its relation to God and man, as the powers of the human mind are gradually unfolded; and then as it advances into youth and manhood, it will be able to understand its duty and seek the sphere in which it is to labor in life for the promotion of peace and happiness among mankind. Locke, in speaking on this subject, says: "In forming the boy to virtue, the first thing to be done is to inform him of the relation subsisting between human creatures and a superior independent being, their Creator, their Preserver and their Governor; and to teach him that obedience and worship are due to that being." This can never be accomplished if the education of the head is entrusted to the State and that of the heart to the Church; and that because a false education goes on the assumption that the head must be educated first—or knowledge must precede faith.

Rousseau says on the same subject: "Seek not to impress him with ideas of duty or obligation. Whilst they continue to be affected only with sensible objects, seek not to extend their ideas beyond the sphere of sensation." What a gulf between the two! In the former we have the very life-principle of education inculcated; whilst, in the latter, we have the axe laid at the very root of the true idea of education—the canker-worm to sap the life-blood of all true morality—to lead men from God into the whirlpool of Infidelity, and ultimately to overthrow every form of government and civilization. This is the theory and practice which now prevails to a great extent.

The system which separates a secular and a religious education, does violence to the very constitution and nature of every child; and the more distinct they become the greater will be the tendency among the higher professions of life, as their ends are selfish, to oppress and impose upon the mass of the people. It is the very system to make among lawyers, pettifoggers—among physicians, quacks—among politicians, demagogues, and among clergymen, impostors. Such a system should be discouraged by all, and especially that class who are generally imposed on by pettifoggers, quacks, demagogues and impostors for their welfare and benefit.

It is that system which draws out, illumines and nurtures, both the intellectual and moral powers with which man has been endowed, that enlarges all the nobler feelings and affections of the soul; and makes him the great and good citizen. It is those who understand their true relation to God and man—who feel the responsibilities of life—who are conscious of an hereafter, that are serious and carious to know their duty, and the sphere in which they may prove a blessing to their day and generation. The

education that leads not man into this inquiry, but substitutes present gains and selfish ends is defective and false. The mind and heart that has been properly and simultaneously cultivated and enlightened will feel and understand that it is not all of education to store the mind with the arts and sciences, and filling it with all the knowledge it is capable of grasping. Too frequently is it made to consist merely in outward embellishments and refinements, whilst the inward adorning and culture of the affections are suppressed and crushed beneath the passions of the human heart. They deserve a better fate. In every such case the individual develops himself into a fop, or herself into a coquette, instead of unfolding those powers which make them the noblest work of God.

Only where a moral and an intellectual education are combined, can we expect the true idea of education to be realized and prove an invaluable blessing both to the individual and humanity at large. Do you ask how this can be done in this age of notions and opinions? We answer, not by serving the two—entrusting the intellectual to the State and the moral to the Church. Man's life is organic. It will not allow one part to be severed from the other without doing violence to the whole. There is but "one faith, one baptism and one Lord;" these must be earnestly impressed and imbedded in every child's conscience, in the development of its intellectual faculties, without respect to the form of church government. This can be done to a great extent by the selection of proper teachers, to whom the youths of our land are committed—the reading of the word of God and prayer, and a selection of religious studies in connection with the secular. Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," in speaking of this subject, says: "Let the several studies be assigned to different parts of the same day, and between certain hours of the same day, let them be instructed in the principles of religion and the sacred history." This at least will be preparing the way for a better state of things—of bringing together, side by side, the church and the school, not for the purpose of indoctrinating any denominational creed, but to teach the principles of religion. When this is done and becomes universal, will the family, the State and the Church, though three in office yet one in labor, work hand in hand for the accomplishment and the carrying out of the true idea of education.

The young should seek it as their guardian-angel to watch and protect their best interests for time and eternity. They owe it to their God, to themselves, and to generations succeeding them. It will lead to the Fountain of all Life, and there we may, if we will, drink of the waters of life, and have our knowledge increased through faith in Him, in whom are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and in whom "dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily." In Him we shall find that fullness of joy and those pleasures which are forevermore.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THREE EVENTS have transpired since our last which have caused no little excitement in political circles, and which are invested with sufficient importance to claim a leading place in our retrospective glance at the events of the month. We allude to the removal of Governor Reeder, of Kansas; the Wheeler Slave case in Philadelphia, and the Election Riots of Louisville, Kentucky. Here are three topics which interest men of all parties and opinions, and strike different minds in different aspects. In recurring to the main facts we shall endeavor to offer no opinion but such as we honestly believe to be justified by the circumstances, and to draw no conclusions or moral reflections that are not intended, in good faith, to result in good impressions.

GOV. REEDER—KANSAS.—The removal of Mr. Reeder from the governorship of Kansas Territory, although not entirely unexpected, has been received with very decided disapprobation by the press and people of all parties. Of course, there are many who will justify the government in its course on this question; but we take it as a foregone conclusion that the verdict of the Future will be very decided in condemning the act. Many prominent and influential democratic organs speak out boldly against the act as one of doubtful policy and palpable wrong, while we are satisfied that the sober-thinking people of the South will unite in the same judgment. Under the compromise by which Missouri was admitted into the Union, a sacred compact entered into by the representatives of the different States, a broad wilderness of territory was set apart for Freedom on condition that another great and valuable tract should remain open to Slavery. The South, unmolested, took possession of its share and converted it into three States, rich in their resources and potent in their political influence. For more than a quarter of a century both parties were satisfied with the compact and our sacred Union remained intact. Then a proposition

is made by a representative of the North, acting without instructions from his constituents, to violate this time-honored compromise by throwing the territory of the North open to the peculiar institution of the South. This was one of the most remarkable movements in the history of our government. It was not based upon petition—it had not been agitated by newspaper discussion—the Southern States had not demanded it—the masses of the North were opposed to it, as events since transpiring have proved. More than this, the party which became the sponsor for the deed, had declared, a year before, in their National Convention, that they would resist all agitation of the Slavery question, "in Congress or out of it." The authors of the measure could not be blind to the fact that the introduction of this question into Congress, under such extraordinary circumstances, must convulse the Union with an agitation hitherto unparalleled on this question. They were warned that this would be the result—they were besought to avert the impending calamity. The friends of the measure, speaking in behalf of the administration in power, replied by giving the most positive assurances that the organization of the new territory should be based upon the democratic principle of "popular sovereignty"—that the will of the settlers, be it what it might, should be untrammelled in determining the institutions of the new territory. It turns out that a majority of the settlers are in favor of a free State. The boasted doctrine of "popular sovereignty" is outraged and set at defiance by an armed band from Missouri, who make an incursion upon the polls and ballot-boxes, securing that by intimidation which they could not do through a legal expression of the will of the actual settlers in the territory. The government of the new territory was taken from its own citizens and controlled by a foreign power. The federal government is appealed to for aid. It affords none. The appeal is backed by the Governor himself, who

had been personally and grossly assaulted by the leader of the lawless gang. Still it is unheeded. Gathering courage from impunity, the invaders seize the machinery of territorial government, and openly avow their determination to force upon the settlers an institution repugnant to them. They drive their elected representatives from their seats and fill them with tools of their own. The Governor refuses to acknowledge their authority. The mob defies him, and boldly threatens his removal. The President yields. Gov. Reeder is removed, under the pretext that he had been engaged in land speculations illegally—but this is even repudiated by the pro-slavery men of Kansas, who are familiar with all the facts, and who insist on his removal being based on other grounds. We regret this act, because we love the Union of these States—because we recognize a BROTHER in an American citizen, whether his lot chance to be cast north or south of Mason and Dixon's line. The series of acts, to which Gov. Reeder's removal is the consummation to be most devoutly regretted, has thrown a fresh firebrand of agitation into northern feeling without even a prospect of advantaging the South; and we feel assured that our southern readers will join with us in these regrets—even though regret come too late!

THE WHEELER SLAVE CASE.—Perhaps there is no judicial act upon record in the country, certainly not in the State of Pennsylvania, which has called forth such an emphatic expression of sentiment as this, the facts of which are briefly as follows: John H. Wheeler, of Virginia, United States Minister to Nicaragua, attempted to pass through Pennsylvania with three of his slaves—a woman and her two children, boys—although he certainly knew that, according to our laws, the moment the master voluntarily brought his slaves on Pennsylvania soil they became free. He remained several hours in Philadelphia, where he continued to hold his slaves in direct defiance of our State law. This coming to the knowledge of some colored people, one of their number at once apprised Passmore Williamson, an esteemed and respectable citizen of the fact, who went to the boat on which Mr. Wheeler had embarked with the mother and her children, and told her that if she wished to be free, she was no longer under any

law by which she could be held. Loud words ensued between Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Williamson, and the slaves were taken off the boat by several negroes who had gone there for that purpose. The woman said she wanted to be free and had intended to be so when she reached New York. Williamson was brought before Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, under a process requiring him to produce the slaves. He answered to the writ that they were not and had not been in his possession or under his control. For this Judge Kane committed him to prison for "contempt," without bail or mainprize, where he still lies, and must lie until it may please Judge Kane to liberate him! This is an exercise of power which is well calculated to excite alarm. If Judge Kane has the power to commit Passmore Williamson to a prison cell, at discretion, what guarantee has any other person for his liberty! We do not say that Mr. Williamson committed no offence—but we do say that Judge Kane should have held him for those offenses or handed him over for trial under any laws he had outraged. If he committed an assault and battery on Mr. Wheeler, or created a riot, why not hold him for these offences, and not, despot-like, say, in effect, You have treated me contemptuously and I will make you suffer! The power of committing for contempt is a discretion which should be exercised by judges with great caution, and only in extreme cases—indeed, it is doubtful whether such a tyrannical discretion should be reposed in any one man. The exercise of it in this case will certainly have the contrary effect which Judge Kane and his friends no doubt anticipated. It will have the effect of making more abolitionists than could have been effected by a whole campaign of anti-slavery speeches. Mr. Wheeler certainly had no legal right to bring his slaves into this State—he did so at his own risk—and he ought, knowing the probable consequences, to have been willing to put up with them. What the result may be, is still in doubt, and a matter of much interest to the whole community.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOTS.—The late election in Louisville, Kentucky, was attended with one of the most disgraceful and bloody riots which have ever disgraced our country. The details have no doubt been seen by all our readers,

who are as capable of forming an opinion on the causes which led to the disgraceful issue as we are. It was a lawless contest between the "Americans" and the "foreigners"—the "Know Nothings" and "Sag Nichts"—but which party were the first aggressors is still a matter of dispute—the organs of both parties, as usual in such cases, favoring each their own side of the question. Not less than twenty lives were lost and a number of houses destroyed during the progress of the riot, which commenced on Monday afternoon, and were renewed on Tuesday morning. The lesson which we would draw from this deplorable encounter is apparent. While it is the duty of every citizen to exercise his voice in the administration of government, by depositing his ballot in a quiet and independent manner, all should be particularly careful to guard against that wild fanaticism of parties which often arrays class against class, and even brother against brother. Political demagogues, who take advantage of popular excitements to strengthen their own party or their chances of political promotion, should be discountenanced and rebuked by every honest citizen. From all we can gather from the published details, we have no doubt that the responsibility of these riots rests upon the wire-pulling demagogues of partisan politics.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—Charles S. Morehead, formerly a moderate whig, and Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives and member of Congress, has been elected Governor of Kentucky by some seven or eight thousand majority. He was the American candidate and opposed to Beverly M. Clark, the democratic candidate. He succeeds Lazarus M. Powell, (dem.,) and is elected for four years. The new Legislature is also Know Nothing as well as the entire State ticket. Of members of Congress six American and three Opposition are chosen, so far as heard from....In Alabama, John A. Winston (dem.) is elected Governor by about 5,000 majority over George D. Shortridge, American. The Legislature is democratic, and the congressional delegation will stand five Democrats to two Know Nothings....In North Carolina, it is now pretty well ascertained, the Congressional delegation will stand five Democrats and three Know Nothings....In Tennessee, Gov.

Andrew Johnson (dem.) has been re-elected Governor by a small majority over Mr. Gentry, American. The contest appears to have been close in that State—though Johnson's majority may reach 2,000. The Americans have secured a majority of the Congressional delegation.

A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION was held at Reading on the 7th ult. Delegates were present from every representative district in the State, and the greatest enthusiasm and unanimity prevailed in all the proceedings. Hon. Henry K. Strong, Speaker of the House, presided. A series of resolutions were adopted, in which a determination was expressed to sustain the Restraining License Law, until it is repealed for a law of entire Prohibition. The reports from different counties were highly encouraging, and the friends of Temperance will go into the fall campaign with an energy which deserves and will no doubt secure victory.

Hon. JOHN S. DAWSON, to whom the President tendered the Governorship of Kansas, in place of Governor Reeder, removed, has declined the office and ex-Governor Shannon, of Ohio, has been appointed. Mr. S. has accepted and is on his way to the new Territory. Mr. S. is a Nebraska democrat.

THE Massachusetts Bible Society has distributed 15,000 Bibles and 30,000 Testaments, the last year, at home and abroad, a portion of them having been furnished to the allied soldiers before Sebastopol. The Home Missionary Society has collected \$48,000 the past year.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of war since our last is not important. By the Baltic we learned that the Russians made a sortie on the 24th of July, but were repulsed. The loss is not mentioned in the despatches published. It is rumored that a secret expedition is preparing, which is to attempt to force a passage into Sebastopol harbor, at the same time that a grand assault will be made by the land forces. The French continue to approach the Malakoff. The positions occupied by the Allies and the Russians in the open field are unchanged. The British fleet in the Sea of Azoff has destroyed the bridge of boats at Genitsch, without incurring any loss. The operation in the Baltic have not been important. The preparations for a campaign on the

Danube continue. The Bushi Bazeuks at Constantinople have mutinied and committed great excesses. A formidable insurrection has occurred among the Arabs in Tripoli. The Russians remain near Kars, but have not invested the city. The French loan has been all taken. The uneasiness in Spain has been mostly allayed. The British Ministry having made a narrow escape from defeat, on the question of the Turkish loan bill, will be able to retain their position. The bill is progressing.

The Asia's news informs us that Mr. Roebuck's motion for a vote of censure on the government, after being debated at great length, was thrown out in the House of Commons by a majority of 107. The Palmerston Ministry has therefore a new lease of life. The general prospects of the war were not encouraging. The successes and losses of the Allies before Sebastopol seem to be about equally balanced. The Sardinian and Turkish forces have again withdrawn from the valley of Balder to Balaklava. The report is confirmed that the Russians have received reinforcements. Accounts from Asia state that the Russian army, under General Muraviev, had invested Kars, while a small army corps had advanced upon Katala, and was pressing the Turkish garrison of Batoum. The Black Warrior dispute with the United States is definitely settled, the Spanish government agreeing to pay an indemnity of a million reals.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.—Gen. Simpson, it is said, has forwarded his resignation of the British command in the Crimea to his government. The example would be followed by Omer Pasha. General Pellissier is not satisfied with the strict surveillance over his acts by the Emperor of France, and may throw up his command in disgust....The English and French journals seem to be laboring under mortal disquietude as to the probability of an Austrian alliance with Russia....Queen Victoria will visit Paris after all. Another account says that she will do so on the 17th, and that Louis Napoleon shortly afterwards will proceed to the Crimea....It is asserted that the supposed expedition against Odessa will in reality be employed in a grand naval and military operation against the harbor of Sebastopol. One hundred ships and forty thousand men are to take part in the attempt to force the entrance to the

port, whilst a simultaneous attack is to be made from the land. Preparations are also making for another campaign in Bessarabia....The visit of the Prince of Prussia to St. Petersburg is mystifying all the political quid nuncs....The Paris journals announce the death of the widow of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor Napoleon I., in her 77th year....Among the deaths of Russian officers reported from the Crimea are those of Admiral Nachimoff and Major Todtleben. The latter distinguished officer was the son of a shopkeeper in Riga, and won his way by his talents to the rank of captain of engineers....Advices from Barcelona speak of the ruinous effects of the insurrection in Spain. Many of the influential manufacturers and opulent individuals had left, or were preparing to leave that city; 500,000,000 reals had been withdrawn from circulation, and thousands of the working population have been reduced to hopeless beggary....A letter from Warsaw says that Prince Paskiewitch is about to resume the command of the Russian troops on the Danubian frontier, at the urgent request of the new Emperor....Louis Napoleon has gone to the Pyrenees to join the Empress. They will return together to receive the Queen of England, on the 17th or 18th of August....The condition of Italy is extremely unsatisfactory. Rumors of plots and conspiracies pervade the whole peninsula. Cholera is virulent in Lombardy. In Naples numerous arrests of officers of the army have taken place, and government is at present suspiciously kind to the lazzaroni—an ill omen....It is now discovered that the author of the celebrated war pamphlet, attributed to Prince Napoleon, is really no other than M. Mirolawski, who figured in the Polish, Baden and Sicilian insurrections....The village of Chamouni, in Switzerland, has been almost destroyed by fire. Half the village is in ruins. Subscriptions are solicited in England to aid the sufferers....A French steamer has been sent to Malta for troops to aid the Bey of Tripoli. The insurrection in that province has assumed a serious magnitude. Two thousand Turks were defeated by the insurgent Arabs....The Duke of Newcastle and Omar Pasha were at Constantinople—the former in search of evidence to justify himself, and the latter, it is said, to tender his resignation.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, 1855.—No. X.

EARNEST YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

A youth who, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A Banner with the strange device—

Excelsior.

THERE is a great difference in young men. Among various classes there is one distinctly marked, which we venture to characterize as earnest young men. This class is not very large, but they are nevertheless to be found in almost every neighborhood. The Editor of The Guardian frequently receives letters from young men belonging to this class. A brief extract from one lately received will enable the reader at once to see what kind of young men we call earnest.

This young man writes for some information and advice in regard to going to college. He says "I had made up my mind long ago to come?—was made up *long ago* to go to college." Why then did he not go long ago? Ah! this is easily explained. There was opposition on the part of his parents and friends; and there were difficulties and hindrances that met him at every step. "It is very discouraging," he says somewhat sadly. Still the fire burned in his soul; and his strong desire to go to college consumed all his pleasure and his interest in other things. Thus year after year passed away, while hope deferred made his heart sick. At length he grows desperate, and resolves at once to break through all hindrances from friends and from want of means. "My friends say that they do not see how I am to get along; but my motto is: *What has been done can be done*—and, *Where there's a will there's a way*. As you say in an address delivered before a Society, and published in The Guardian, of such as had a desire to get an education, one lived on two pence a day in order that he might support himself at a University; and that another stinted himself in clothes, that he might buy books; and another blacked the Professor's boots for his tuition! why may not I get along also."

This will give the reader an idea of what we mean by an earnest

young man. The one who wrote this letter is only a specimen of a pretty large class who, scattered over the land in our vallies, and on our farms, are hindered by opposition and difficulties from fulfilling the earnest desire of their hearts; which is to cultivate their minds. We have formed an acquaintance with many such during our editorial life. We must say we honor them, we love them, we bear them on our heart; and if we could utter words of power that should inspire them with new courage, and bid them in their earnest struggles to take heart again, how gladly would we do it.

We are convinced that there is more true heroism displayed by this class of young men, than is known in battle fields. The heroism of a soldier in war is the mere maddened impulse of rage, or desperation; but this is a steady, high, and holy struggle to rise in the scale of being, to be wise, useful, and good. That is the courage of physical intoxication; but this is the strife of the spirit under the influence of a noble purpose.

We have noticed that earnest young men are always unselfish. They have generous hearts; and their desire to improve their minds springs generally from a desire to be more useful in life. They know that knowledge, besides being a satisfaction to its possessor, is also power, and influence, and is a great element in proper fitness for a higher sphere of duty and responsibility. This is truly noble. It is a dignity of purpose which is never attained by those who live merely for wealth, and to enjoy the satisfaction and conveniences which it is falsely supposed to procure.

Earnest young men, with all their generosity of spirit, are generally economical. Spendthrifts are not earnest. Earnest young men freely deny themselves of those things which are only for the body and this life, that they may secure advantages to the mind and their nobler nature. What they save by economy, is not spent on dress, luxuries, or foolish diversions, but in books, periodicals, and other means by which the mind is improved. We have known one, who has not the least grain of a miserly spirit in him, who, when he travels, has frequently missed a meal to buy a book. It is the triumph of the higher over the lower nature. Nor can it be censured; for, to fast over a meal, is in general good for the body instead of injurious; and the possession of another book is a positive and lasting good.

Earnest young men are careful of their time. You do not find them lounging in stores and shops during long winter evenings. They care not for parties and diversions to pass away time. The hours of leisure, that come in between their labor, and needed sleep, are carefully devoted to reading and the general improvement of the mind. Time is to them precious as a means; and every moment is therefore watched as it passes, and put to some good use.

Earnest young men are persevering. Obstacles, and difficulties, and opposition, only increase their courage, as exercise gives new

vigor to the muscles. They rightly believe that "where there is a will there is a way." Not only what has been done can be done again; but what *ought* to be done can be done. Every one ought to cultivate his talents, and prepare for usefulness. This God wishes and this the state of the world requires, it can therefore be done. The history of thousands of earnest young men, and their final success, proves that perseverance will in the end be crowned with triumphant results.

These few words intended for encouragement will meet the eyes of some earnest young men. We say to them "never despair." You have long looked toward some college, with a fainting heart, as a place which your circumstances will never permit you to reach. Do not give it up. You will yet reach the object of your ardent desire. You will yet accomplish what you have longed for almost from childhood. Be sincere, be prayerful, be persevering, "learn to labor and to wait;" time will make way for you. Begin to take the necessary steps. Seek the advice of those who, amid similar difficulties, have gone before you. Venture with courage upon the way, though you see but a little way clearly before you. Our little boy, when we entered in at one end of a long bridge, feared that we could not get out at the other end, because the opening seemed so small. It was the thought of a child. But he found that the bridge grew wide enough *as we advanced*. Be not fearful, or over anxious as to the way before you. It will open to you as fast as you go. It is time enough to stop, and turn back, when you are once absolutely against the mountains that cannot be climbed. As long as one more step can be taken, take it! Go forward—go forward:

"Heart within, and God overhead!"

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this ev'n;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
Three little forms from heav'n!

Ah! 'tis well that "little ones" should love us:
It lights our fate when dim,
To know that once our pure Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to him!

Said he not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is 't not sweet to know that, when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

NEGLECTED COMMANDS.

NO. IV.—SELF-DENIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"DENY thyself." As soon as we mention it, the serious reader will feel that there is true ground for placing this among the neglected commands. Where are those who deny themselves? Of what do the generality of professing christians deny themselves? To what extent are inconveniences, to say nothing of absolute sufferings, endured for Christ's sake, and for man's sake? Alas! how little do we feel the deep meaning of the words: "He that looseth his life for my sake shall find it." Alas! how few dare say with the early friends of Christ: "Lord we have left all and followed thee."

Self-denial is not merely a particular part of christian duty to be practiced incidentally when occasion brings it into our way, but it is always the very first step toward union with Christ. It is the *letting go* of what is not Christ, that we may take hold of Him. It is a constant, and earnest turning away from self to Christ.

We need but consider the nature of religion to see how necessarily self-denial belongs to it. In piety—when we become christians—the centre of our life is changed from ourselves to God. The natural man is like a planet that acknowledges no relations and dependencies, but revolves for itself, and seeks to make all else circle around itself, and be secondary to it. The christian is like a planet that has found another centre besides and beyond itself, and now finds its own harmony and meaning in revolving around that centre—it loses itself, denies itself, and gives up itself to another power and influence. Thus the christian swings loose from self, and finds his home, harmony and happiness in God, the true and only centre of the whole circle of life. In the very nature of christianity, therefore, self-denial or self-sacrifice is the first law, and the first duty. Till self is thus surrendered there is no piety towards God.

We find this principle acknowledged in all the acts of Christ. He, as our pattern, devoted himself entirely to his Heavenly Father. "Not my will, but thine," was the ruling spirit of His life. Self-denial and self-sacrifice form the main current of his life and acts from the time he left the glories of heaven, until he lay in the grave under the power of the penalty which He bore for us. The whole of His life seems to be comprehended in these words: "Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor." He emptied himself. He made himself of no reputation. He bore the cross and the shame. He gave himself to God and to man. He gave heaven for earth—bliss for suffering—life for death.

We find the same spirit of self-denial active in the apostles and early christians. They counted all things but loss for Christ, and were willing always to give up all, and to suffer all for Him and His kingdom.

Not only does piety change the centre of our activities from ourselves to God, but it also causes us to turn our activities towards the good of our fellow men. Our selfishness must be lost in our interest for others. We must love our neighbor as ourself—devote ourselves to his good. This requires at once the spirit of self-denial. This is seen in the spirit of Christ. He gave up his own ease, comfort, and all, for the good of men. The same spirit has in all ages characterized all that have had fellowship with him in the new life of grace. Where this spirit is not there is not the spirit of Christ; and wherever this spirit is there is self-denial.

Piety also always raises the future in importance and value above the present. It teaches us that the promises, comforts, and rewards of the present are ever to be sacrificed for the good of the future. Time must be subordinated to eternity, earth to heaven. This requires that the present be a life of self-denial; for in no other way can the present be subordinated to the future. This spirit is also found eminently in Christ and in all saints in all ages, and it is the spirit of self-denial.

In what respects, and in what particulars, must self-denial be practiced? It would be an almost endless task to point out these. The shortest mode, and the true one, is to say, it is our duty to deny ourselves in all things which interfere with our supreme devotion to God, and hinder our doing the greatest amount of good to mankind. We must cut short our desire for worldly gain where it interferes with the cultivation of our mind, the sanctification of our spirit, or our usefulness in life. We must cut off from luxuries, where indulgence injures us by surfeiting, or others by poverty. We must deny ourselves of ease, where the wants of others call for our activity. In short a true christian life must steadily and always practice self-denial for the good of others.

How little is there of this spirit in our present christianity! See the rich, the high, the fashionable in the circles of professed followers of Christ! Of what do they deny themselves? They often give more for a shawl, or a bonnet, than they do to missions. Give more for toys, perfumes, and jewelry, than they do to support the gospel. Give more for tobacco than they do to their minister. They either squander money or hoard it while thousands are suffering both for temporal and spiritual food. Yet such deceive themselves with the vain fancy that they are christians, and have the spirit of Him who said, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me!" Alas! how deplorably deceived are such.

If we view self-denial in the light of scripture, and of our Sa

viour's example, we cannot fail to feel that its practice is, in these last days, nearly obsolete. When it does exist it is found principally among the poor, who, like the widow in the scripture, deny themselves more and spare more in their poverty, than the rich in their abundance.

THE BEAUTIES OF A SUN-SET SCENE IN THE PRAIRIES OF TEXAS.

BY R. W.

"Go mark the flowers which deck the plain—
The birds which carol in the breeze ;
The bloom of fields refreshed by rain,
The zephyrs whispering 'mongst the trees :
Hear too the tempest's howling blast,
While clouds on clouds majestic move,
The flowers, the fields, the birds, the blast,
Alike proclaim that God is Love."

ON my way from Matagorda Bay to San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, night overtook me whilst I was in the midst of an immense—a boundless prairie. Just as the twilight approached I found myself in the midst of a magnificent ocean of flowers. These flowers were of every hue and color, red, white, blue, yellow, pink, purple, crimson and mottled ; generally tall, raising their beautiful coronas above the green grass, and waving it to and fro, like the graceful undulations of the golden grain. Here I had my first view of a sun-set scene on the vast prairies of Texas, and a more beautiful and lovely scene I never witnessed, and never expect to see, until I get a view of that city whose streets are paved with gold, and whose walls are made of precious stones—"where God the Son forever reigns,

"And scatters night away."

Foreign tourists may talk of the bright skies of Italy, and the pure atmosphere of Australia, but a brighter sky, or a purer atmosphere, and a more bland and soft, and lovely landscape, was never seen in any land. Even an attempt to describe a sun-set scene on the prairies of Texas is like

"Gilding refined gold, painting the lily,
Adding another perfume to the rose,
Or another hue unto the rainbow."

The grandeur and beauty of such a scene cannot be described ; it must be seen and felt to be fully appreciated. But in order to give the numerous readers of *The Guardian*, who have never had, and perhaps never will, have an opportunity of feasting their eyes on such a lovely prospect, I will endeavor to paint, on paper, what

the scene itself daguerreotyped upon a soul, not altogether dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the sublime.

I was on an elevated spot, with nothing but the heavens and the prairie in sight. The prairie was gently sloping away towards the four points of the compass; and some twelve or fifteen miles from where I stood the horizon cut the land from my view. There was nothing to obstruct one's vision but here and there a solitary and gloomy live oak with his wide-spreading and knarled branches, apparently keeping sentinel in the vast solitude, and a few lazy cattle luxuriating in the rich pasture. And this scene was enlivened by large droves of wild deer, some with their branching antlers bounding like the Spring-bok of Africa over the tall grass, and the mottled fawn by the side of its dam, attempting the same wild gymnastics of the prairie. Night was stealing in upon the prairie; the flowers were instinctively closing their petals to exclude the dews, and to keep their rich hues untarnished for another day. The great luminary of day had laid aside his dazzling splendors, and his rays passing through the dense strata of air near the surface of the earth, permitted the human eye to gaze upon his broad red disc with perfect impunity. At this moment nature herself seemed to pause in order to contemplate the lovely scenes of her own magic creation. The glorious clouds had formed a gorgeous pathway for the sun to glide down upon into his bed of flowers! All around him floated airy clouds, smiling in roseate hues, and blushing in deep vermilion.

"Oh, it was one of those immortal hours
When man, unheeding of the jarring world,
Feels thoughts within him too sublime for words."

As the orb of day slowly sinks down towards the western horizon, he increases in size and glory, until his whole round face is suffused with a tinge of red almost as deep as the purple fluid of life. On his downward course he seems to pause a moment upon the confines of two worlds, and as his lower limb is buried beneath the horizon all nature seems to catch the deep tinge—the atmosphere, the clouds, the earth, the sky, the very grass have all assumed the deep red glow of the sinking sun! You look around upon this magnificent scene; you then look for the sun, but he is seen no more, he has sunk down beneath his beautiful bed of flowers. Like magic, in a moment the scene changes; the clouds have now assumed a golden yellow appearance. You now admire the beautiful sky, but the twilight is very short; soon the clouds are changed into a light silvery gray, and then—

"Hesperus, the queen of night, arose
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

The stars have now made their appearance, and so clear is the atmosphere, and so light the stars do shine, that you can read a

newspaper without any difficulty. And the evening star throws a shadow like the moon. Oh, it was a beautiful night; I never closed an eye, but all night long I watched the moon and the beautiful stars. I was traveling in the stage. In the morning I had the pleasure of seeing the same glorious sun making his appearance in the east, coming like a strong man to run a race. I was still in the prairie, and had one hundred miles of prairie yet before me, though I had already past over some fifty miles. This may serve to convey an idea of the extent of the prairies in Texas. One of the most striking things in the Texan prairie is the immense number of flowers, and the great variety and richness of the colors. The green foliage, too, is of the deepest hue. The whole prairie is one dense sea of flowers. Here, in these primeval prairies, where human foot has never trod, it is true, as Gray says:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness o'er the desert air."

Why are these immense prairies covered with so many flowers of the sweetest fragrance and richest hues? If it be true, as some transcendentalists tell us, that every flower expands its petals as an act of homage to the great Creator, what a revenue of praise and adoration must ascend to his throne from those boundless prairies! Though the men of Texas, who are the noblest work of God in this lower world, do not praise him, yet the flowers do, and they do it with all their might. We ought to thank God for the beautiful flowers he has made, for their endless variety and rich profusion of colors and fragrance. The world would indeed be dark and gloomy and cheerless without flowers. One of our English sentimental poets—I think it was Charles Lamb—said that one reason why he wanted to remain in this world, was on account of its beautiful flowers. Jesus says "God clothes the grass," i. e., he decorates the flowers, he paints their beautiful petals, and powders their stamens and pistils, and does this to display his handiwork to the children of men. Hence we are called upon to adore the Creator of angels and of flowers. We are to look up to his eternal throne through the workmanship of his hands. And through what channel in the whole range of nature can we look up to him more lovely and more inviting than the floral world? Without running into the follies of Pantheism we can see God in every thing, and especially in the lovely flower. How beautifully has one of our graphic poets expressed in verse what we all feel in our hearts:

"There's not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blooms,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of loveliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on this distant earth,
To cheer the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

I shall never forget the flowers of Texas, nor the sun-set scene
I witnessed on her broad prairies. It would be worth a man's while
to go to Texas, if it were only to see the rich profusion of flowers,
and to see the sun setting from the midst of an immense prairie.

THE GATE TO THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

Kennt Ich doch den Ausgang finden,
Ach, wie fuhlt ich mich beglückt! SCHILLER.

I OFTEN have asked, when my heart was oppressed,
For the gateway that leads to the Land of the Blest;
And I longed—if I found it—in peace to depart,
To find in its mansions the home of my heart.

I have dreamed that the bright golden vista of even
Might be, to sad spirits, the inlets to Heaven;
And in faith, and in fancy, I sighed after rest
Beyond those bright gates in the Land of the Blest.

While musing in sorrow, an Angel of Love
Gave a touch to my faith, as it bent from above;
It beckoned—I followed—"I'll lead thee to rest,
And show thee the gate to the Land of the Blest."

Led on by the Angel, and sweetly beguiled,
We came to the newly made grave of my child!
"Here, here, said the Angel, the weary ones rest,
And this is the gate to the Land of the Blest."

O can it be so, that this mound of my fears,
This spot of my sorrows, bedewed with my tears,
Is the brightest on earth? So stupid and blind
Were my efforts the gateway of glory to find.

I joyed through my tears to the Angel that smiled
At the head of the grave of my now sainted child,
And was glad that, before me, my babe found the rest
Of the grave, and the gate to the Land of the Blest.

Wave gently, ye willows, that shadow that mound!
Fall softly, ye dews of the night, on that ground!
Sleep sweetly my babe!—my heart is at rest,
You have found the bright gate to the Land of the Blest.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who bade the Sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer—God!
 And, in their furious fall, still thunder—God!

MANY persons have visited the Falls of Niagara; and many have endeavored to describe it. It is now generally believed that it is a great presumption to suppose that any thing about it can be said that has not already been said, or to think that it can be said better. Let this be so; we, the Editor of *The Guardian*, were also at Niagara, and we claim the privilege of "showing also our opinion."

We have had our imagination wonderfully wrought up in regard to the "Cataract of Niagara," ever since we read, in our boyhood, the description given of it by Goldsmith in the *English Reader*. Now having seen this great sight ourselves, we will begin—by way of inspiring our readers with reverence for our critical skill and close observation—begin, we say, by criticising the description which is contained in the *English Reader*. Goldsmith tells us that this "fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence." Now we are not skilful enough to say certainly whether this river was formerly so called; but sure we are that the river between Lake Erie and Ontario is at present called Niagara: it only becomes St. Lawrence after it has passed Ontario. Farther, Goldsmith says: "A river that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the atlantic ocean." Any school child that has dipped the least into geography, can tell how far this is from the mark!

When we hear or read of some noted man we form an image of him in our minds; we see him before our fancy's eye, in his form, face and features. But if ever we see the man himself, how different is he from our ideal of him. He does not look at all as we had fancied him. We found it to be just so in our ideal of Niagara. We had fancied it all. The image had grown up in our mind from childhood into its wonderful perfection. But how different the reality from our ideal!

We must mention several things which were not in the Niagara which we visited, as they were in the Niagara of our imagination.

1. The real Niagara is not near so noisy as we had supposed him to be. The name, in the language of the Iroquois Indians, means "Thunder of Waters;" and we had read in the *English Reader* that "the noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues." We believe this is true in some peculiar states of the atmosphere; but on ordinary occasions the noise is scarcely notice-

able in the village that lies by the Falls! Coming in from the country with a friend in a buggy, we stopped to listen just behind the town, where we were not more than three-fourths of a mile from the Falls, and we could not hear the least hum of its waters. This is no doubt owing to the deep channel into which the water plunges, the high banks hindering the sound from spreading. But even when you stand near by the Falls there is not any thing like the noise which you would suppose. It keeps sounding only a pleasant kind of monotonous bass-note to the conversation of those who stand near the brink, and make their remarks concerning it. The sound of the water seems to be muffled by the mist which rises out of the gulf below. We cannot say that at any time or place did "the thunder of Niagara roll awfully on our ears."

2. There is nothing of that wild, craggy, rugged and rocky appearance about the Falls, and the shores of the river near it, which we had fancied. We expected to find Niagara embosomed in the midst of scenery fearfully wild and sublime. We found almost an entire absence of this feature. It is a sudden break in the river in the midst of a level country. The banks are level; and in most of places they might be cultivated out to the very edge. The river, below the Falls, looks like a deep channel cut through a level country, with banks almost perpendicular, but far from rough either along the sides or the top. From the top of the Falls the eye can survey the country at a considerable distance up and down on both sides, having a full view of the level banks, and parts of the country lying back from the shores of the river.

The mind would naturally associate wild banks with such a magnificent cataract as this "thunder of waters." The reason why the visitor misses these and sees only banks of tame scenery, is evident at once to one who takes a survey of the lay of the country between the two lakes. The Falls, at first, and ages ago, was evidently at least eight or nine miles farther down—there the wild scenery *is*. The Falls has worked and worn its way up through the level country, which lies on a plain with Lake Erie. About eight or nine miles below the Falls, near Lake Ontario, there is a ridge crossing Niagara river, and extending from Rochester, N. York, over some two hundred miles into Canada. The locks in the canal at Lockport, and Seneca Falls, are both in this ridge. This ridge is about the height of the Falls; and where it crosses the river the Falls originally was. We crossed this ridge at several different places in York State, and found it always about the same height, with a level plain from its base to Lake Ontario, and a like level country from its top towards Lake Erie. From this ridge, since the creation of the world, the Niagara river has worn its way up through this level plain towards Lake Erie. Hence the tame banks where the Falls now are. We came to this conclusion in our own mind, after having seen the Falls; and having bought a "Guide Book"

at the Falls, we were glad to find that wiser men had come to the same conclusion before us. The following extract will make the whole matter plain to the reader :

"The Falls of Niagara are gradually moving up stream. The last of the Table Rock has tumbled in. It was inevitable. It had to go. Nothing can be more simple than the work of excavation which, from time immemorial, has been going forward at Niagara Falls. Almost every year, and frequently several times in a year, some portion of the shelf over which the river plunges tumbles into the chasm below, creating some visible change in the grand curve of the Horse Shoe, or in the irregular line of the American Falls.

"The process, as we have said, is exceedingly simple. The general level of the country of Lake Ontario is some three hundred feet lower than that of Lake Erie. The depression is abruptly marked by a terrace drawn across Niagara river, near Lake Ontario, from which lake said terrace appears like a mountain ridge stretching across the country, the summit of this ridge forming the level of the country of Lake Erie. In the original outflow from Erie to Ontario, then, the river was very naturally precipitated over this terrace, as down the side of a mountain. But soon the fall became perpendicular, as the geological structure of this upper country will show at a glance at the sides of the chasm below the present Falls.

"From Lake Erie to the descent near Ontario, the first formation under the arable soil is a mass of primitive limestone from eighty to one hundred feet thick. Underneath this a friable slate or shale succeeds, which is underlined by sand, &c. The river finds it a slow business to grind down this immense overlapping plate of solid limestone; but the work of excavation is easy by the simple process of undermining it. The stream at first, falling over the terrace, washed away the loose materials at the base, and from the tremendous volume of water pouring down, soon scooped out a deep basin at the foot of the Falls. Then the action of water and air combined rapidly disintegrated and moved away the friable materials forming the back of the Falls, until the overtopping layer of limestone was left projecting like a shelf across the stream, over which the mighty mass of waters was thrown into the chasm below. But as the work of disintegration went on underneath, and as the pulverized materials were washed away, this impending shelf of limestone, from its superincumbent weight, broke off and fell into the basin; and thus the Niagara Falls have undoubtedly been working their way up stream for several thousand years.

"In this way the deep and narrow gorge, of some nine or ten miles from the Falls to the lower country, has been cut out. The masses of rocks which form the fearful rapids down this awful passage, are but the fragments from the common level of the cliffs, which, on each side, indicate a solid body of limestone of from

eighty to one hundred feet in thickness. The same process accounts for the Table Rock and its fall. In the course of years another table rock will thus be formed, projecting over the water, and admitting of a safe passage under it between the falling river in front and the crumbling wall behind it; but this, too, as its basis is removed, will, from the elementary laws of gravitation, tumble into the gulf.

"The work of retrogradation at Niagara is slower, as we should judge, at this time than ever before. The intervention of an island has divided the stream, and the great width of the Canadian branch alone has diminished the excavating force of the river to less than half its power when the Falls were a mile lower down, and the whole overplus of Lake Erie was concentrated into a channel of some eight hundred feet wide. From the American shore to the Canadian, including the island, the circuit of the Falls now is extended to nearly a mile. But they illustrate at a glance their future plan of operations. Comparatively a light body of water passes over the American channel, insufficient to scoop out a bed for the broken limestone as it tumbles in. It therefore lies piled up in rugged masses above the surface of the water where it has fallen. This branch of the river, too, has dropped a third of a mile or more behind the Canadian, from the same cause; the lack of the motive power to do the work. It will be observed, also, that the centre of the Horse Shoe is gaining rapidly upon the sides, the heaviest body of water being in the centre. The Horse Shoe will thus probably reach the head of Goat Island, and absorb the water of both channels, before the American Fall shall have made a hundred yards further up stream. In this event the village of Niagara Falls will be left high and dry, and Goat Island will become part of the main land."

3. Another particular in which the real Niagara seemed different from the one in our fancy was its apparent height. We say its *apparent* height, for we were satisfied that it is really and fully one hundred and seventy-five feet from the level surface of Goat Island to the surface of the water below—the falling sheet must be fully one hundred and sixty feet. Now, in no position we could take—and we viewed it from many points—could we feel or be persuaded, from *bare sight*, that it is more than seventy or eighty feet high. We are sure, reader, that if you look at your church steeple, which may be one hundred feet high, then add sixty more to the top of it by imagination, and then extend it three-fourths of a mile wide and fancy you see a mighty river pouring over it—and then form this into an idea of Niagara, you will be sorely disappointed when you first see the thunderer. Your fancy will come down as if its wings were clipped. You will look at the wide sheet, rolling as you think too tamely down, and with all your desire that the reputation of the great Falls may not suffer, you will continue

to be disappointed. We could not help thinking, when we had taken the first look, of the man who once went to meeting, and was asked when he returned how the people worshipped, he said, "Well they worship a good deal like the Methodists, *only a little more so!*" We thought the Falls looked a good deal like a large *mill dam*, "only a little more so!"

Why this ocular deception? We explain it satisfactorily to ourselves from two causes. First, the great width of the river naturally deceives the eye as to its height. A narrow column always seems taller than a wide block built to the same height. Secondly, at least one-fourth of the sheet of falling water is covered below by the wonderful mist which is raised by the terrible plunge of the water, thus deceiving the eye. These two causes combined make the Falls appear less in height than they really are.

In these three particulars the Falls, in our fancy, differed from the Falls in fact; and we found the truth of the poet's saying, that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Let not the reader conclude from what we have said of the abatement of our conceptions in these features, that we did not *feel* also the true grandeur of this amazing work of God. We mean a great deal when we say: "IT GROWS ON YOU AS YOU GAZE." Instead of feeling an abatement of your wonder it increases with familiarity. Having viewed it for half a day, and returning to it again it is greater, grander, more glorious. Like a truly great man, who at first bears his greatest virtues concealed, and only reveals them gradually on prolonged acquaintance; so this truly great wonder-work presents itself modestly and humbly to your first introduction, but it "bears acquaintance," and you find your reverence growing the more the longer you know it.

Yes, it is the great Thunderer! and he makes you feel it before you leave, if you remain long enough to take in the vast idea. Think of all the waters of all the lakes, Erie, Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and numerous other smaller lakes, with all their greater and smaller tributaries from the far off Rocky Mountains, pouring their immense collected waters over this grand precipice age after age! We looked upon it as a magnificent Altar, built by Divine hands, upon which the waters pour a libation, and in the presence of which poor little man may throw up his hands in deepest reverence and the most humble devotion of soul. There is the mist which rises like perpetual incense towards heaven, to mingle with the clouds, as if in token of eternal propitiation and reconciliation between "the waters which are under the firmament, and the waters which are above the firmament," joining heaven and earth in peace and communion. There is the water beneath, as white as snow, as though it had become pure by the offering. Verily, there also is the rainbow of promise in the incense-cloud of rising mist, the

very emblem of that peace which heaven has graciously promised to earth. Then, too, the whole of this sublime service is accompanied by the deep music of many waters, sending up to heaven their unceasing anthem of praise to Him who bids them roll. It is truly a sublime sight. There are so many things to be taken in, to fill out the picture, that it is utterly in vain to attempt a description of the Falls.

The rapids above the fall—the hurrying waters, now rolling into broad waves, now bounding suddenly up into air and breaking into white caps, now pitching as in desperation forward, and now gliding through a long-drawn downward curve, smooth and swift—is a sight that holds the eye in amazement. So the stunned waters that boil and tumble in confusion below, like crazed clouds, white as wool, tossed and tossing, endeavoring as by desperate and lawless experiment to find the channel, then hurrying away, over rocking waves that reach from shore to shore—it must be seen to be known, and then only half its fearful sublimity can be taken up by the mind.

Such is Niagara; or at least such are some thoughts we had in regard to it. There are many interesting scenes, stories, and places about this natural wonder of which we cannot now speak. We are glad that we saw Niagara. We have a new picture in our mind of God's greatness as displayed in His works; and memory, at suitable moments, brings up this picture to our mind greatly to our pleasure.

LILLY'S PRAYER.

SHE knelt alone, that little one,
 An orphan child of three,
 And whispered forth the prayer she learned
 Beside her mother's knee.
 No gentle hand upon her head
 In soft caress was laid,
 No sweet voice murmuring her name—
 She knelt alone and prayed.

The tear-drops resting on her cheek
 A tale of sorrow told,
 For even she, that angel-child,
 Had found the world was cold;
 And murmured forth, with tiny hands
 Up-pointing to the skies,
 "God take me to my mamma,
 Poor little Lilly dies."

The angels, pausing, heard the prayer,
 And in the calm moonlight
 Bent down and breathed upon the child,
 And kissed her forehead white;
 And bearing her with songs of love
 Through the blue depths of even,
 They laid her in her mother's arms—
 SHE Woke THAT MORN IN HEAVEN!

MRS. G. W. KING.

HEAVEN'S GRACIOUS GIFTS.

BY REV. ISAAC H. RHYER.

THERE is a voice—a lovely voice—
That calls to Adam's race,
And speaks of peace and pardon bought,
And woos to love's embrace.

THERE is a balm—a precious balm—
That cures the plague of sin;
That stills each pain and quells each fear,
And purifies within.

THERE is a faith—a living faith—
That doth to Christ unite;
That looks beyond the bounds of time,
And basks in heavenly light.

THERE is a peace—a holy peace—
That fills the saintly breast,
That soothes our care and sweetly tells
Of everlasting rest.

THERE is a joy—a heavenly joy—
That knows no tears of grief,
That feels no pangs of care or woe,
Nor harbors unbelief.

THERE is a sun—a glorious sun—
Whose beams forever bright,
Dispel the gloom around the tomb,
And banish sorrow's night.

THERE is a hope—a blessed hope—
The world can ne'er impart;
That on "the Rock of Ages" rests,
And cheers the fainting heart.

THERE is a land—a blissful land—
Beyond this mortal shore,
Where all is love and joy and light,
And tears are shed no more.

THERE is a home—a happy home—
Delightful, fair and sweet,
Where friends in peace together dwell,
And hymns of praise repeat.

THAT VOICE is heard from Calvary,
And speaks of heavenly love;
That precious BALM is Jesus' blood—
That FAITH which saves above;

THAT PEACE, the calm of saints' repose—
That JOY, the life of bliss;
That SUN is Revelation's LIGHT,
And never shines remiss.

THAT HOPE, "the hope of glory" bright,
By Jesus freely given;
That LAND, the country of the blest—
That HOME, the rest in Heaven!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XII.—THE POPLAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are different species of poplar. We have not sufficient data by which to determine the precise kind alluded to in the scriptures. The word **LIBNEH**, which is translated poplar, means in Hebrew "*the white*"—the white tree. This would answer very well to the poplar, which is so common a domestic tree in our own country, brought originally from Lombardy in Italy, from which it has derived its name. This tree has white bark, and very white wood, and even its leaves present a white appearance when blown upon by the wind.

This beautiful tree is only twice mentioned in the Bible. The first is in Genesis 30, 37: "And Jacob took him rods of poplar." It is said "he pilled (peeled, by tearing off strips of bark) white streaks in them." This incidental reference to the white wood under the bark would seem to designate very clearly the Lombardy poplar. So also does the expression, "Jacob took *rods* of poplar;" as this species of the tree is noted for its thin, straight, long branches.

This poplar is also mentioned in Hosea, 4, 18. Speaking of the practice of the idolators of that time, the Prophet says: "They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." It does not appear that this tree was selected to cover these idolatrous rites of heathenism, for any other reason than on account of its pleasant shadow, which is a great luxury, and much desired, in a warm climate. The pagans were very naturally inspired with a feeling of reverence and gratitude toward the tree that threw over them such a pleasant and refreshing shade while engaged in worship, and hence it became one of their sacred trees. They extended to it, as they are wont to do toward all their sacred things, a very tender protection and care. Its stately form, the graceful waving of its long slim branches, and the sheen of its white upturned leaves as seen in the distance, reminded them of their Gods, and seemed to plead for an offering; while its grateful shade invited the traveler, drawing still nearer, to rest and worship.

With us, too, the poplar is a sacred tree; but for another reason. It is dear to our associations because it is a home-tree, throwing its pleasant shadow upon the roof, and across the yard of the homestead. Three or four poplars in a row—and a willow—what a beautiful sight are these, standing like sentinels beside the farm house, embosomed in the midst of green fields. Only the roof

and chimneys of the house, the tops of the barn, and the row of poplars are seen from the road, or from the summit of the distant hill; and there are few travelers, whose early life has been spent in the country, that do not think, when they see these poplars, of home, and parents, and childhood, with its innocent sports, its little sorrows, and its little joys.

We shall never forget those that stood guard beside our house, three and a willow—and at evening threw their shadow far, far across the meadow. Could we not run in their long shade away to the distant fence? yea, and even beyond it did it extend, and was lost among the trees in the woods. Do we not remember these trees, how they were so early green in spring-time? How their long, slim, whip-like branches bent so gracefully before the wind. How, on midsummer evenings, their heart-shaped leaves, gently moved by the breeze, made a soft clacking noise like the patter of gentle rain upon the roof; and how the leaves silvered towards the harvest moon that moved through the still sky beyond. Then, how beautifully the leaves changed in early Autumn; not suddenly, to overwhelm us with abrupt sadness; but gradually and in spots here and there, as our own looks change when we begin to move along the gentle declining slope of life; and they turned yellow, these tall trees, from the top down. It was pleasant and instructive to see how, when the tops were bare, the green leaves still hung firmly around the trunk below. So fades a family! The parental heads, highest and first, begin to show the "yellow leaf;" and while their brows are frosted, and the almond blossoms fall one by one, and "the flower"—not, as an infidel poet says, also "the fruit"—of mortal life is gone, children and children's children cluster fresh and hopefully around, to cover to the last the venerable stems of their own being with the fresh garlands of cheerful life. No wonder that so true a family emblem should be a favorite domestic tree; and that it should weave its solemnly pleasant memories so lastingly into the woof of our associations.

How we remember those trees and their history. Our own mother, before we were born—so we often heard the story from her own lips—brought them from Virginia as small scions, hanging to the horn of her saddle. There were no rail-roads, and very few carriages then. She brought them from Virginia; and this fact may serve to confirm the tradition, that the first Lombardy poplar that ever grew in this country, and from which all that now grow originally spring, was brought from Europe to his homestead in Virginia by Thomas Jefferson, probably in 1769, when he returned from the mission to which he was appointed by Washington as Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign nations. The scions referred to were brought from Virginia about 1806—thus about 17 years after the first one was planted by Jefferson. In this short time the tree could not spread over a very large terri-

tory ; so that the three that graced our house must have sprung from the earliest generations.

The history of these three poplars and a willow goes farther. After they had grown many years, and were thick, tall, and beautiful, it was alleged against them that their roots, growing over or rather through, *under* the fence, were injuring a garden lately laid out near them ! The subject was earnestly discussed pro and con ; for some time the trees prevailed, and again the witnesses against them prevailed. Certain it was scions began to show themselves among the currant bushes inside of the garden fence, proving that these were roots below ; and now and then a suspicious poplar-looking sprout would even lift its hopeful head in the hard path in the middle of the garden. Alas ! it was but too evident that all around, far and near, their roots did cry from the ground against them ! It began to be strongly feared that father would give judgment against them, and seal their doom.

Once more there was hope. For a kind-hearted daysman, who had love for the trees in his heart, suggested a compromise, which seemed not altogether devoid of wisdom. A deep narrow dike was to be dug along the outside of the garden fence—such was this benevolent proposal—by which device the roots of the poplars were all to be cut off so that they should not grow over again. Good, it was done ; but the wisdom had one folly in it which proved disastrous to the whole scheme. The roots *were already over* ! And these roots were as fond of life as the parent trees ; and so they showed their diligence in the vocation of sprouting up anew every spring. The dike would not do ! Then my father decided firmly ; and behold, we who loved the trees most, were made meekly to execute the sentence. With bleeding hearts, thoughtfully, and slow, we laid the axe into their venerable trunks, stroke on stroke, first this side and then that, till crack !—crash !—their lay the lovely ruin !

The work was done. We have never been able to approve of, or justify, this severe measure. How utilitarian we are. They injured the garden a *little*, and for this they must offer up *all*—be utterly demolished ! These tall, beautiful trees—trees that my mother brought from afar, and with which her name was so pleasantly associated in family story, and since in memory that backward travels—trees, that were there long before the garden—these trees must give way to cabbage heads ! must die for cabbage heads ! Spirits of the poets ! where were ye when these graceful and pleasant trees held war with cabbage heads, and fell before them !

Alas ! how queer the house looked when the poplars were down. The very identity of the homestead seemed gone. The house looked as naked, cold, and simple as a sheered sheep ; or as the nest of a partridge in the meadow, when the grass and tall weeds have been shorn away above it by the scythe. Coming home from the fields at noon, it seemed as if that was not the house, nor that the

barn. Even the garden seemed ashamed and astonished, and looked squatted, inside the pailings, like a broad and ugly toad. Even the ducks and geese that were wont to sit in squads silently at the roots of the poplars now looked up and quacked, and gabbled, as if in wonder at what had happened. The slowly moving drovers gazed across and back as they passed along the road, till they were out of sight, as if they could not persuade themselves that they had ever passed that house before!

Such seemed, when it was too late to remedy the evil, to have been the true value of those trees. Esau-like we delivered them into the hands of the woodman for a mess of cabbage! While we write the paper seems to blush for the shame, and the ink at the end of our pen, boils with indignation at the græceless deed. But it is too late. May the reader be preserved from ever committing such folly, and enduring the bitter repentance that follows, and that comes too late! Then shall the sad story in this digression not have been recorded in vain.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

MOTHER, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost—
Never count the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare this question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue.
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart—
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LABOR AND LAZINESS.

BY NATHAN.

THE severities of earnest trials and intense conflicts are the best educators of the soul. This is both a rational and a Christian principle. Nature and Grace illustrate its truthfulness, and the Bible yields its weighty sanction. It is not the result of accident or caprice which renders it necessary that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution." It is not owing to the unavoidable persecuting propensity of the wicked, but to a merciful arrangement of Divine Providence. The necessity is created on account of its utility. The heart of man is like the pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem. The angel must come down to trouble its waters before it can heal the sick. Its heavenly virtues may be there, but their sanative influence can only be reached by collision and conflict.

"Idleness is the devil's worship"—the tare-garden, where he rears and trains plants for perdition. Here the complete ruin of body, mind and spirit are wrought out with equal success. Action, work, expels the humors of disease and invigorates every member of the body. Every faculty of the mind derives strength from study. The memory and the judgment are always faithful and correct in proportion to their use. Our mental powers are always vigorously right in proportion to their diligent exercise. (I speak of Christians.) "*Exercise unto godliness*," is the best school to make skilful practitioners in the art of holy living. The gospel furnishes an armor, but it will be of no value unless we are drilled in its sacred uses. There are gospel sandals, but we must be accustomed to wear them or they will pinch and cramp our progress. There is "a shield of faith," but, unless we are expert in its uses, the fiery darts will still pierce us. There is a "sword," but unless we have been taught the art of spiritual fencing, our sword will be of no use to us. How many lay this armor by, for special emergencies, for the trials of affliction or death. Alas! alas! They can't use it because they have never been drilled in its practice. Like the armor of Saul upon David: "And David said I can not go with these, for I have not proved them"—I am not accustomed to them.

Labor has a two-fold use. There is a blessing in the effort as well as in the reward. He that is unwilling to give the former is unfit to have the latter. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." If a man won't labor, though he have money to pay for his food, he is unfit and unworthy to eat. "The sweat of thy face" is the price of thy bread. If you are willing to pay that, you will come honestly by it, and God will bless it. If not, beware, for "there is death in the pot."

The world is so much taken with the labor-saving panic, as to be no longer willing to pay the price which God has unalterably fixed. Much as can be said for the progress of invention it is not without its mischief. The diminution of labor fosters and increases the spirit of indolence. And it is to be feared that, by and by, men will wish for machines to do their thinking. Already a species of praising machines, commonly called choirs, are employed by many churches to praise God for them. They are to all intents and purposes a labor-saving apparatus, grinding out God's praise for the congregation according to order. How much labor is saved for lungs, lips and lights. Then, too, it removes the risk of contaminating our voices by contact with the mingled melodies of the poor. Shame, eternal shame on a religion that is either too nice or too lazy to sing God's praise for itself! Even ministers of the gospel are classed by many under the head of useful inventions. A large proportion of their credit and respect is derived from their labor-saving endowments. Their sermons are a sort of a substitute for Bible-reading, and save their hearers the trouble of reading through dull, dry pages to acquire religious information. And withal they *perform* their praying *for* them—that certainly is a great saving of labor. Of course, as their minister, he must not pray *with* them, but *for* them. While he wrestles with God in prayer they can be at something else; talk, fix and dust off their clothing, pick their finger-nails, survey dresses, gape and yawn. Often during the solemn act of prayer have I seen or—

Heard the everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

Of course professing Christians, who consider themselves mere spectators in this labor-saving scene, claim a right to all these privileges. When their minister has worn himself out he is cast aside, like other worn-out machines, to pine away his remaining days in ungrateful neglect.

The posture during prayer has become a matter of very serious moment with some professing Christians. It has been ascertained by experience that the kneeling posture has its disadvantages in point of labor and ocular convenience. It requires some effort for worshippers to kneel. Hence some prefer a standing posture. But even that has its inconvenience. One requires grace and nerve to stand up to render his devout homage to God. Invention has relieved the Christian public of this distressing fatigue. It has been ascertained that, since God looks upon the heart, one can worship Him just as well in a sitting as in a kneeling or standing posture. And as sitting has the advantage of requiring the *least* bodily effort, we would betray an inventive obtuseness not to give it the preference. Our city brethren, who usually radiate the light of refinement upon the rural districts, have taken the lead in

this measure. Country congregations are gradually falling in with it. Not long ago I happened to worship with a sister church, where nearly the whole congregation retained their seats during prayer. True to my old foggy habits, I determined to assume at least an attitude of respect, if not of reverence, when I spoke with "Our Father;" I stood up. I have no doubt many pitied me in this exposure of my want of labor-saving refinement. Perhaps ere long the world will be favored with another improvement in this direction. For surely the reclining posture would seem still easier, and, moreover, more consonant with the laws of muscular inertia. Or even to lie flat down on the floor or seat would be still easier, were it not for the labor of getting up again. Beyond that, however, invention can not go, unless it can create an opiate with which to put all worshippers to sleep.

Religion itself, in the estimation of a large class of its professors, derives its chief charm from its labor-saving qualities. They do not value and cherish the divine life of Christianity in order that they may bear its corresponding fruits, but simply as a sort of a pack-horse on which conscience may load its burdens of guilt. They make Divine Grace a kind of baggage-car, in which they can carry their favorite sins with them through life, without discommoding their progress. Thousands profess to be Christians, who have never renounced their sins, and live in the daily violation of known duties—with whom the grace of the gospel is nothing more than a general license to continue in sin, with the promise of a general pardon. Religion is made the substitute for holiness and not its producer. Grace is simply the apology of a lazy religion, for a want of piety and love to God, instead of its living, perennial fountain in the heart. A society-church is endeavoring to rear a modern Babel Tower by means of which they may get to heaven without being entitled to it. But God has confounded our language by the collisions of narrow-hearted, sectarian strife. The gospel-scheme is not a labor-saving apparatus. It only gives us power to serve God by laboring for the right and opposing the wrong. And the reflex influence of a righteous, godly activity, will strengthen and invigorate our energies, and make us more capable of *doing right*. Hence Divine Wisdom, out of mercy, sometimes employs Poverty or Persecution to drive men into the harness—to excite and foster manly and undaunted effort.

INCENSE gives forth fragrance only while it consumes: a corn of wheat is only quickened by its own death, so it is an eternal law of grace that we can only bless others by offering up ourselves. In the day of judgment it will be found that only those who have made themselves an offering in every sense have been truly successful in doing good.

BOTANICAL ANALYSIS.

BY LEBLIGNON.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in some of his remarks before the American association for the advancement of science, gave some very excellent ideas of what a science ought to be. His remarks were with more particular reference to Geology, but are equally applicable to Botany. The impression has become pretty general among a certain class of theologians that natural sciences in general are materialistic in their influence upon the mind, and therefore of not much value. We feel however disposed, to classify objections against the study of natural science on that account, with those of many well meaning and pious persons of yore, and some of the present day even, who do not seem to think that the ministry itself ought to be an educated one, and to submit the whole case, with a few remarks, to the intelligent judgment of the readers of THE GUARDIAN.

The Professor says that science, to be entitled properly to the name, must be the reproduction of relations and distinctions that exist in nature, and not those which may be manufactured for conventional purposes; that persons must read the thoughts impressed upon nature by the divine mind, and faithfully interpret them in their logical order; that science has a voice of its own, and speaks its own language; a book with its own alphabet that must be read, studied and interpreted. The mind then approaches it, not for the purpose of moulding a system of which the phenomena of nature are to be explained according to a procustean rule; not as a dictator, to put language, so to speak, into its mouth, but as an *interpreter* to give expression to its own proper meaning.

The distinction will serve immediately to put into our hand a key to unlock the characters of two quite differently disposed persons, who worship, or frequent for that purpose, the great temple of nature; at the same time it will serve to throw back upon those who urge the objections, the charge that these studies are materialistic in their tendencies, by showing that the fault exists in the mind and heart of the objector, and not in the science itself. It will be seen that the study of natural sciences have directly an opposite tendency upon them. First: the person who embodies in himself what are conceived to be the deleterious tendencies of the sciences; who has, it may be, passed through the usual routine of studies prescribed in this department of human knowledge, and has dipped perhaps somewhat deeper into this fountain than others, but has to the same extent passed over into the dreamy realms of skepticism; whose course would convey the impression that the measure of knowledge in this sphere is precisely the measure of the degree

of skepticism which seems to have been the result. We do not now refer to the lazy student who always seemed to have an apathy for, and *did not like* the natural sciences, for we do not conceive that he would be a proper witness in the case.

Such person can have no distinctive idea of what a science is; he has learned to define it in terms; he has caught hold of its *ghost*, but has never imagined that it had a *soul*, much less laid hold upon it. A flower to his mind, or a plant has been built up pretty much in the same manner as a house or a machine; the materials, so much carbon, so much oxygen, and the regular amount of mineral substances derived from the earth; when he has picked these apart, weighed, measured and placed them in his table, he is done; his mind is as barren as before, except the few mathematical facts, poor and lean, which he has gathered: he is indeed scarcely paid for his trouble; he has read the book from preface to finish, and all that he has gathered are the few accidents referred to. Now what might be supposed to be the impression, made upon such a mind, of the divine author who reveals himself in his works in nature? Why, those chiefly which might be made by the skilful artist or mechanic, who has constructed his machine very ingeniously indeed, but he has seen the *end* of it and supposes that here at all events he has fathomed the mind that made it. He treads the courts of nature's temple with profane boldness, simply because he finds nothing there to inspire his reverence; but where lies the fault, in the temple, or in the mind of him who approaches it? Do the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth show his handiwork to such a mind? Suppose in keeping up with the better feelings of his nature he endeavors to exercise reverence he finds that it is all on the outside; his heart is not in the matter; he has begun wrong, the first requisite is wanting.

To the proper apprehension of science, in its relation to the various departments of human life, and in its relation to the whole system of truth, of which human life is but a factor, *faith* is requisite; to begin with skepticism, is to end in doubt; to have no sense of the relation of material objects to anything *above* them, is violently to sever what God has joined together, and in so doing to reap the legitimate fruit of the act, viz: to draw a film over our own eyes, so as to lose sight of that which is of much higher importance, in chasing the shadow.

This suggests our second character, who possesses what the other lacks; who begins indeed at the same place with the other, but travels off in a contrary direction. This one has *faith*, and ascends towards God; that one has it not, and descends towards the earth. This one approaches the temple of nature with reverence and humility, satisfied to learn what his powers can grasp, and to reverence in faith mysteries that reach beyond, reserved for his

more perfect state, when he shall have put off his chrysalis form, and emerged into the sunshine of higher knowledge.

But what has all this to do with botanical analysis? Much, every way. That is the process by which we study divine thoughts. Analysis first, then synthesis; the nature and force of the alphabet, then words, then languages. Let us learn well the alphabet, we shall then be able to spell out words, to put them into sentences, and to read the language intelligently; the other method might subject us to some rather awkward blunders, mispronouncing words, and attaching to them a meaning other than that which they designed to speak, to put our own notions in place of their true language, such as we often find in what is commonly called "the language of flowers."

According to the idea of a science, as Professor Agassiz defines it, we may conclude that botanical science is as yet very imperfect; cramped by arbitrary rules and distinctions that have no existence in the nature of vegetation; but are not the beginnings of all sciences, that are so pre-eminently empirical, and where persons must begin at the surface and dig down for the precious metals, of this character? What then! Shall we away with them, until some method is discovered by which mines may be dug by beginning at the bottom? We should rather say, go to work and dig, or at least encourage those who do so, until the soil shall have been taken off, the rocks blasted away, and the vein of ore laid bare in all its richness.

He who loves a flower for its own sake, for the beautiful blending of its mimical colors, for the artistic skill manifested in the proportions of its parts, and the symmetry of the whole, may do much, but if he see nothing more, he feeds upon the husks and shells, and is poor indeed. Nature has not its end in itself. It is but a part of a grand system of truth, in which every thing is fitly and compactly put together, each part serving to complete the whole. Not a flower that blooms unseen, and sheds its fragrance on the desert air, is superfluous. The whole panorama of nature in its outward form is but accidental to something higher; pictures of that which is their reality. Nature and grace hold the relation of the bank note and the specie; the former is good only because the latter is at hand to redeem it; nature is real only because what it promises is so. In the renovated world no notes will be issued; the notes will be worn out, and duly redeemed when the world shall return to God redeemed by his Son.

A HINT TO THE YOUTH.—If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

THE BEST WISH.

THE cold February wind whistled round the corner of the street, and beat heavily with its burthen of snow against the dwelling that sheltered three rosy-cheeked children. Lightly they heeded it however, for in their pleasant room, the brightly burning lamps added their enlivening light to the fire blaze that flamed up cheerfully in the grate, while the heavy window curtains hid all token of the outward desolation, except in a monotonous pattering of the sleet upon the panes, which rather added to the sense of comfort of those within.

The three children, seated around the fire, were weaving fanciful images from the red coals, when Walter—a fair-haired boy of seven, with his head full of fairy-imaginings and impossibilities—suddenly exclaimed to his sisters: “Now girls, just suppose we could have one wish granted, what out of the whole world would you choose?”

Little Alice tossed back her golden curls, with a look half-comical, half-puzzled, as if her wish would be so large she never could get it into words; while the chubby, three-years’-old Lizzie, raising her large, thoughtful eyes heavenward, after but a moment’s hesitation, clapped her dimpled hands together—while a light like the gleam from an angel’s wing broke over her face—and exclaimed, “I would rather be in heaven with my little brother Edward.”

“Oh, mother, mother!” shouted the older children, “Lizzie’s is the very best wish that could be, isn’t it?”

“Yes indeed!” answered the mother, clasping the little one in her arms; while a strange unaccustomed thrill came over her spirit, as if she saw heaven’s glories well nigh hidden in the darkening shade of death.

One short week, and the wind and the snow sported over a child’s grave, that grave only the perishable sign of a desire granted in eternity, for Lizzie was “with her little brother Edward.”

Perhaps, my dear children, you may not have a brother or a sister in heaven, but you have a loving Saviour there, and do you ever wish to be with Him? When you kneel down at morning or night to pray to “Our Father,” do you ask Him that He will lead and guide you by His Holy Spirit that you may be fit for Christ’s sake to go and live with Him forever? If you do, and you grow up to be men and women, and go out into the bustle of life with this one wish “of the whole world” in your hearts you can never fear death, for it will be going home; home to an eternity of happiness; if not, if day by day your growing desires are for everything *but* Heaven, no wonder if you dread to think of the gloomy messenger, the herald of that God who has commanded even little children to seek *first* His kingdom.

T R O U B L E S .

WE all have our troubles. Troubles in body and in mind. Troubles that spring from ourselves, and such as are brought upon us by others. Troubles that pertain to this world, and troubles that have reference to the world to come.

The greatest number of our troubles we bring upon ourselves. They come from our sins and follies. By undue labor, carried on in a worldly spirit, we cripple and injure our health. How many make themselves physically miserable for life by that abuse and exposure which is the result of "making haste to be rich." Others by leading profligate lives, rack their constitutions in early life, and induce disease, which, like the canker, eats out the vitality of the system, and makes life a scene of misery. A regular, chaste, and temperate mode of life is a grand means of avoiding many bitter troubles. Piety has the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come. The experience of thousands proves this to be true.

If our troubles result from our own follies and sins, we ought to bewail those sins in deep repentance. Our troubles, where they are of that kind, ought to be heeded as earnest monitors, warning us to turn quickly to the fountain by which sin is cleansed, and by which alone sorrows can be healed. When our sins begin to punish us, it may not be too late, but it is high time for us to fly to the refuge. The path will grow darker, and our troubles will only increase if we go on in the same course.

There is no cure for trouble but religion. No one but Jesus can permanently cure sorrow. The world may cover it, or drive it back for a while; but only the great Physician can cure it. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; and such is his tenderness that he will not break the bruised reed. His whispers of pardon and peace can cheer into life and joy the darkest and the saddest heart. Go, sad soul, and pour your sorrows into his gracious heart. Surely he bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

Then sorrow, touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

H. H.

M A R R I A G E .

His house she enters—there to be a light
Shining within, though all without be night.
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.
How oft her eye reads his—her gentle mind—
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined,
Still subject ever, on the watch to-morrow,
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER, 1855, was a day long to be remembered in Pennsylvania. On that day the PROTECTION which the State had afforded to the retail liquor traffic for a long series of years, was withdrawn, and the Government declared that intoxicating liquor is no part of "entertainment for man and horse." This is a great triumph for the friends of temperance, morality and religion. After a long and severe struggle, in which they had to encounter the bitter opposition of men influenced by selfish interests and depraved appetites, as well as of that better class who refused to read and examine, and consequently to think understandingly on the subject for themselves, the temperance men have triumphed in part, and, with a continuation of proper exertion, a final and complete victory awaits them at an early day.

Heretofore those engaged in the temperance reform have had the law—the strong arm of the government itself to contend against. Now, government, yielding to the omnipotence of moral power and the independent ballot, has turned around on their side and placed the liquor traffic on the defensive. The temperance men, therefore, will work for the future under much more auspicious and encouraging circumstances than heretofore.

Within the past two years a radical change has been made in our license system, and it is important that the people should clearly understand the provisions of the liquor laws now in force. Three laws now combine to form our license system, viz.: The law "to protect certain domestic and private rights and prevent abuses in the sale and use of intoxicating drinks," passed May 8, 1854, and generally known as the Buckalew law; the law "to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Sabbath," known as the Sunday law; and the law "to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors," both of which were passed by the last Legislature. As the operation of these laws is a matter in which every reader of

The Guardian is deeply interested, we feel that we cannot do better than occupy a portion of the Retrospect with a synopsis of their provisions. The "Buckalew law" provides for—

1. A fine of from \$10 to \$50, and imprisonment from ten to sixty days, for wilfully furnishing intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by sale, gift or otherwise, to minors or insane persons—to any one when intoxicated, or to one known to be intemperate. The same penalty for thus furnishing such liquors to any intemperate person, for three months after notice from friends forbidding the same.

2. Any person furnishing liquor to another, by gift, sale, or otherwise, in violation of this, or any other act, is held responsible for damages, to persons or property, resulting therefrom.

3. A fine of \$50, and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, for marrying a person when intoxicated.

4. A fine of \$50 for the unwholesome adulteration of intoxicating beverages, or the wilful sale of the same. For the second offence, \$100 fine, and imprisonment not exceeding sixty days.

5. Expenses, not exceeding \$20, to be paid to prosecutor. No action to be maintained for liquor sold contrary to any law, and Courts may revoke license, &c.

The "Sunday law" imposes—

1. A fine of \$50 for each case of selling, trading, or bartering of spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, on Sunday. The same penalty for wilfully permitting them to be drunk on or about the premises.

3. In cases of conviction for offences on two separate Sundays, a fine of from \$50 to \$100, and imprisonment from three to twelve months, with loss of license.

3. On failure to pay fines and costs, imprisonment, not exceeding three months, or until discharged by due course of law.

4. Constables, Sheriffs, or Prosecuting Attorneys, are fined from \$50 to \$100, for refusing to inform on and prosecute offenders against this act.

5. Suits for penalties must be brought in the name of the city or county. Any citizen of the county may prosecute—or be a witness, and receive one-half of the penalty, the other half to be paid over to the Guardians of the Poor. Any Mayor or Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions may revoke a license for violations of this act. No compromise of suits allowed.

The "Restraining License Law"—

1. Prohibits all drinking houses, and imposes a fine not exceeding \$50, with imprisonment not exceeding one month, for selling, and affording a place, inducement, or any other convenience, where intoxicating liquor may be sold and drunk. For the second offence \$100, and not exceeding three months imprisonment. The same penalties when two or more persons combine, the one to sell, and the other to furnish a place for drinking, or for aiding or abetting.

2. All sales in less measure than a quart are prohibited. Courts of Quarter Sessions may—not shall—grant licenses to citizens of the United States, provided they be of temperate habits, and give bonds, with good securities, in the sum of \$1000, conditioned for the faithful observance of ALL laws relating to the sale of said liquors, to be filed in Court; on which bond, fines and costs may be collected, upon the conviction of the principal. The applicant for license must present his petition, have it lawfully advertised, and the Court shall fix a time when objections may be heard.

3. No hotel, tavern, eating-house; no theatre, nor any other place of refreshment, or amusement, can receive license to sell by any measure whatever, and no unnaturalized person under any circumstances.

4. Druggists are prohibited from selling intoxicating beverages, except when mixed with other medicines.

5. Clerks of Quarter Sessions cannot issue a license until the bond has been filed, fees paid, and the certificate furnished. Fees for license, three times the present amount; but no license granted for less than \$30.

6. Persons licensed to sell by the quart and greater measure, must frame their license, and place it conspicuously in their chief place of business, or forfeit it; and all sales contrary to this act, punished according to the second section.

7. Constables, for wilfully failing to return places, kept in violation of this act, are fined not exceeding \$50, and imprisoned from one to three months.

8. Importers may sell in the original package, without appraisement and license; commissioned auctioneers are also exempted; domestic producers, brewers and distillers, may sell liquor made by them, in quantities not less than five gallons.

9. Appraisers of licenses, under this act, are appointed according to former laws, except in Philadelphia, where three reputable and temperate citizens, in no way connected with, nor interested in, the liquor business, shall be appointed annually by the Court of Quarter Sessions.

These laws combined, in their practical operation, will produce the following results:

1. Entire prohibition on Sunday.

2. The abolition of all drinking houses, and sale by the small.

3. Entire prohibition of sale to all persons, except temperate adults.

4. The transfer of liquor-selling from hotels and eating-houses, to stores and other places of business.

5. No liquor sold by unnaturalized citizens.

6. The declaration by Government, that "intoxicating liquor is no part of entertainment for man or horse," and the holding of persons legally responsible for the damages resulting from either gift or sale.

Since the passage of the Restraining License Law, the people of Pennsylvania are presented with a spectacle never before witnessed in this State—a concerted and organized resistance to constitutional law! The liquor dealers, banded together in a secret oath-bound society, known as the Liquor League, have openly declared in many Counties that they will not submit to the law! The time therefore has now arrived, when the law and order-loving citizens of the commonwealth must determine whether good and righteous laws, passed by their legal representatives to protect society from the curse of intemperance, shall be violated and openly resisted with impunity, by a few tavern keepers and others—who act purely from selfish and mercenary motives. This law is general and was enacted for the general good—and would it not be a burning disgrace to the commonwealth if the Few should

be allowed to trample on the constitutional rights of the many? The Supreme Court of the United States—the highest authority on law in the country—has declared that “no one can claim a license to retail spirits as a matter of right.” Indeed, it must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that the liquor traffic is right or it is wrong. If right, why should one man be licensed and another prohibited? If wrong, why should the State attempt to clothe it with legal protection and respectability? “The tree shall be known by its fruits,” and if any man can honestly say that he has gathered good fruits from the tree of intemperance, then let him nurse the “accursed thing” in his bosom and brave the wrath of God, who declares that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God, and who has pronounced an equally terrible curse upon the drunkard-maker!

The present laws, then, interfere with no right which the tavern keeper can claim. Their opposition is prompted by selfish motives and a wanton disregard for “the greatest good to the greatest number.” Friends of law and order in Pennsylvania! see: o it that this law, like other good laws, is enforced and sustained. Shrink not from your duty; not only enforce the law, but sustain men for the Legislature who will vote against repeal. Do this, and you will secure the blessing of heaven and the prayers of thousands of men, women and children who will be made happy by the suppression of the grog shops.

JOHN H. WHEELER has commenced a suit in the U. S. Circuit against Passmore Williamson, to recover the value of Jane Johnson and her two boys, and damages for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained at the time of the escape of his manumitted slaves. It is said that Judge Kane's friends have counseled this prosecution as a means of giving his honor an opportunity of releasing Mr. Williamson from prison without directly compromising the consistency of the Court.

CUBA.—The slave trade is still extensively carried on in this island. Two cargoes were recently landed at Santa Cruz on the south coast of the island, and a considerable number of “half-starved” Africans were found in the woods, supposed to be part of another cargo. A Havana correspondent says he is thoroughly convinced that a cer-

tain high personage affords aid and assistance to the slave-traders, and that if a few Africans are sometimes captured, it is only because a sufficiently large bribe has not been paid to prevent their disembarkation without molestation, or else it is done to deceive the British authorities there and in England. The present ruler of Cuba certainly does not want to suppress this infamous trade, or he would take more effective measures towards that end. . . . The planters on the island are not favorable to the introduction of Chinese bond-labor, as they think the experiment would be attended with danger to the future safety of the island, by the negroes fraternizing with the Chinese, when in a few years it would be impossible to keep them in bonds. A horrible servile war would ensue and end only in the liberation and mastery of all the slaves.

THE OLD WORLD.

SEBASTOPOL has fallen! After a long and terrible struggle, in which thousands were slain, by war and pestilence in the Crimea, the Russians were driven from their fortifications in the south to those of the north of the city—not, however, until they had first blown up their forts and destroyed the city and their fleet. In this terrible contest the loss of the Russians is set down at 10,000 and that of the Allies 20,000. The fall of Sebastopol will prove a terrible blow to the Russians, and may have resulted before this in the capture of the whole Russian army in the Crimea. Their only hope of escape appears to be in retreating from the Crimea before their embarkation could be intercepted by the Allies. If drawn into an open field engagement, the Allies, with their 200,000 troops, now relieved from duty in their long lines of trenches, would be able to cut the Russians to pieces or compel an unconditional surrender. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the French and English soldiers, and this will inspire them with fresh courage in succeeding conflicts. Sanguinary as the battles already fought in the Crimea have been, it is possible that the work of blood is but fairly begun.

Another attempt has been made to assassinate Louis Napoleon. The culprit was arrested and found to be insane. He was put in safe keeping.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. By Richard Baxter. With a memoir of his life, and a fine portrait. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1855.

This well-known book has been published in many forms; but this edition of Carter & Bros. exceeds all for beauty and completeness. We have here Baxter's own book, and not a PART of it after the fashion of abridgment and improvement by another hand, so common in these modern days. Give us the old divines as they are. Many thanks to the publishers for this complete edition of the Saints' Rest.

The book was politely handed to us by Murray & Stoek. We are glad to see the disposition manifested by this enterprising firm not only to keep up but to increase their already large stock of theological, religious and miscellaneous books. Clergymen and Sabbath-schools in the country can here supply themselves with the standard works of the old and late divines; with Sabbath-school books for all denominations—with the books of the various Boards, and with the current literary publications of the day, as cheap as in the seaports; thus saving freight and time. Families can here find a choice variety of Bibles, and teachers will find all the text-books generally used in schools. It is encouraging to see book stores with so large a proportion of excellent religious publications so well sustained. We can heartily recommend to our readers the stock of Murray & Stoek, in Lancaster.

THE CHURCH MEMBER'S MANUAL AND PRAYER BOOK. By I. Stoneberger, of Patton, Mo. Chambersburg: M. Kieffer & Co. 1855. pp. 396.

This work treats on subjects pertaining to the duties and privileges of members of the church. It is instructive for the mind, devotional for the heart, and practical for the life. We think it admirably adapted to meet a want in the church. It ought to be in every family. Young professors of religion will find in it a safe guide into an active and useful Christian life. Mr. Stoneberger deserves the thanks of the church for having furnished it with a work so plain in style, correct in sentiment, and direct in aim. We hope it may be extensively circulated and read.

The work is gotten up in good style. The type is large and clear, the paper is good, and the binding is neat and durable. The book has twenty-five chapters, each of which has a prayer ap-

pendent suited to the subject treated; in this way it answers the purpose of a manual of devotion. Besides several sketches of scripture characters, it furnishes at the end a full and interesting Life of Ulrich Zwingli, the celebrated Swiss Reformer. This alone is worth the price of the book.

THE FRUIT GROWER'S HAND BOOK: A concise manual of directions for the selection and culture of the best hardy Fruits in the garden or orchard. By William G. Waring, Boalsburg, Center county, Pa. pp. 184.

This is truly a useful book. No farmer should be without it. Any man who wishes only to purchase a few choice trees to plant round his house ought to consult this book before he selects. It is as easy to raise good as bad fruit. Mr. Waring's Hand-Book points out the peculiarities of all the varieties of fruit-trees in the most satisfactory manner. He gives the time when the different kinds ripen, so that one who pays attention to his directions can select his trees so as to have some fruit constantly ripening from the earliest to the latest of the season. The book contains also much valuable instruction in relation to cultivating fruit and ornamental trees. We feel assured that if farmers who have the necessary ground would consult this little book, and expend but a small sum annually in procuring the choicest fruit according to its direction, they would in a few years heartily thank us for our recommendation of Mr. Waring's book. This gentleman, in connection with his brother who resides at Tyrone, Pa., having extensive nurseries, have every opportunity of possessing the very best practical information on the subject of fruit trees. Having had the pleasure of a visit to Mr. Waring's extensive nursery near Boalsburg, this summer, we are sure that we do our readers a favor by calling their attention to the splendid assortment of fruit and ornamental trees which are there to be found. In few earthly pursuits is talent more nobly or usefully employed than in laboring to stock our rural districts with abundance of choice fruit. In this generous work Mr. Waring is engaged with an enthusiasm and intelligent zeal which does honor to his head and heart. May his zeal be appreciated.

THE ADDRESS of George W. Brewer, Esq., before the Alumni of Franklin and Marshall College has been received.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—NOVEMBER, 1855.—No. XI.

A PRELUDE TO WINTER.

BY NATHAN.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are gone, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.
And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out the winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind looks for flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more."

SURELY the author of this motto must have had a heart which throbbed in pious sympathy with the season, when he penned these plaintive lines. His story is so well told that it will bear repetition upon every returning autumn. Although he tells us nothing but what we see around us, this makes his sayings all the dearer to us. How vividly he calls to my mind the sportive rabbit-hunts of my boyhood. Methinks I still hear the rustling of the dry leaves as Adelpheos and I, with our faithful dog, Major, pursued, with boyish enthusiasm, the inoffensive rabbit. Neither fences, ditches nor thickets could cool the ardor of the chase. And if our close pursuit would force him to seek shelter under ground, our cruel zeal would place a trap in his hole, and even deprive him of this last glimmering hope of escape.

We have just had the first rude strokes of autumnal treatment. The frost has made sad havoc among the flowers. They are all bleached and blighted by its deadly touch. One is reminded of the Scythian hordes which once flooded down over the Roman Empire, and with cruel coolness demolished the most splendid works of art, covering their path with one vast scene of desolation and ruin. The other day I strolled leisurely through the garden, and like the little busy bee, as I passed from flower to flower, regaled myself by gathering sips of pious reflections. How grateful to my soul

were their voiceless lessons. And I kept all their sayings in my heart. In the evening I thankfully laid me down to rest, thinking, of course rather presumptuously, that to-morrow would be as this day, and perhaps even more abundant. But what a dreary scene opened to my view on the morrow! There lay scattered the drooping, dying remnant of an army, that was fresh and beautiful the day before. The evening came as a thief in the night, and with one fell swoop stripped them of all their living charms. Who could help but say, "What a pity!" Still I bore my loss with philosophic patience, knowing that in this particular at least—

"Whatever is, is right."

Frost deals with flowers as death with man. "There is no discharge in this war." There are some which, according to the course of nature, we cannot expect to keep much longer. Old age ripens them for death. These we are willing to resign to their unavoidable fate. But those which have scarcely reached the bloom of middle life, we are loath to give up. And, florally speaking, were it not for the frost, they might remain with us for many days to come. And then the little infant-bud, so full of hope and promise, whose opening petals we watch with joyous care from day to day, surely its harmless innocence and great distance from old age, should protect it against the cruel hand of the frost. But neither age nor condition can avert the fatal stroke. The tender bud can not implore its clemency nor the pretty flower evade its touch. Even old age, whose frail and feeble stem trembles with the decrepid weight of worn-out limbs, must be hurried away by the dart of this midnight assassin.

The frost, like death, is a leveler of artificial grades. Here "tired dissimulation drops her mask," and all are brought to their true and natural level. What a rude disregard for the laws of floral rank and nobility! We wonder not at the neglected wild-flower, unaccustomed to the usages of refined society. This has never enjoyed the smiles of favor. Like the humble poor, it blooms to blush unseen, and, alas! too often wastes its virtuous fragrance on the desert air. Few care for it while living, few miss it when dead. But the garden flower moves among the higher classes. It claims a rich parentage, possesses a good training, and moves in respectable society. Though a descendant, away back, of the same general family, it has been taught to out-bloom in proud splendor its unpretending neighbor over the garden fence. It almost seems ready to be ashamed of and disown its own kindred. Yet the frost is insensible to its superior merits. The rare exotic, that prides itself in having cost twenty or thirty dollars, is stripped of its royal trappings, and like its poor neighbor, whom no one will receive as a gift, is shriveled into an unsightly mass of decay. The grave is their common dwelling-place. The smallest floweret that

blooms in unseen solitude, will there have for its peers those who in this life would have disdained its company.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

Flowers come and go like the generations of men. Some die before they have reached the limits of the season. The few that reach the period allotted to floral life, are like the robust remnant of a departed tribe, whose natures have been tempered in the school of stern and severe trials. Their foundations have never been sapped by luxury and vice. They are the hardy sons of toil, more frequently found in fields and forests than in gardens. At length these stout-hearted veterans must also fall before the frost. And yet, no battle is so totally destructive as not to permit the escape of some one to tell the tale of ruin. Some—

"Last rose of summer, left blooming alone;"

some revolutionary soldier, that looks with calm composure towards his inevitable end.

The death of flowers, like the death of friends, is not without its benefits, when properly improved. A Christian philosophy seeks relief from evil by improving the good. True wisdom, like the bee and humming-bird, can extract delicious sweets from seeming calamities. It possesses the rare virtue of transmuting apparent misfortunes into sources of joy. We can neither alter nor avert the desolation of floral mortality, but we can find a pleasant relief from its consequent bereavement, in the cultivation of house-plants. They are profitable as well as agreeable companions during the dreary season of winter. It is a pleasant triumph to raise a flower in spite of howling winds and heaps of snow. To look out upon ice-clad trees and snow-covered fields, from amid flower plants in a warm room, makes winter seem less wintry, and reduces the distance of spring. I have often wondered why so many persons are without house-plants, when there is so little labor and expense connected with their cultivation. We evince a generous hospitality when we take in these houseless strangers during the cold and inhospitable season. By this means many a one has entertained something better than a flower unawares. Their elevating and refining influence is a happy reward for the labor and care bestowed upon them. Permit a child to cultivate a flower-plant, and you give it a simple lesson in the art of doing good.

A pious matron whom I always delight to visit, especially during the season of winter, has a large and pretty assortment of house-plants. Indeed I have often admired her botanical industry and zeal, which enables her to attend to so many flowers in addition to the ordinary cares of her family. And she does it with such a

cheerful air which convinces one that she considers herself well paid for her labor. Her little girls pet and caress them with innocent fondness, and anxiously watch their slow and sometimes unwilling growth. A blessing on them. Children and flowers compose a lovely group. O, this is a lovely retreat, a joyous scene, this family of my friend's. Sometimes when winter grows dull and dreary to my mind, I derive much comfort from an hour or two spent in their midst, by taking a view of a miniature Spring in mid-winter.

I must ask pardon of the reader for obtruding upon him an appeal in behalf of a little plant of which I have grown extremely fond. It is very modest and unpretending, but I am partial to modesty. It is commonly called *mignonette*, which being interpreted means "a little darling." I prefer the English name, since it is more useful and pleasant to speak in a known tongue. No word in the English language could so well express my warm affection for this plant as that of "a little darling." It is like a sacred vase, the depository of sweet-scented memories of the past. The recollection of kind friendships have become incorporated with its nature and name. Some of my female friends have made it the medium to express and transmit to me their affectionate remembrance. They would send me its seed and flowers, the former to raise plants, the latter as a sweet-smelling savor of their kind regard. This imparts to it a monumental character. In its pleasant fragrance lies embalmed the memory of many fond wishes.

This little plant has been very much neglected on account of its unprepossessing appearance. The harsh shocks of unfriendly treatment make it look shy and sad. It is too poor to dress as gaily as some of its more fortunate fellows. It is not as large as the oleander, its flowers are not as gaudy as the cactus, its countenance is not as open and smooth as the morning-glory, which looks old and wrinkly enough a few hours after it opens. Its tiny leaves make a poor show, and its little flower looks rather homely. But just as homely people, though derided by the handsome, are often the most virtuous and useful, so its color is the symbol of purity and its scent most surpassingly sweet.

I have no ill-feelings towards any of its rivals. Not that I love them less, but this more. And my present zeal has been prompted by a most benevolent motive—a desire to secure a suitable reward for humble worth. The time has come when flowers as well as men should be judged by their intrinsic merits, and not by the color of the hat or the cut of the coat. Our botanical judgment is too often swayed by outward appearance. Any thing to get up a pomp and show. An orange or a lemon, which requires four men to move it, is often preferred to an humbler plant of greater worth, which a child can move. I earnestly implore a just and respectful

treatment for this little plant, at the hands of the flower-loving community on the ground of its own merits. It will bear acquaintance and will greatly improve by it. Its homely appearance and timidity can be greatly remedied by a kind and gentle treatment.

I have had an interesting discussion with an estimable friend of mine, whose kindness has reared me several stocks of my favorite plant. The hearty good-will with which she received the unknown stranger, at my recommendation, and her daily endeavors to minister to its comfort, are an honor to her benevolent heart. She happened to place beside them two other plants, which she calls "Bachelor's Button" and "Priscilla." Of course the former will at once be condemned on account of its ungallant name. And yet its velvet-like flower and neat appearance will make you respect if not admire it in spite of your prejudices. Its crimson blush of modesty reminds me very much of a bachelor friend on his wedding day, whose countenance was flushed with crimson waves, the playful images of his modest joy. But my friend, owing to the prejudices so common to her sex, has taken a great liking to the latter of these plants, and even contends that it is superior to the little darling, by which, however, she designs no disrespect for my plant, of which she is passionately fond. It has a lofty stout stem, broad bulky leaves, and has its clumsy white flowers arranged after the fashion of a mullen stock. Her main argument is derived from its superior fragrance. But according to my nasal judgment its fragrance is not sufficiently mild and soothing. It is too harsh and severe, and in this respect greatly inferior to my little plant.

This digressive discussion has led me into remarks not very pertinent to the season. For I had intended to take leave of the reader with a becoming solemnity. As our motto says, this season is "the saddest of the year." And yet it is a pleasant sadness which dreary autumn wafts over our spirits. Campbell says that—

"Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles."

So there is a certain loveliness in the grief-like aspect of this season, which ministers more to our piety than the bloom and verdure of June. It forces upon our minds the claims and promises of a better season—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The fall of the year is the end of flowers, and men will lay it to heart. And often it is also the end of mortals. It claims more diseases and deaths than any other season of the year. It is the season of fevers as well as frosts. Some go with the birds, others fall with the sere leaf. "The mourners go about the street;" we meet them in the sanctuary. Their sad habiliments

betray their bereavement. The cemetery which I frequently visit has many new graves. Several clusters, where a number of the same family lie buried together. Many little ones, who were taken out of the way of danger into a more congenial clime. This sheds a gloom over many hearts, and makes the sadness of fall, outward and real. O, what bitter weepings have I seen around those graves! Sometimes I could scarcely stem my grief to pronounce life's closing service. Yet, why weep over the dust of our sainted dead? "They are not here." "In heaven we have a more enduring substance." Their spirits have removed into other dwellings more convenient and home-like. Plant ye a tree that may wave over their dust. Not a weeping-willow, for why surround their resting-place with the emblems of grief? Decorate it with living, growing garlands of joy. Plant an evergreen, that will never droop or weep. Put flower plants there. Make their graves attractive. Let flowers bloom over their sacred dust, to remind the passer-by of human frailty, and point the Christian to the resurrection of an eternal spring. The soul must drop the flower and frail husk of mortality, that it may be clothed with immortality.

In truth it is a season of melancholy delight. With all its griefs I love it still. It makes me think of death and the happy land beyond. It fills my mind with sober, earnest thoughts. "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him." The living—the living are the proper objects of compassion. The dead, the pious dead, need not our tears. With them all is well. But the living do. For them let us labor, for them let us pray. The ransomed dead, with soft rebukes they urge us to lay aside our earthly tardiness. Ye pious mourners, hear their tender pleadings that we should join their happy throng:

"Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay.

O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for aye."

RED HAIR.

THE Phrenological Journal, in an article on temperament, says: "We have never seen or heard of a red-headed minister, or, rather, of a minister possessed of a pure sanguine temperament." We do not know whether the Journal is correct or not on this point; but it is stated that several years ago a minister being presented to the parish church of Crieff, in Scotland, the parishioners objected to receiving him, and when the case was tried before the Presbytery, it was found that their only objection to him was that his hair was red. The objection was insuperable.

THE PRAYERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

How beautiful is praying infancy. How touching are the simple prayers of little children. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains praise, because of His enemies. The enemies of Jesus, who resist the strongest arguments for religion that appeal to their mind, feel the prayers of little children. It were well if they could humble their lofty powers, so as to receive the kingdom of God as little children receive it.

Never have we seen the deep impression which innocent infancy, with its devotions, may make upon hearts hardened in sin, more beautifully and touchingly portrayed than by Moore in his "Paradise and the Peri." The Peri are fabled beings, that are, in the Orient, believed to have been cast out of Paradise for some crimes they committed. These go wandering lonely through the earth seeking rest and finding none. One of these spirits one morning found its way to the gate of Paradise, and as it heard, through the half-open portals, the sweet hymns of the blest, it imploringly asked the angel to let it in. The angel answered that it could not now get in. Yet, gently said the angel:

"One hope is thine,
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this eternal gate
 The gift that is most dear to heaven!
 Go seek it and redeem thy sin;
 'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

The Peri went away, hastily, inspired with hope. It found its way to a field of battle, and caught up the last drop of blood that oozed from the heart of a young hero who expired for the liberty of his native land.

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
 'My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill,
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 'Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 Who die thus for their native land.
 But see—alas!—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
 That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Disappointed the first time, the Peri went again to find the precious gift that should open heaven. It finds its way into a country where the poisonous breath of a fearful plague was breathing death upon multitudes. Along the shore of a lonely lake, the Peri saw a young man in burning agony: the plague had smitten him, and his lips and tongue were parched, and yet he had not strength to reach the cool waters of the lake that lay before his eyes. At that moment, a female drew near—it was his own betrothed! Though the dying youth implored her to remain away, for an approach would be certain death to her, yet she came!

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There, drink my tears while yet they fall,
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place,
 In life or death, is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be her's when thou art gone?
 That I can live and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself? No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too;
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Oiling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast;
 'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmy airs than ever yet stirr'd
 The enchanted pile of that holy bird,
 Who sings at last his own death-lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away!"
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed

Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!
 But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon will win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in:
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the Throne of Alla swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake
 Upon whose banks admitted Souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!
 But ah! e'en Peris' hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—'not yet,'
 The Angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 'True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this sigh the boon must be
 That opens the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Joyless, with sad soul and weary wings, the Peri goes a third time in search of the gift that heaven will approve. It spreads its wings down along "sainted Lebanon," and the "flowery vales of Jordan," in hope of finding some precious relic sacred from its use in divine rites by God's own direction. At length—

"When o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they.
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue-damsel flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,

Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests! ~~There~~ written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again;
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.
 But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again!
 Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguill'd
 E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by!
 And how felt he, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
 'There was a time,' he said, in mild,
 Heart humbled tones—'thou blessed child!
 When young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—'
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
 Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
 'There's a drop,' said the Peri, 'that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,

And health reanimates earth and skies!
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

"And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!
 'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear, that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek;
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

We do not mean of course to teach, that heaven can be won by any gift that we can bring; but the beautiful fable teaches correctly how acceptable to God is true repentance, over which our Saviour says the angels in heaven rejoice. Above all it illustrates how the devotions of childhood often impress the hearts of hardened sinners, and move them to penitence and prayer.

How beautiful, then, and blessed is the sight when an earthly parent teaches his child to look up to its heavenly parent. Those "little prayers" are seeds which will bring forth their rich fruits in after life. Those little prayers!—did ever any one forget them, when he was old, and learned and great in the earth. It is said that John Quincy Adams, to the end of his life, repeated every evening—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Why may not any one, at any period of life, pray in these words? Can any one construct a better?—so short, so simple, and so comprehensive. It has only one defect; it does not recognize the Mediator. Children ought by all means early be taught that all prayer must be made in the name of Jesus. We therefore much approve of the addition of another line, as is done by many parents, thus:

"And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Pity the children who are not taught little prayers! They know

not, in after life, the holiest, sweetest, and strongest charm and joy of childhood. Their memories bloom not with those flowers so fresh and fragrant in the morning dew of life, which ever after linger around the heart like the scent around a vase in which roses have been kept. They can never feel the blessed truth of the poet's words:

"Heaven is nearest to us in our infancy!"

The Guardian may find its way into the hands of some thoughtless parents, who do not teach their children "little prayers;" who perhaps never learnt any themselves. We feel like closing our article by setting down a few, which we hope they will teach their little ones. Here is one:

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
And make a pious (boy) girl of me. Amen."

We like this, because it is in the name of Jesus. Here is another which many little children have learned:

"Four corners round my bed;
Four angels overspread;
If any evil come to me,
Jesus Christ deliver me. Amen."

PAY AS YOU GO.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke said, near forty years ago, in his place in Congress, "I have discovered the philosopher's stone; it is to *pay as you go*." We should scarcely ever buy too many goods in Europe, if we should establish and adhere rigidly to the rule of paying for them at the time of making the purchase. Our country merchants would seldom buy too much, if they could only obtain what they pay for at the time. So of individuals; if they would only allow themselves to consume an article of necessity or luxury after it was honestly paid for, the number of extravagant and foolish purchases would be greatly diminished; and although they might not be entirely prevented, the individual would usually remain in a solvent condition, and would escape that vortex of embarrassment, bankruptcy, destitution, and the too often consequent humiliation and demoralization. The character, position and prospects of individuals and families, are often totally and irrevocably changed by a change in their pecuniary condition. Families are broken up and scattered abroad, children separated from their natural guardians and protectors, and even disease and death are caused by errors and follies in pecuniary matters. Let those who are convinced of the truth of these views, forthwith commence reformation, and act upon the motto, *Pay as you go*.

THE UNIFORMITY OF GOD IN THE WORKS OF NATURE AND REVELATION.

BY R. W.

NATURE, or the works of the physical world around us, has been called the "elder Revelation," because, like the Bible, those works show forth his "eternal power and God-head." The Bible is a transcript of his mind, and gives us an exhibition of his love and his compassion, whilst the works of Nature display his wisdom and his almighty power. Without the stupendous fabric of the universe, including the earth, the sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the comets, and the remote stellar systems, we could not have such a clear idea of the great power of God! But when we look through the medium of modern astronomy, at the immense system of nature—when we behold the planet Neptune moving on in his orbit at the distance of three thousand millions of miles from the sun, and remember that this remote planet is very near to our system, when compared to the fixed stars, we can form a better idea of the immensity of space than we possibly could from any abstract revelation which can be made. God is the author of the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation. Of this there can be no doubt. There is an unbroken chain of order and consistency running thro' both; and although the links of this vast chain may not always be contiguous, yet they are all perfect, and may all be brought together. The laws of gravitation are uniform all through the universe, and so are the laws of the refraction of light. The moral laws of God are the same every where on earth, in heaven, and in hell. The physical sciences are very extensive, there seems to be no end to them. There are more than two hundred thousand planets in the botanic world, every one of which forms a link in the great chain, yet you don't find them all set in order before you like the letters of the alphabet, but they are all somewhere in the world, and the business of the botanist is to hunt them up and arrange them into the proper order. One planet may be found in the burning sands of Sahara, and the very next link may be found blooming on some jutting rock amid the high Alps: one planet may be found amid the snows of Lapland, while its companion may bloom in southern Asia. The botanist, when he commences his studies, finds but little apparent order around him: he often becomes discouraged, but as his knowledge enlarges and his experience increases he sees more order and harmony. So in the world of astronomy, in entomology, in short in all the natural sciences. God has a beautiful and harmonious system in nature, but it is spread over a large space. The business of the man of science is to bring them together. The great Author of Nature has not planted all the

beautiful flowers on one soil, nor has he made all animals and insects indigenous to one country: hence the naturalist in order to complete his scientific arrangement of flowers, animals or insects, must visit every country or depend upon the investigations of others. Now who would dare to say because the flowers are so widely scattered over the surface of the whole earth, that there is no system of botany in Nature.

Now just as we find things arranged in the physical world, so they are in the spiritual and moral. God is uniform in all his works: the same principle of order and harmony runs through the Bible. And we have no more right to expect to find a scientific arrangement of the truths of God in the Bible than we have in the works of Nature. The Bible is a very large book; it contains an immense amount of knowledge, and will require a lifetime to understand it. Yea, we may spend half our time in the future world in studying the Bible. The Bible, 'as received by all Protestant churches contains, according to a curious calculation, 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,697 words, and 3,566,480 letters! To learn all these 31,173 verses would require a long time. A few simple truths can save the soul. The more we know of the Bible the better; but a small portion can bring peace and comfort to the heart. The man ignorant of science might say, in looking at the great world around him: this is unnecessary, and that is useless, like a fly sitting in judgment upon the magnificent proportions of St. Peter's Church at Rome, whose contracted vision could not take in at one glance that grand structure.

The Creator and Redeemer are one God; hence in the work of redemption are seen evident traces of that hand which is so conspicuous throughout the works of creation. In creation the scale is magnificent; and on every side appear things useful, pleasant, wondrous, in boundless profusion and infinite variety. Of this some contracted spirit might say, to "what purpose is this waste." But to the enlightened mind there appears in this exuberance not only the goodness, but also the wisdom that is divine, which produces riches out of poverty, plenty out of want. Thus from simplest elements, for all creatures, in all their kinds are brought forth means of life, sustenance, protection and enjoyment. So in the Scriptures; amid the rich profusion nothing is useless, nothing unimportant, nothing superfluous. It is the Book of God. Like the great Book of Nature, it bears the impress of its great original; it has none of the imperfections of man's methodical system about it. It is a book for all—the rich, the poor, the ignorant and the learned. We can joyfully exclaim with the poet:

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joy
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Let the young study the Bible, it is able to make them wise unto salvation. It is the best companion for the young man, and the best protector of the young woman; it will be a crutch for the decrepitude of old age to go down the declivity of life with; it will be a bridge across the river of death, and a passport into the mansions of Heaven.

LET US BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

O, let us be happy when friends gather round us,
However the world may have shadowed our lot,
When the rose-braided links of affection have bound us,
Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot;
And say not that Friendship is only ideal,
That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown,
For he who believes every heart is unreal,
Has something unsound at the core of his own.
O, let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure
When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

O, let us be happy, when moments of meeting
Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes;
And though folly, perchance, shake a bell at the greeting,
He is the dullest of fools who forever is wise.
Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
As the hum of the bee o'er the midsummer flowers,
For the honey of happiness comes from Love's blossoms,
And is found in the hives of these exquisite hours.
Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure
When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary
To yield the kind word and the mirth-lighted smile,
The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary,
Where the robin of hope will not warble awhile.
Let us say not in pride that we care not for others,
And live in our wealth like an ox in his stall;
'Tis the commerce of love, with our sisters and brothers,
Helps to pay our great debt to the Father of All.
Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
For the pulse ever beats with more heavenly measure
When Love and Good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY JUNIOR.

It has often been my privilege to attend the literary exercises of the Academy of the town in which I live. A peculiar interest belongs to these schools as we generally find them in the country villages of Pennsylvania and some neighboring States; and the village to which reference is made, being one of these, it may lay rightful claim to their common merit. Such villages appear to be a sort of compromise between the retired farm-house and the many-mansioned city; being neither the one nor the other, yet receiving shape from both. Streets and pavements like the city; gardens and orchards like the country. So, the people unite largely the commendable refinement, taste and courtesy of the one, with the substantial habits, industry and vigorous sense of the other. Their direct connection with the country around keeps them in full sympathy with its life, while, on the other hand, sources are not wanting to prevent overgrown rusticity and give them more of a literary and cultivated caste. "God has made the country but man has made the city," some one has well remarked. As civilization, however, of necessity calls into existence the latter, it would seem the towns we speak of mediate happily between the uncultivated regions of the no-made or savage, and the thickly-populated metropolis which presents scarce one untouched remnant of the Creator's workmanship.

It is a fact, becoming gradually well understood, that from our rural hamlets and inland vallies, come a majority of the men called to fill the posts of highest honor and responsibility in both church and state; the men, too, whose names are most esteemed by the nation, and heard at every family hearth. Impressed with a lively sense of this truth I have, for years, already, deemed it a privilege, as before said, to attend the common or special literary exercises of Institutions in which the country youths, fresh from their native hills and vallies, are taught the elements of knowledge and science.

We will single out one afternoon which we spent in such a school. It was Friday—the time for reading original compositions. No part of school exercises can have more interest belonging to it. So the youths themselves think. It affords an opportunity of showing what use they are able to make of that which they have learned. The idea at the bottom of this exercise, the very idea of which all likewise have some sense, is, that they have read to their listening compeers what is *their own*, drawn directly from their heads, not from the printed page. Their personal satisfaction cannot be as great when they recite a well-gotten lesson, for this is committed off the text-book—it is not altogether theirs.

On the occasion to which we refer, a number of good compositions were read. One could not help thinking that some of them augured well for the future career of their authors. There was, as a matter of course, considerable variety in several respects; enough at any rate to remind one of Cowper's lines—

"Variety's the spice of life
Which gives it all its flavor."

One of the compositions engaged our particular attention. It was among the best in the number, so far as its style and general merits were concerned. Its author treated of the hardships and sufferings, the trials and privations, which the original settlers of our country underwent. He tried to show, too, that there is a debt of gratitude due on our part to them for sacrifices of which we are now reaping the rich fruits. "Honor to whom honor is due." But read the following sentence, taken *memoriter* from this composition: "Such were the obstacles, such the labors, our English forefathers met and mastered." *Our English* forefathers, forsooth! We could not avoid looking around in the school-room to see what applicability this assertion had in the present case; for, as before intimated, we were not in the Eastern States, nor in the extreme Southern, but within the limits of that vast domain which may properly be called the heart of the country, and which is mainly inhabited by the descendants of settlers who never saw Albion's shore. There was not a single individual in the whole number, who, for aught we could tell, had one drop of *English* blood coursing in his veins. As well might you have sought for Italian blood in the hale youths within the walls of a district school in the valleys of Vermont. The boy—for such he was yet—who had written the composition, was in this respect as well off as were his companions. His name was German, and so was his parentage. His father's family, though among those who, generations ago, "met and mastered the obstacles and labors" which their grateful descendant rehearsed, still spoke their mother tongue (the German) with fluency. His grandfather, on the mother's side, closed his useful life in the village of which we speak, after having preached in the German language for more than a score and a half of years the Gospel of Peace.

Some of the reflections naturally elicited by the sentence we have quoted, shall be stated here for the consideration of the reader.

I. The most pleasing and happy remembrances of life are those which date back to the time when we were yet little boys and little girls; when, unconscious of the wide world, with its ups and downs, we enjoyed a miniature world at our father's home, amid parents' tender smiles and brothers' or sisters' affectionate favors. Then were instilled the principles which have since mostly governed our actions. The lessons learned on a mother's lap are never forgotten.

Seeds there implanted afterward germinate and bring forth abundant fruit. Traditions, such as every family has, are at home handed down from one generation to another. These traditions, embracing interesting reminiscences of our ancestors, their deeds, incidents of their lives, fortunes and misfortunes, all told and retold with that peculiar pathos which belongs to the language of those who speak of that in which they are themselves concerned, we learn when young, we delight to tell when grown, and love to the end of life. Their influence upon ourselves is great; society owes its loveliest features to them, and the nation's existence is absolutely dependent upon them.

At school and after leaving the parental roof, we come under influences and receive a kind of training to which we were not previously accustomed. Companions, teachers, books, the various relations of life, exercise an educational influence and make divers impressions upon us. No harm lies of necessity in all this; the process is needed, and may be productive of much good. The general influences of the school and those of life may differ and do differ from those we have learned to cherish at home. There is, however, a sanctuary within every family, the precincts of which may not be entered with unhallowed feet. From it issue streams in antagonism to which no outside current has a right to place itself. Humanity, as realized in us, derives from it deep significance. Society, education, books, opposing or falsifying its best breathings, are violent and unrighteous, every way fraught with untold evils.

II. We have spoken of general truths. Their particular applicability now claims attention. Take the instance of national descent as being directly to our purpose. The German, the Englishman, the Frenchman differ widely. So the citizens of every distinct nation. Difference here is not owing alone to language or climate, education or habits of life. They have their influence, but the root lies deeper. Remove these, and the difference, though perhaps lessened, still remains. The look of the eye, the form and features of the person, the soul of his actions, mark unmistakably the nation from which he is descended. You have been trimming the branches and changing the soil, while the tree itself remains the same. This is a general fact. A demonstration of its correctness has been furnished on the grandest scale in our own country. We are all living witnesses of it; and it becomes us as men and women, desirous of acting wisely, to bear it well in mind.

Americans are not indigenous—sprung as by chance out of the earth—but it is their glory to have a lineage that grounds itself deep in the history of various nations of the Old World. This being the case, the difference of their ancestral descent should be honestly acknowledged without prejudice to one or another, whenever occasion calls for it. Right and duty demand it. Surely, also, the

children of parents, who *came* alike to this country from common objects, bore common burdens, shared common labors, in common fought their battles and established their liberties, have no cause for envying one another's ancestral birthright.

III. Has the plain and righteous policy of doing justice to all, in the respect spoken of, been carried out through the various important relations of society, government and education in our country? Let facts witness. In order to be brief and direct to our purpose, we shall only refer to the Germans, who have made this country their home since its original settlement. Their descendants now number millions.

So large and respectable a portion of our population, one would reasonably expect, occupied a corresponding position in the literature of the nation. If the Germano-Americans themselves be not ambitious to trumpet abroad their own praise and standing, it might be presumed their Anglo-American brethren would not have failed duly to notice them in their hay-stacks of orations, references and labored works, nominally descriptive or in eulogy of the whole or sections of our country. Those who are acquainted with the facts will, upon a moment's reflection, perceive how the matter stands.

Amusing, indeed, is the pretended nationality of the majority of our school-books. A thoroughly *mixed* nation like ourselves, demands proper regard to this fact in its educational works. Do these, however, meet this demand?

Take almost any of our "Histories of the United States" intended for youths, and see how justice is meted out there. They claim to be national, they ask to be introduced into our schools all over the land, and in many States have been legislated into the hands of our children; yet we protest that, as regards important points, they are sectional, and by no means entitled to such universal acceptance. Who that is not of English origin has justice done to his ancestry, to his religious opinions, to his habits of life and modes of thought, as contra-distinguished from his English brethren? With how much fairness is the internal history of Pennsylvania, for example, generally represented as compared with that of Massachusetts? So, to the end of the chapter.

Over and over again have we seen children recite that which boldly suppressed facts of dearest interest to them, while in place thereof some empty husks were substituted. Spend pages in talking of mineral and agricultural wealth, and then thrust into the background the living souls who own and turn it to account. Our "Readers" are loaded with extracts, orations, etc., eulogizing the "pilgrim fathers," to the exclusion of much, comparatively equally important, and more sensible matter. Was this great nation descended from a ship-load of settlers, landed in 1620 on Plymouth Rock?

The child that has been faithfully trained in the family, heard its simple recollections, learned the general traditions of the country with which its own ancestors had some worthy connection, will find, on growing up, that the most popular system of education ignores such feelings and associations in two-thirds of the population. Here lies the radical evil. There may be palliating reasons for its happening to be so, but it is an evil still. So long as it remains, a canker-worm gnaws at the heart of our educational system; a withering influence weakens our national energies.

One word more for the present. We have given some reasons impliedly why so many of us stand in danger of sacrificing our birthright, and with it a rich inheritance of associations and principles for which nothing else can make us amends. Many more instances might be referred to, but let these suffice. Our complaint is not particular, but general. The evil calls not for a change to this or that: it demands a re-construction of a misformed public sentiment and educational apparatus.

We have plead for justice. Let it be administered to all. Many of us have had German forefathers. *Many*, I say—yea, many. Let the child and the youth learn the truth in the case—learn not to be ashamed of his ancestry but highly to esteem it. It is time to bestir ourselves, to vindicate our rights and establish our honor in the literature and education of our country. No folding of hands, no sitting at ease will accomplish the desirable end. Better service none can render to his country and to the memory of those who gave him birth, than to cherish and perpetuate, with living freshness, the best lessons, connections, associations and traditions amid which we have been reared.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave were driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THE PRAYER-MEETING UNDER THE HAY-STACK.

IN the year 1802, a father overheard his son say, "There is no business I should like better, than to pass my life in preaching the gospel to the heathen." The father thanked God if this were indeed the spirit of his boy, for he took it as an indication that he had found that gospel precious to his own soul. And this proved to be the case. His name was Samuel J. Mills, and he lived in Torrington, Connecticut, where his father was minister.

A few years after, Samuel entered Williams College, and was diligently studying in order to prepare for the ministry. There he found a few pious students, and they formed a little prayer-meeting. Williams College is situated among the green hills of western Massachusetts, and surrounded by very picturesque and beautiful scenery. During the hot weather, this little prayer-meeting was often held in a neighboring grove between the College and the Hoosac river, and the old forest trees echoed the words of prayer and praise.

One very hot afternoon they went to the grove, expecting to hold their meeting there; but a dark cloud was rising in the west: it soon began to thunder and lighten, and they went under a hay-stack for refuge from the coming storm. The subject of conversation under the stack, before and during the shower, was the heathen darkness of Asia. Mills said the gospel should be sent there, and, "*We can do it, if we will,*" he cried, with a large heart full of faith. The idea was new and grand.

"But missionaries sent to Asia would be murdered," answered one. "Christian armies must conquer the country before the gospel can be carried to Turks and Arabs."

"God would have his gospel spread throughout the world, and if Christians will be up and doing, the work *will be done*," cried those upon whom the glorious work began to flash with the clearness and warmth of sunlight. "Come," said Mills, "let us pray over it under this hay-stack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming." Fervent prayers were offered, and foreign missions was the subject.

These little meetings were continued, and the duty of preaching the gospel to the heathen, was the constant subject of prayer, conversation, and discussion among the members. Their souls were stirred in thinking how large a portion of the world was destitute of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost men; and his last command, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to every creature," came with a divine power to their conscience, quickening them to action.

But what could a few college students hope to do? The subject was new to ministers and new to the churches. "Carrying the

gospel to Asia!" "Foreign missions!" Would it not be looked upon by sober people as a very rash and foolish enterprise—foolish, because impossible? Let us see what brave spirits firmly persuaded of their duty can do. This little praying band next formed themselves into a society, whose object was, *themselves* to effect a mission or missions to the heathen: personal consecration to the work was the pledge. The pledge was made Sept. 7, 1808.

"What ministers can we hope to interest in this great work?" was the next question. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, Dr. Griffin, of Newark, were among those to whom they more particularly looked for sympathy and countenance. Attempts were made to awaken interest among the pious students of other colleges, and for this purpose one of their number took a dismission to Middlebury; Mills visited Yale, and a correspondence was entered into with members of Dartmouth and Union colleges. Two sermons were also published and circulated, at the expense of the society to arouse and move the Christian mind.

Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, and Luther Rice, having finished their college course, entered upon their studies for the ministry at Andover, Massachusetts. Here they were joined by Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, Samuel Newell, and Samuel Nott. Mr. Judson had already caught the missionary spirit by reading the book of an English missionary, called "The Star in the East," and he was prepared not only to enter fully into their plans, but with his ardent spirit to urge them on. Judson said he was ready to seek help from English Christians, if his countrymen held back, and Gordon Hall declared he would *work his passage* to India, and rely upon God to take care of him. Of course such spirits could not be held back.

In June, 1810, the general association of ministers met at Bradford, and four of these young men, Mills, Judson, Newell and Nott, presented to them a written statement of their views and wishes, and besought the advice of their fathers in the ministry. These good men cordially approved of their object; the duty of immediately sending the gospel to the heathen was clearly recognized, and the formation of a society for this purpose was recommended.

On September 5, 1810, at Farmington, Connecticut, the committee to whom the matter was referred, organized a foreign missionary society, by the name of "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the first foreign missionary board in the United States; and this board has now 663 laborers connected with its missions. The first missionaries which it sent out—the self-denying and heroic pioneers in this great work—went to Asia. Their names were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel Newell and Gordon Hall.

Samuel J. Mills, whose youthful mind was first impressed with the wretched state of the poor heathen, did not live to go to tell them of a Saviour's love. Though modest and retiring, his activity in doing good was remarkable. Besides foreign missions, the Bible and the African-school societies were set on foot through his efforts. He died at the early age of 34, on board a ship, of an African fever caught on the coast of Africa, where he had been to seek out a suitable spot for a Christian colony for the colored man on his native soil.

At a meeting of some gentlemen last August, at Williams College, it was "Resolved, That the grounds north of the west college, where Mr. Mills and his associates used to meet for prayer, and where the first American missions were projected, be purchased by the Alumni of the college, and be called the Mission Park and Grounds."

If battle-grounds, and the generals who fought on them, have monuments to hand down their memory to future generations, how fitting is it that Christian heroes, and the spots marked by the triumphs of their faith, should have some suitable memorials to designate their worth. To the pious heart, the grove on the banks of the Hoosac, and the site of the old hay-stack, is consecrated ground, for there was poured forth that fervent effectual prayer from believing men, which hath availed so much in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

CHRISTIAN UNION: TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

THERE is a strange and mystic bond
That holds the human heart,
And breaketh not tho' we be called
On earth awhile to part:

It is that bond of quenchless love
Which binds the happy souls above,
And sheds on man's deep-fallen race
A halo bright of matchless grace.

Where'er we be
On land or sea,
May still this bond with us subsist
In clearest light or darkest mist,
To keep our souls with sweet accord
United firm in Christ our Lord;

And on our way
To endless day
When'er we seek the Saviour's face,
Enjoy his love and sing his grace,
Then may we feel a brother's care
And seek for him a blessing there.

Thus may we love each other still
While on Life's stormy sea,
And each breathe out this tender pray'r,
Dear friend, remember me!

X. Y. Z.

THE FIRST SNOW IN AUTUMN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentle mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove."

As much about the later days of Autumn that fixes itself
in the minds and memories of those whose early life has been
in the country. Who does not remember the first snow? It
is the kind of first-fruit before the general reign and rigor of
winters.

There are fog-like, chilly-looking clouds gathering along the
horizon and gradually extending up the sky. Soon successive
cold, mist-like rain begin to roll from the mountains,
down over the country; but there is not enough to start rills
in the soil, only to soften the surface into slush. At length the
rain grows larger, come down faster, and the rain would soon begin
to wash the slushy mud in the road, did it not—see!—turn silently

into snow; there is only here and there a large flake, coming down
more slowly than the rain; but soon the snow prevails, and all
about there is one general shower of flakes making toward the
ground. A silent majesty of movement that makes one quiet to
the form of the clouds are hid by the millions of falling
flakes that the sky looks like a deep white sea above. The dis-
tance and mountains are almost hidden by the intervening
descending snow. Only now and then, when there is a
momentary abatement, do their outlines appear. How
pleasant it is to sit at the window in the house, or stand
in the feeding-room door at the barn, and look out, dry and
warm, into the mingled scene of rain and snow. How sweet
is the sense of security which then steals over the spirit!

The snow does not make much impression upon the earth.
So much rain mixed with it; and the ground is too warm
for it. In the road it but barely congeals the mud, and leaves
the snow. On the wood-pile the chips are thinly covered.
In the sear-yard and meadow it hangs here and there in a thin
tuft of heavy grass. In the garden it lingers on the
leaves of cabbage, on red-beet and turnip tops, and covers
the beds. The barn-yard remains slushy and bare, and the
snow is as fast as it falls, except where it lodges upon the un-
derneath. All around the smoking manure, and the backs of
thick standing cattle, receive the flakes as to their tomb,
and do they disappear as on the surface of the open lake,
the stream.

How new and interesting to see in the orchard, how the trees,

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hang upon the moun
distant horizon, yet
will go forth to gather
with her daughter
things into the cellar
earth
Behold! the early snow
is a mellow Autumn age
Such a day as we have
After breakfast an hour
attention around the kitchen
attendance to the women
Now and then we look out
is firmly looked for—that
the snow continues longer
while day now bids fair to
the boys may get up a large
which have just gone through
time—having been exposed

still covered with yellow-tinged leaves and ripe fruit, stand silently, half hid by the flakes, as if to mock and defy the stern approaches of winter—as if they said to the snow shower, Cease and abide your time! The snow is lodged upon the leaves and branches, and the wet glistening apples are seen, as if they smiled, through the sheet of falling snow. What a mingling of summer and winter; yet both the snow and the apples remind us of the coming cheerful Christmas fire.

Now the snow comes down hurriedly and thick. It seems as if it could not melt as fast as it falls. Yet still, most that it can do on the surface of the earth in general, is to chill the mud and hang the green blades of grass and wheat with cold drops. It is the *early* snow, and the earth is yet too warm to sustain a wintry sheet upon its bosom. There are yet many sunshiny and genial days behind the storm; and though the youngsters, too easily swayed by first impressions, are already thinking of sleighs, rabbit-tracks, and partridge-traps, yet the "old people" soon correct their hasty decision by the words, "The Indian summer must first come." The winter apples are yet on the trees, the corn is yet in the fields; and when did Providence bury the rich treasures of autumn with the snows of winter? Father has known God too long to be alarmed by the early snow!

As we expected the snow-shower is abating. Gradually there falls less and less. The mountains, the trees, the fences, the distant woods, and the shape of the clouds appear, and as they are seen they already begin to hasten away. In an hour the wood-pile, and the straw are bare: the green leaves and tufts of grass are uncovered; and the garden is as before. Though the clouds still hang upon the mountain's brow, and lie low and heavy along the distant horizon, yet the sun will be out to-morrow and the farmer will go forth to gather his corn, potatoes, and apples. The housewife, with her daughters, will be busy in gathering the "garden things" into the cellar, or bury them in round heaps of straw and earth.

Behold! the early snow is past. The Indian summer is here. It is mellow Autumn again.

Such a day as we have just described is not lost to the farmer. After breakfast an hour is spent in a kind of easy leisurely deliberation around the kitchen fire, and sometimes not without some annoyance to the women to whom that dominion properly belongs. Now and then we look out at the window, or the door to see—what is firmly looked for—that the storm will soon abate. As, however, the snow continues longer than was at first expected, and as the whole day now bids fair to be too unpleasant for out-door work, the boys may get up a large fire in the cellar, and the horse-gears, which have just gone through a season of severe use in seeding-time—having been exposed to the hot sun and sudden summer

showers, and being now dry and brittle—must receive a thorough greasing, that they may again become both softer and stronger. A few articles are needed from town; and as the snow and rain have somewhat abated, one of the boys may attend to that little business. Meanwhile the fruit-cellar needs to be cleared out, and a place prepared for the potatoes, for they must be taken in as soon as the ground is dry enough after this wet spell. The same kind of work is needed in the corn-crib; and in the stables there must be a place provided for the pumpkins with which the cattle are to be fed in early winter. There has been some new corn cast into the bake-oven to dry for cakes and bread. This may now be brought into the cellar, and before the cheerful fire, shelled—this will be a pleasant evening employment. How fine will the first cakes taste!

Such is the day in a farm-house, which ushers in the first snow of autumn. How beautiful are all things in their time and season. How pleasant are the memories of the past; and with how many and strange cords of association does a kind Providence bind back our life to its early beginnings that we may not forget the earlier good which is too often covered with later evil.

A U T U M N .

BY WORDSWORTH.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun?
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on!

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring!

For that, from turbulence and heat
Preceeds from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame—
Some region of impatient life;
And jealousy and quivering strife
Therein a portion claim!

This, this is holy, while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days!

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XIII.—THE BAY TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Hebrew word *Æsrach*, translated Bay-tree, occurs only once in the Bible. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." Is. 37: 35, 36.

Interpreters differ much as to the kind of tree here indicated. Jewish writers suppose that no specific tree is meant, but that the original word merely means, "a native tree," or "a tree growing in its native soil," not having been disturbed in its growth by transplantation into a different soil. Such a tree, they say, spreads itself very luxuriantly because it grows in the soil adapted to its nature. So a wicked man grows great in wickedness, when he is suffered to grow undisturbed in the native soil of sin.

Some suppose it to be the Tamarind, a native of the East Indies, and flourishing in Egypt and Arabia. "This tree," says Roberts, "resists the most powerful storms; it never looses its leaves, and is sacred to Vyraver, the prince of devils. I have seen some that would measure from thirty to forty feet in circumference." This tree would also illustrate the passage in the Psalms. Its wood is exceedingly hard, and its fruit is sour.

In the Septuagint and vulgate the word is rendered "cedar." The version of Luther, the old Saxon, the Spanish, the Italian of Diodata, and the version of Ainsworth, make it "laurel." The learned nonconformist, Ainsworth, paraphrases the passage thus: "I have seen the wicked daunting terribly, and spreading himself bare as a green, self-growing laurel." Its being said to spread itself in pride, or flourishing in splendor, also fits the laurel, which in its season is covered with pleasant flowers.

Whatever may be the particular tree alluded to, the symbol is very striking as applied to the wicked. How suddenly are they often cast down from their greatness as a tree scorched and shivered by the lightning, or suddenly dying where no direct cause is visible to a human eye. The sumptuous Dives is now luxuriating in his palace and now he lifts up his eyes in the lowest hell. Pride and sin go before destruction; and are generally the true prophesy that a terrible end is near!

"Such is the state of man!
To-day he puts forth tender leaves of hope;
To-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is ripening, nips his root,
And thus he falls, never to hope again!"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE following anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, will be perused by the readers of *The Guardian* with pleasure. It occurred before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink. Booth and a number of his friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguishing kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slow and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our father, who art in heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner a subdued sob was heard, and the host stepping forth with streaming eyes, seized Booth by the hand, said, in broken accents, "Sir, you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole life will feel grateful. From my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I never heard it before; never." "You are right," said Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read, has cost me severe study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced, that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

UNITED STATES.

THE ELECTIONS held in Pennsylvania and Ohio on the 9th ult., with the curious and somewhat anomalous results which followed, have formed the leading theme for newspaper and general gossip. While we take no interest in "politics as a trade," or in mere party measures, it is due to our readers that we should have something to say on certain great principles always more or less involved in our general elections, and which rise far above all mere selfish party issues. It is certainly incumbent upon every citizen to be enough of a politician to be able to discharge his duty as a voter understandingly—although this qualification by no means implies his blind identification with this or that party or faction. It is clearly the duty of every man to vote—and if each man who is competent to discharge this high duty does not do so understandingly, it is equally clear that the control of our government will fall into the hands of those who do not represent the higher interests of society.

Up to within a fortnight of the late election, the Democrats were very confident of carrying the State by a heavy majority; and this confidence was based on very good reasons. While the party representing the national administration was well organized, and acting as a unit in support of Mr. Plumer, their candidate for Canal Commissioner, the opposition were divided into three or four parties, represented by as many candidates. About two weeks before the election, the State Central Committees of the American, Whig and Republican parties met at Harrisburg, and agreed upon a "fusion," by which Messrs. Martin, Henderson and Williamson agreed to be withdrawn, and Thomas Nicholson was nominated as the representative of all the elements opposed to the Democrats. Had there been time and sufficient unity of action to carry out this fusion complete, Mr. Nicholson could have been elected without doubt. In some counties the tickets with the names of the original candidates had already been printed

and circulated, while in a few others, such as Lancaster and Allegheny, the Whigs and Republicans declined abandoning their candidates. The result was that although Arnold Plumer received a plurality vote, there were enough votes thrown away upon other candidates to have secured the election of Mr. Nicholson. This is illustrated by the official vote, which is as follows:

Arnold Plumer, Dem. 161,280
Thos. Nicholson, fusion 150,359

Plumer over Nicholson .. 10,921
Williamson, Rep. 1,063
Cleaver, N. A. 4,041
Martin, American 571
Henderson, Whig 2,270

13,945

Plumer's minority 3,023

In the election of members of the Legislature there were still more exciting and distracting elements at work. The liquor dealers had formed a well organized combination known as the Liquor League, which operated extensively in a number of counties, and almost invariably in favor of the Democrats. The result is that the Democrats will have a majority in the next Legislature of 31, on joint ballot, viz., in the Senate 17, opposition 16; House, Dem. 65, opposition 35.

Although it is generally supposed that the Liquor League had a great deal to do with this result, the figures show that the new Restraining Liquor Law will not likely be repealed by the next session. The law will evidently be safe in the Senate; and even if a repeal bill could be passed, Governor Pollock would hardly consent to approve an act repealing a law before it had fairly gone into operation. Of all the Senatorial districts whose representatives voted for the Law last winter, the only one which returns a member opposed this year is Allegheny, which sends Judge Wilkins in place of Mr. Darsie. All the other changes among the districts where members supported the law are in its favor, giving a result,

on full vote, of 17 for the law and 16 against it, with a fair chance of the vote for the Law being increased by one or two members who voted against its passage, but who will not consent to repeal a law before it has been fairly tested. We have not the least doubt, therefore, that this law will be sustained by the Senate and the Governor, and if it is enforced for one year, so as to show the good results that will flow from it, no power in the State can effect its repeal hereafter.

In Ohio the Republican party carried their candidates over the Democrats and Americans, electing Salmon P. Chase Governor by a large majority. Both branches of the Legislature are overwhelmingly Republican and Temperance.

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Pollock has appointed Thursday, the 22nd of the present month “as a day of general thanksgiving and praise throughout this State, and earnestly implores the People that setting aside all worldly pursuits on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for past goodness and mercy; and beseech him for a continuance of his blessings.” This Proclamation is one of the soundest we have seen for many years, and speaks the sentiment of the true christian. He says “a public recognition of the existence of God, as the Creator of all things and the Giver of ‘every good and perfect gift,’ with an humble acknowledgment of our constant dependence upon the Providence of Him, ‘who rules in the army of Heaven and among the children of men,’ is alike the duty and the privilege of a free and Christian people.

“He has crowned the past year with his goodness and caused our paths to drop with fatness.’ He has blessed our country with peace. The Union of the States—our free institutions—our civil and religious privileges—right of conscience and freedom of worship have been continued and preserved. The great interests of education, morality and religion have been encouraged and promoted—science and art advanced—industry rewarded—and the moral and physical condition of the people improved.

“The goodness of God has signally blessed our Commonwealth. War with its desolations—famine and pestilence with their horrors, have not been permitted to come near us! and whilst the ravages of disease and death have afflict-

ed the citizens of other States, we have enjoyed the blessings of health and unusual prosperity. The seasons, in their annual round, have come and gone—‘seed time and harvest’ have not failed—smiling plenty cheers the husbandman, and, surrounded by the abundant fruits of autumn, he rejoices in the rich rewards of his toil. ‘The pastures are clothed with flocks—the valleys also are covered over with corn—they shout for joy—they also sing.’

“Acknowledging with grateful hearts these manifold blessings of a beneficent Providence, we should ‘offer unto God our thanksgiving, and pay our vows unto the Most High.’”

KANSAS.—The Free State election for a Delegate to represent Kansas in Congress, was held on the 9th ult., and every thing seems to have passed off with the utmost order and regularity. The vote polled for Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, at a previous election ordered by the Legislature, was about twenty-one hundred, not more than nine hundred of that number being legal. It is thought that the vote for Governor Reeder, whom the Free State men supported on the 9th, will reach 3,000, all of which were polled by actual residents of the Territory. Reliable advices from there assure us that the contest in Kansas is over, and that the Territory will become a free State. Gov. Reeder was there during the election, and seems to enjoy the full confidence of the People. The admission of Kansas as a State will be a great question in the next Congress.

Gov. POLLOCK delivered the introductory of a course of Lectures to be given this winter before the Young Men's Christian Association, on the evening of the 25th ult. His subject was the “Known and the Unknown,” in their relation to Man, as a physical, moral and intellectual being. This lecture was listened to with deep attention by a very large and intelligent audience. The Gov'r spoke with great eloquence and no less christian fervor. The aim of his discourse was to show the great results and attainments of the Known and to point his hearers to the greater and more important concerns of the Unknown, all centering in the elevation of the race, the glory of God, and the salvation of the immortal soul. Gov. Pollock is a living illustration of the truly christian chief magistrate.

THREE CASES have been tried at Pitts-

burg under the new Restraining Liquor Law, being the first in the State, all of which have resulted in the conviction of the offenders. It is supposed that one of them will be carried into the Supreme Court on a writ of error, and the question finally decided, that tribunal being now in session in Pittsburg. There is not the least doubt that the constitutionality of the law will be affirmed.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON is still confined in Moyamensing prison, by order of Judge Kane, for contempt of Court—although the question of his release has been up before the Court in various shapes. The Judge has decided that Williamson, being in contempt, has no standing in Court; and that he cannot receive any petition unless it be an application to purge himself of the contempt. If both Williamson and Judge Kane hold to their present positions of law and right, the former stands a fair chance of living and dying in prison.

CALIFORNIA.—The late election has resulted in the success of the "Americans" or Know Nothing party, who have elected their Governor, State officers, and a majority of the members of the State Legislature. The people also voted on the abstract question of a prohibitory liquor law, but the vote was small and the issue still in doubt when the last steamer sailed. The progress which California has been making in her moral and social relations of late is quite encouraging—for certainly no place stood more in need of it. The progress of religion, too, has become one of the marked features of the place; and although much still remains to be done there, owing to the incongruous material composing the population, California is already claiming to be not the least comely among her fair and elder sisters of the national Union.

THE KANE EXPEDITION.—The expedition which left New York on the 31st of May, 1853, in search of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin and his faithful crew, arrived at New York on the 12th ult. Although subjected to almost unheard-of dangers and privations, subjected to the intensest extremes of cold, fatigue and hunger, the expedition lost but three of its number, among which we regret to notice the name of Jefferson T. Baker, of Philadelphia, a brother of Dr. J. T. Baker, of this city. The scene at the landing of the expedition at New York was said to have been very affect-

ing and the news caused great excitement throughout the city. The officers of the expedition were hardly recognizable by their best friends, so much had they been changed in personal appearance. Their long beards and hair, with dog-skin boots and pantaloons, and bear-skin coats, caps, etc., made them look like quite another race of beings; and it was only after undergoing a metamorphosis the next day at the clothing emporiums of New York that their old acquaintances began to recognize their familiar features. The incidents of the expedition are full of interest, but too voluminous for review in these pages.

THE OLD WORLD.

The news from the seat of war received since our last is less important than was expected. The Russians still remain in possession of the North Forts of Sebastopol, and the fact of the Czar being on his way to the Crimea indicates his intention to prolong the struggle in that quarter. The belief which had obtained in England and France, that the Allied Generals would follow up the capture of the South part of Sebastopol by an immediate attack on the Russian army in the field, has not thus far been realized. A letter from St. Petersburg says that the evening before the departure of the Emperor for the Crimea, a counsel was held, at which it was determined to carry on the war with the greatest determination; and the Emperor directed Count Nesselrode to announce this intention to the political agents of Russia in foreign countries. Gortschakoff is to be appointed Minister of War. Mouravieff is to assume the command of the army in the Crimea, which is to be defended to the last extremity.

A "brilliant" contest of Cavalry was fought on the 20th of September, near Eupatoria, in which the Russian Cavalry, commanded by Gen. Korf, were defeated by the French Cavalry under General Allenville. The French took 100 prisoners, 250 horses, six guns, and a number of ammunition wagons. The Russians lost 50 killed—the French six killed and 27 wounded.

The latest advices look to the bombardment of Odessa as the next important movement on the part of the Allies. Gortschakoff admits a loss of from 500 to 1000 men per day during the last thirty days of the siege.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

American papers are remarking on the absence of all literary effort in the Crimea, and are therein noting a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The London Athenæum says: "The contrast is fair. The self-laudation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion. Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, oftener on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons—traveled press, paper, type and ink—editors, contributors, and pressmen—fighting, foraging, writing, working onward. Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldier read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated the gazettes. It disseminated orders of the day; it perpetuated the gossip of the camp; reflected public opinion in the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired, and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea, they would have had daily papers at Balaklava, Bupatoria, Yenikale and Constantinople; and these papers reflecting the humors, incidents and life of the camp—would have ranked among the best historical documents on the war. As it is, our soldiers in the Crimea are indebted to the London journals for authentic information of what occurs in the camp itself, and within a mile or two of their own tents. Jonathan is far ahead of us in some respects."

To Mr. Bancroft and through him to American literature, the compliment has recently been paid of a Danish translation of his *History of the United States*, three volumes of which have already appeared in Copenhagen, the first in 1853, and the second and third in 1854. A good deal of interest in the history of our country and her institutions is felt in Denmark, which the appearance of this translation cannot fail to augment. The Danish work bears the title, "De forenede Staters Historie, fra Opdagelsen af det Americanske Fastland, af George Bancroft. Oversat af Chr. Wulff." We understand that Mr. Wulff is a man of great accomplishments and perfect knowledge of the English language; he has the

highest admiration for the progress of freedom in America, and his labor in his excellent translation has been one of enthusiasm and love.

At a sale of autograph letters in London, recently, a characteristic note from Benjamin Franklin brought one pound and nineteen shillings. It ran: "Mr. Strahan—You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am Yours, B. FRANKLIN.

THE Perth Courier says, Mr. J. N. Nevin, gardener, has succeeded in fabricating paper and rope from the common garden hollyhock, and has patented his invention under the title of "Nevin's Patent Hollyhock Paper and Rope." The paper is of the appearance and texture of that used for small bags and parcels by grocers, etc., and is very clean and firm. The rope is about half an inch thick, light and shining in color, and apparently of considerable strength.

THE Boston Public Library building, of which the corner stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, a few days since, will be 82 feet in front, 128 feet deep, two stories in height, beside the basement. It will be built of brick, with free-stone facings. The architecture will be of the Roman school of Italian architecture, plainly fashioned, and without elaborate ornament. The first story will be 21 feet high; the second 52 feet high, containing the library room, 40 by 85 feet, with ample alcoves for books. The first story will contain the reading and conversation room, and it is here that the books will be distributed. The upper rooms will contain accommodation for 200,000 volumes, and the shelves to be erected in the lower room will give space for 40,000 more. The building will be entirely fire-proof.

THE N. York Historical Society held their monthly meeting October 2nd. A document said to have been written by Geo. Washington was presented to the Society by Rev. Mr. Tweed. A painting of N. York a year after its capture from the Dutch, was also exhibited in the Societyroom, presented by Mr. John McGregor, M. M., from the city of Glasgow, through the Hon. James Buchanan.

The Guardian.

VOL. VI.—DECEMBER, 1855.—No. XII.

PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE WORLD IN A DROP OF WATER.

AFTER a fearful summer shower, a father went forth with his child into the garden. Here all the flowers, hung around in drops, gave thanks and praise to God with their delightful odor. The child rejoiced with the freshness of nature, and stretched forth its hands towards a beautiful rainbow, which had arched the whole heaven.

"How blessed," said the father, "is our Father in His great creations above us. How all His works praise Him: the rainbow, even as the refreshed flowers: the warming and the light-giving sun by day, the silver moon and twinkling stars by night! Who counts their hosts, and who calls them all by their names? But, my child," he added, "do not seek the great only in what seems great; for in this little rain-drop there is also a world, infinite like those worlds above."

Now the father permitted his child to look at a drop of rain through a magnifying glass. "What do you see?" asked the father.

"I see," said the child, "an infinite number of little worms, in a large bright globe: they all spring up and down, full of joy, and are very busy. Whence come all these creatures, O father? They are all so different in their forms, and they are countless in number."

"All this," said the father, "has God made. His works are infinite—infinite small as well as infinitely great. In a drop of water there is also a WORLD."

—THEO. SCHWARTZ.

II.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

John, the pious John, one evening as the sun was setting, and the sky was still red from his departing light, sat and taught on a

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mountain under the shade of a tall palm-tree. His silver locks hung around his peaceful countenance, and his eye glistened with youthful freshness in the red beams of the evening sun. Close around him reclined a circle of blooming youths, all listening to the lovely words of wisdom which dropped from his lips like the dew of heaven from the cups of the field-lily.

"Children," he began, "God is love, and they that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them. Do you see the beautiful sunbeams that fall at our feet? How can these beams exist without the sun from which they come? How can man exist without God? Children, he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God in him."

So spoke the gray-haired man, and a silent prayer, like a sigh, flowed tremblingly from his lips. The youths were silent with reverence.

Behold! now from the west the evening wind came playing in the tops of the lofty palms, and the friendly teacher began anew: "Do you hear the breathing presence of God in the sacred branches? The spirit of the Lord comes in the soft voice over us, and the palm-leaves rustle. How deep it has struck its roots into the bosom of the loving earth! and out of the deep it draws forth the nurturing sap, sends it up into the spreading branches and the tall top, that it may become life-giving to the waving leaves, and the fragrant blossoms. Thus it grows, vigorous and lovely, forming for itself high in the air a rustling crown, and lifts its arms longingly up towards the light of heaven.

"So, also, does man rest in God, and in his love, and opens for itself in God the fountain and the power of life, that his days may be full of fragrance and bloom, and that he may turn his face towards the bright beams of eternal life. See! it is the love of God which infuses fragrance and bloom into earthly life."

Here the friendly teacher arose and walked with his scholars towards his dwelling in the valley below.

While now they were descending from the mountain, behold! they found a palm-tree lying upon the earth, which was dead and dry. A storm from the north had cast down the power of the trunk, broken the limbs, and torn the roots out of the earth, so that it was dead.

The friendly, gray-haired man stood still, and the features of love changed into the earnestness of sorrow. "Behold!" he said, "here is an emblem of men who have torn away from the love of God. The freshness and the fountain of their life is wasted, and the rich odor of its bloom-days is withered leaves."

A tear trembled in his pious eye, and he said: "Children, God is love, and those that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them."

—RONNE.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XIV.—THE SYCAMORE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Zaccheus he,
Did climb the tree,
His Lord to see.”

THE Hebrew name of this tree is *Schikmim*. The English name is derived from a Greek, or rather from two Greek words: *Suke*, a fig, and *moros*, a mulberry. There is a reason for this combination in the nature of the tree itself. It partakes of the nature of two distinct species, the mulberry and the fig. It has a leaf like the mulberry, and a fruit like the fig. Some have imagined that it was originally produced by engrafting the one tree upon the other.

This tree is common in Palestine, in Arabia, and in Egypt. It is a spreading tree, which may furnish the reason why Zaccheus climbed upon it; from one of its branches extending over the way he could look down on the Saviour as he passed. It is often so thick that three men joining hands can hardly reach round the trunk. Hasselgriest says the stem is often fifty feet thick. Its wood is much used in building, and is said to be very durable. Dr. Shaw says, in his travels in Egypt, “The mummy chests, and whatever figures and instruments of wood are found in the catacombs, are all of them of sycamore, which, though spongy and porous to appearance has, notwithstanding, continued entire and uncorrupted for at least three thousand years.” On account of this virtue of its wood, as well as for the grateful shade afforded by its wide-spreading branches, and its useful fruit, it was held in the highest estimation by the Egyptians.

Mr. Norden, in his travels into Egypt and Nubia, gives us a particular description of this interesting tree. “The sycamore is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees; it has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out little sprigs in the form of grape-stalks, at the end of which grow the fruit, close to one another, almost like clusters of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing certain seasons; for I have seen some sycamores that have given fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferior to them in the taste, having a disgusting sweetness. Its color is a yellow inclining to an ochre, shadowed by a flesh color. In the inside it resembles the common figs, excepting that it has a blackish coloring with yellow spots. This sort of tree is pretty common in Egypt; the people, for the greater part, live upon its fruit, and

think themselves well regaled when they have a piece of bread, a couple of sycamore figs, and a pitcher of water."

Paxton says that the sycamore tree produces fruit as high as seven times a year, though it bears only one crop annually that can be called perfectly formed and perfectly ripened fruit; the rest is of inferior quality.

We find the sacred writers several times referring to sycamores and cedars in contrast. 1 Kings 27; 2 Chron. 1: 15-27; Is. 9: 40. Though the sycamore was a magnificent tree and durable in its wood, the cedar was regarded still more so. The latter, however, was a more rare tree than the cedar. To "make cedar as a sycamore," or to "change cedar into sycamore," denotes a promise of blessing, of increased favor.

The sycamore figs are very easily gathered. They seem to have such little hold upon the tree, that, as one says, "if they be shaken they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater." Even before they are ripe they are easily cast. This explains that solemn passage in the Revelation of John: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her *untimely* figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind." This also explains why a particular officer was appointed, in the reign of David, whose sole duty it was to watch over the sycamore and olive groves. 1 Chron. 27: 28.

The prophet Amos, before his call to the sacred office, was "a gatherer of sycamore fruit." Amos 7: 14. On this passage Paxton makes the following instructive remarks: "Pliny and other natural historians allege, that it continues immature till it is rubbed with iron combs, after which it ripens in four days. It is not an operation of this kind to which the prophet Amos refers, in the text which we translate, 'I was a gatherer of sycamore fruit?' The Septuagint seems to refer it to something done to the fruit, to hasten its maturity; probably to the action of the iron comb, without an application of which the figs cannot be eaten, because of their intolerable bitterness. Parkhurst renders the phrase, a scraper of sycamore fruit; which he contends, from the united testimony of natural historians, is the true meaning of the original term. The business of Amos, then, before his appointment to the prophetic office, was to scrape or wound the fruit of the sycamore tree, to hasten its maturity and prepare it for use. Simon renders it a cultivator of sycamore fruit, which is perhaps the preferable meaning; for it appears that the cultivation of this fig required a variety of operations, all of which it is reasonable to suppose, were performed by the same persons. To render the tree fruitful, they scarified the bark, through which a kind of milky liquor continually distilled. This, it is said, causes a little bough to be formed without leaves, having upon it sometimes six or seven figs. These are hollow, without grains, and contain a little yellow

matter, which is generally a nest of grubs. At their extremity, a sort of water collects, which, as it prevents them from ripening, must be let out. Amos, it is probable, was employed in these various operations; which has induced Simon and others to render the words, not a gatherer of sycamore fruit, but a dresser of the sycamore tree; which includes all the culture and attendance it requires."

In confirmation of this testimony, that a certain attention was bestowed upon the sycamore fig, to aid it to become more perfectly ripe, another traveler says: "At the time when the fruit has arrived to the size of an inch diameter, the inhabitants pare off a part of the centre point. They say that without this paring it would not come to maturity."

In Psalm 78: 47, there is an allusion to a judgment which God would send upon his unfaithful people, namely, he would destroy "their sycamore trees with frost." To see the full force of this, we must remember that naturally it is a very unusual thing for sycamore fruit to be injured by frost. It buds late in the spring. On this account it was called by the ancients *arborum sapientissima*, the wisest of trees, because it thus avoids the nipping frosts. The blighting of the sycamore figs was therefore the more plainly a curse from God on the people for their sins.

Some have supposed that the sycamine tree, mentioned by our Saviour, differs from the sycamore; but critics generally make it the same. "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should be done." Luke 17: 6. On this passage Paxton, applying it to the sycamore, remarks: "It strikes its large diverging roots deep into the soil; and on this account our Lord alludes to it as the most difficult to be rooted up and transferred to another situation: 'If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you.' The extreme difficulty with which this tree is transferred from its native spot to another situation, gives to the words of our Lord a peculiar force and beauty. The stronger and more diverging the root of a tree, the more difficult it must be to pluck it up, and insert it again so as to make it strike root and grow; but far more difficult still to plant it in the sea, where the soil is so far below the surface, and where the restless billows are continually tossing it from one side to another; yet, says our Lord, a task no less difficult than this to be accomplished, can the man of genuine faith perform with a word; for with God nothing is impossible, nothing difficult or laborious."

Thus we have found this tree rich in instruction and in sacred associations. How often are we reminded, by the frequent allusions of Scripture to objects in nature, how necessary to the full

understanding of the Divine Word, is a thorough acquaintance with natural history of the Bible. We sincerely hope our articles on this subject may serve our young readers in this way; and also awaken in their minds a desire to pursue the subject for themselves by the aid of other helps. Thus they will find the sacred scriptures, not only rich in themselves, but also a constant stimulus to them to seek knowledge from other sources. They will find the world of nature an interesting and instructive commentary on the world of spirit and grace.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Vainly, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Where they used to be;
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden haired and dewy eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby that first died;
Oh! it was hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next one call'd;
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only Heaven can tell:
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell.
Happy thistles, blue and red,
Bloom round his lonely bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they
Wanders one, his young heart dim,
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoever they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er I roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home!
Home, oh! Father in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

THE CALL OF ABRAM.

BY LEBERTON.

ABRAM the son of Tereh, was born in Ur of Chaldaea. It was customary in scripture genealogy to mention the first born of the family upon whom, in virtue of this relation, were bestowed peculiar blessings. In particular cases the Lord saw fit to deviate from this custom, and to bestow peculiar favors upon a younger member of the family. Such was the case with Abram, as he seems to have been the youngest of the three sons of Tereh, who are mentioned in the Scriptures. The name Abram, which means a high father, was afterwards changed to that of Abraham, the father of a multitude.

When Abram was about seventy-five years of age he received a call from the Lord to depart out of his native country; to leave his friends and kindred, and to get himself into a land which God would show him. In the land in which he lived he was surrounded with idolatrous neighbors, and idolatrous practices, into which he was continually liable to fall. This, together with other purposes laid up in the councils of God concerning Abram and his posterity, and which were remarkably fulfilled afterwards, may be among the reasons for his call. We are now concerned with the *call*, and Abram's conduct in the premises.

In the sacred narrative we read of no hesitation on the part of the patriarch; no arguing the case in his own mind; no counting the costs, although the command may not have appeared to his own mind—that is, to his reason simply, as being very full of promise, or even perhaps promising at all. He was no doubt happily and comfortably situated among his friends; his outward circumstances may have presented no cause wherefore he should arise and go into a strange land. And God did not see fit at the first to unfold to him his designs concerning him and his posterity. It then required a *sacrifice* on his part, and was from the start an act of *faith*.

In the call of Abram we may see a type of what must take place in every one who is called from the kingdom of darkness into that of light and grace. The analogy is of the most perfect kind, and logical and natural withal. Abram was the type of the faithful, and the truths with which he was brought into contact, which are absolute and eternal, and which, although brought down in the sphere of nature, pointed to others in the order of grace. These truths were *lived out* in the person of Abram, and have therefore become for us flesh and blood.

Man cannot be saved in the condition in which he is born. That may be one in which he is well pleased to dwell and remain. He

may be among his friends in a two-fold sense; outwardly the world is in harmony with him, and inwardly his thoughts and feelings are pleasing and familiar to him. Going out of this condition involves a *sacrifice*. This is sometimes as painful as the plucking out of an eye, or the severing of a right arm. It involves a struggle in our nature, with our own sins, and with the prince of the air. These contests are hidden, and are not understood by the children of the world. They are known however to the Christian, and when you speak to him of sore conflicts, of hard fighting, of inward groanings and of mighty breathings, you do not speak in an unknown tongue. His experience responds to the descriptions. Indeed when this is not the case there is room to fear that all is not right. If all is still within, it affords room to fear that the enemy holds absolute dominion.

This sacrifice must be in disposition complete. Abram left all. Not many Christians in the present day are called to forsake father, mother, wife and children, lands and houses, for the Gospel's sake, as were some of the primitive Christians, yet Christianity is now precisely what it was then, and Christians must have the same disposition should circumstances require it. There should be a disposition to give up all for Christ's sake. If the disposition be complete, no contingencies will occur under which there will not be a safe and certain rule. Suppose Abram had cast longing eyes back upon his native hills and vales, the lovely associates of his childhood days; upon the prospects of wealth and enjoyment that may have been opening up for his manhood, and had commenced to hesitate and doubt respecting the righteousness of the command that was given him. What, suppose ye, would have been the language addressed to him? "He, that having put his hand to the plow, looketh at the things that are behind, is not worthy of the kingdom of heaven."

The act requires *faith*. Had Abram lacked faith, his obedience would have been blind and slavish. His reason might have suggested that God had the right to command, and the power to punish disobedience. Influenced by such motives, he might have started upon his journey, but that would not have been a cheerful obedience. It was an intelligent obedience, and not blind. It was not, however, what might be called an intellectual assurance. He was unable by a logical process of reasoning simply, by deductions from natural causes, to calculate the interest involved. It was the assurance of *faith*. God had called him, and had promised to bless him, and he knew by this kind of assurance that he was faithful to fulfil.

There is something peculiarly interesting in this part of the analogy. It teaches that, in the kingdom of grace, *obedience continually goes before knowledge*. This is the case in the first step, and in all the life of the Christian. This was the motto of the

learned and pious Anselm. The scriptures teach us the same: "If ye *obey* my commandments, ye shall *know* of the doctrine." Men, in seeking salvation, generally commence directly the opposite of this; they want to know all about the kingdom of grace before they enter it. If you speak of mysteries in religion, they think of phantoms, of creations of the imagination, which are not for one the same as for another. They resort to the Scriptures, and expect every thing to yield to the scrutiny of their search; they imagine that they find dark sayings and contradictions there, and perplex themselves with these, while they have not yet made the first step in obedience to the command of the Gospel; they expect to be able to see clear through the way before they have yet entered upon it.

In what, then, does this first act of faith consist? In the case of Abram it consisted in taking God at his word; submitting to his guidance; trusting implicitly and without wavering in him. He arose and departed, leaving all the consequences to God. It is submitting one's self to Christ in the ordinance of his Church. This is an act of obedience that must rest upon faith, and knowledge must come afterwards. Abram could not understand fully the nature of the promised land that lay before him, until he had journeyed and beheld it for himself. There are those who are hindered from obeying his call by considerations like these—"they must become good" before uniting themselves to the church—that is, as if poor, hungry, and starving men, before whom a plentiful table had been spread, and of which they had been invited to partake, should say, "We must first provide ourselves with food, and satisfy our craving hunger, and then we will accept of the invitation, and partake of the bounties spread out for us." In a state of nature men are poor, and blind, and naked, momentarily standing in danger of falling into the pit. In the church is salvation; treasure to enrich; light to shine upon our darkness; garments of salvation to clothe our nakedness; yet many imagine that they will get all these *out* of the church, and thus *qualify* themselves for its service.

This mistake arises from the low views which we permit ourselves to entertain of the nature and powers of the church. Are we about to connect ourselves with some respectable human society, we prepare ourselves to give character and weight to that society by our wealth, influence and talents. Reasoning thus of the church, we imagine that it has need of us, while precisely the opposite is the truth—we have need of the church. It is a mournful fact, staring us in the face every day. Vast numbers of young persons, members of Christian families, and who rest under the solemn vows of baptism, seem to feel quite at rest out of the church, and deem their position, to say the least, quite as *safe* as any other. They do not despise the church; they attend upon its or-

dinances, and feel themselves at home, it may be, in doing so; but, so low and mean are the views of church members themselves, and even of ministers sometimes—and what could be expected under these circumstances of those without?—that no special concern is felt in the case. Now, if church relations are of such small account that persons may assume them or not, let it be proclaimed. But, if an awful hazard hangs upon the obedience of men in this particular, nothing but the most stolid indifference can complacently look upon these things. This state of affairs is increasing. It seems to be the reaction upon the cold formalism that preceded the vortex of new measures, into which the Reformation churches were in danger of falling a few years ago.

There are cheering indications in the liturgy movement that seems to be springing up in all the churches, and hopes are beginning to be entertained that the services of the church will again be clothed with flesh and blood, and that the church will address itself to the world as the only ark of safety, in which men may ride above the troubled waters of the world, and escape the wrath to come.

THE ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A horseman through the mountain pass
 Proceeds in silent gloom;
 "And haste I to my love's embrace,
 Or to the dusky tomb!"
 The mountain voice replies—
 "The dusky tomb."

And onward still the horseman rides
 With gloomy thoughts,
 "And shall I reach the grave so soon?
 Well! in the grave is rest."
 The voice again replies—
 "The grave is rest."

The tears fall from the horseman's eyes,
 And on his pale cheek rest;
 "Since only death can comfort me,
 For me the grave is best."
 The hollow voice replies—
 "The grave is best."

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
 In which our love lies cold and dead,
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
 Of joys now lost, and charms now fled.
 Who could have thought the smile he wore,
 When first he met would fade away!
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
 Those eyes so bright through many a day!

"MY ANGEL LOVE."

There is a poem, written by one of our foster-children of genius, of which I am reminded by this question of angelic aid to our moral imperfectness of reach. I am not sure that it has ever been published. "Fanny Forester" wrote it, and it has been among my manuscripts till I have learned its inspired harmonies by heart. If it be found elsewhere in print, however, it will not be unrefreshing to read—for a change—a bit of the old-fashioned poetry that had in it both meaning and music. The widowed heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her into heaven—thus exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love and still lingering "hold of hands:"

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be,
And as I gazed in doubt and dread
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blessed.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering star-light lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal can not be far,
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
FOR WHEN MY GUIDE WENT UP, HE LEFT
THE PEARLY GATES A-JAR.

In those last two unsurpassed lines—lines in the golden cadence of which lay the lark-song of her own then dawning morning in heaven—EMILY JUDSON has

expressed the faith for which the imaginative world is now zealously contending—SPIRIT-VISION ACROSS THE GRAVE. I should be reluctant to relinquish my own hold, instinctive rather than philosophical though it be, of faith so precious.

—N. P. WILLIS.

THE JEWISH IDEAL OF CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are many saints in bliss now who lived and died under the Old Testament dispensation. The number of those who died in faith not having received the promise, but who saw it afar off and embraced it, is like the stars of heaven and the sand on the sea-shore, innumerable; these now are represented as bending down, like the spectators in an amphitheatre, around us, to witness our conflicts and triumphs in the Christian race. These all, now clothed in white, washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. These all were saved by Christ as well as we, for there is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved but the name of Jesus. Abraham saw his day and was glad, and all the patriarchs, and prophets, and saints were saved believing on him who should come.

If these saints believed in Christ unto salvation they must have had him before the eye of their faith. The Saviour promised and expected, in some form, moved before their minds and lived in their faith. Some representation of him floated continually before them in prophetic vision. It becomes a matter of interesting inquiry what was this IDEAL Messiah which they loved and upon which they rested their faith with such ardent and saving firmness? Our minds are so constituted that they give form to every unseen object upon which they are intensely directed. As the poet, painter, and sculptor desires to give form and tangible existence to their conceptions, so do our thoughts seek to corporealize themselves. The word became flesh. There is nothing hid that does not reveal itself. The inner world always struggles towards a manifestation. It is only natural, then, that the saints under the Old Testament should clothe their conceptions in flesh and blood, and place this created ideal before their faith as their hope and consolation.

To the formation of this ideal Messiah, all the hints of him, made through Divine revelation at sundry times and in divers manners, contributed. "To him give all the prophets witness." All their revelations, indistinct and fragmentary as they were, aided in painting the image of him who should come as Israel's consolation. If we hear of a person whom we have never seen, but whom we expect to see, we immediately represent him to ourselves, and everything we hear of him afterwards seems to modify and perfect

the idea we first formed of him; so in the case of the Jews in reference to Messiah, every new truth and promise concerning him revealed by the prophets had its influence upon the ideal Messiah, as he stood before the faith of pious Jews.

Our ideas of an unseen person will be erroneous or correct according as the representations are obscure or clear which we have of him, and according as we are able to apprehend these representations in our minds, and form them into the conceptions of a harmonious ideal. We are often disappointed when we see a person of whom we have previously heard; this is because either his character was vaguely represented to us, or vaguely apprehended by us. So, many of the Jews had been so dull and obtuse to prophetic announcements of Christ, and had permitted their own subjective and selfish ideas to enter so largely into their conceptions of him, that he for whom they looked was quite another Messiah than the one which the prophets saw and which actually came; and when he came they crucified him in their ignorance, not recognizing in him the "Holy One and the Just." He came to his own, and to those who looked for him and desired him to come; but so far did the actual Messiah differ from the ideal of him in their minds that he was as a root out of dry ground, and they cried, away with him, not this man, preferring that a murderer and a robber should be granted to them rather than the Prince of Life. This, however, was their own fault. Had they carefully looked upon the prophetic canvass they might have seen his portrait more clearly drawn. All the prophets, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke of him, and drew his portrait before the Jewish people. They spoke of him in the animated inspiration of prophecy; he was revealed to them in his true character in types, shadows and ceremonies of the law. Many stupid souls, however, stood before the altar in dumb amazement, looked upon the significant ceremonies of the tabernacle as empty forms, and listened to the announcement of prophetic visions as a relation of pleasant dreams. Or at least these things were considered merely as serving the purposes of present devotion, instead of being a shadow of good things to come, the substance of which was Christ.

Others there were, however, who had studied the character of the promised Messiah to some effect. They had such correct views of him that they knew him immediately. Such was old Simeon; he was a man just, devout, full of the Holy Ghost, waiting for the consolation of Israel. He came by the spirit into the temple, at the time that Joseph and Mary brought the holy child to be circumcised. Long and ardently had he waited for a sight of him who should come; and now, though the Messiah appeared before him in the form of an infant, so correct were his views of him that he immediately recognized the divine babe, took him into his arms, and blessed God that he could now die in peace because he

had been permitted to see with his own eyes the salvation of Israel. Such, also, was Anna, a devout prophetess, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. She coming that instant into the temple, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. Such was also Andrew and the other disciple who immediately followed the Saviour when John pointed to him and said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" "We have found the Messiah," he exclaimed to Simon, "which is, being interpreted, the Christ." Such was also Philip. Jesus said to him: "Follow me," and he did, and soon he said to Nathaniel, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathaniel, a little dark in his ideas of the promised Messiah, thought at first that no good could come out of Nazareth; but one sight of him, and one or two questions to the Saviour, and as many answers from him, were sufficient, and he exclaimed: "Rabbi, thou art the son of God; thou art the king of Israel."

How quick their conceptions! What a difference between them and those dull Jews whose ideas of him were so distorted by carnal fancies, and so unenlightened by the prophetic revelations concerning him, that all the mighty works which he did in their midst, and before their eyes, could not open their eyes to his true character. Those who had heart-wants, received him as naturally as a wound receives the healing balm. He comes, thought the carnal Jews, to restore at this time the kingdom of Israel, and to put his foot upon the neck of Cæsar, and his hand upon the Roman yoke now galling the necks of Abraham's freemen, who were never in bondage to any man. No! exclaimed the blind, he comes to open the blind eyes. No! exclaimed the dumb, he comes to loose our tongues. No! said the possessed, he comes to destroy the power of the devil and to cast out legions. No! said weary and heavy-laden penitents, whose sense of guilt the cold ritual of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the teachings from Moses' seat could not remove, he comes forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; he comes to heal the broken-hearted, to preach to the poor, to give deliverance to the captives of sin, and to be wounded, pierced, and to receive stripes that we may be healed. Thus there was a division among them. The one party knew him not, and therefore crucified him. The other knew him and exclaimed: Hosanna in the highest, blessed is he that cometh according to the testimony of Moses and the prophets as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

All wrong conceptions of the Saviour were grounded in a partial and fragmentary view of him. All wrong conceptions of him among the Jews harmonized themselves in the central and prevailing notion that he should be a great temporal deliverer. Around

this idea all their conceptions of him clustered; toward it all their hopes were made to bend, and with it all prophecy was made to agree. Of him under this form they dreamed; with this image before them they looked into the prophetic revelations; for him in this character they longed as the long-promised hope of Israel. The grand object of his mission having been thus conceived to be temporal, it is only natural that their notions of him, in every detail, took a carnal and earthly form. Thus, then, the ideal Messiah of this class was only a mighty HERO. If he was a law-giver it was to give laws to the conquered; if he was a teacher it was to teach the conquered submission and obedience to his laws; if he was a king it was to be king of the world on the Jewish throne; if he was a priest it was of a Jewish priesthood; in short, if he was a Saviour it was a Saviour of the Jewish nation and of the Jewish religion. In this heroic, royal character he stood in the eye of the Jews in large and mighty relief against all earthly power. Here, then, was an ideal Christ—but, alas! with what disappointment were those whose conceptions created this picture doomed to meet, for this ideal never became incarnate. True, he was a hero, but not of this world; and this was not the *central*, around which all his other attributes should cluster.

The humble, pious class of Jesus had a different ideal of the promised and expected Messiah. What this ideal was, would be difficult in one sentence to say. Perhaps we might say it was the living embodiment of a perfect Being. He was all that heart could wish in all the varying circumstances and in all the multiform wants of life. He would be—

“A sovereign balm for every wound.”

As heaven is now to our hopes, so was the coming Messiah to the hopes of the devout Israel. Heaven lies before the eye of our faith as a full and perfect portion, adapted to every want. To the poor riches, to the stranger home, to the exile an inheritance, and to the weary rest! So Christ was to them all in all. To the oppressed a deliverer, to the ignorant a teacher, to the sick a physician, to the sinner an atonement, to the blind sight, to the lame feet, to the dead life, and to all that came to him salvation! The feeling and the conceptions of the entire devout portion of the Jewish believers finds voice and expression in the enraptured declaration of the wisest among them. Ask them what their beloved is more than another beloved, and they will with one heart and one voice reply: My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand; he is altogether lovely!

Truth, it must not however be forgotten, has a history. Life manifests itself in a process. The rising of the sun of righteousness is first in a gleam, then in a twilight, then a glimmer, rising higher and higher, and shining more and more unto the perfect day. The

picture is not transferred to the canvass by one touch. God through successive revelations gradually created in the Jewish mind the conception of this perfect ideal, which afterwards became incarnate. He taught them as fast as they could bear, hence he chose sundry times and divers manners. How interesting is the sun of righteousness, rising gradually higher and higher in the firmament of the Jewish cloudy and shadowy dispensation. As, after his incarnation, it was necessary that his character should be developed, from the babe in the manger on through all the intervening stages of human life, so it seems to have been necessary that the true idea of him should have a development from the first promise in Paradise through all the stages of typical, ceremonial, and prophetic representations until he lay incarnate as the divine babe in the manger at Bethlehem.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
And light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beams track;
Thy mercy in the azure blue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

BAPTISMAL NAMES OF GERMANS, WITH THEIR SIGNIFICATIONS.

BY I. D. BOPP.

THE following, if presented to your numerous young readers, may prove to them both interesting and instructive. Allow me to say to them, that I have copied from the original in the archives of the State upwards of twenty thousand names of German immigrants who landed at Philadelphia prior to 1776. These names, with the names of ships in which they sailed, the names of the captains of vessels, whence they sailed, and the time of arrival in America, with other interesting notices, will form part of the appendix to the *History of German Immigrants*. It is confidently hoped, that thousands of the descendants of those immigrants will be gratified, when the history appears in print, to be able more readily to trace their genealogy, and ascertain with certainty the time when their ancestors arrived at Philadelphia.

The names in *italics* exhibit the German orthography; the others, in Roman, the English; then follows the meaning or signification of names, and usual abbreviations.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Abraham</i> , father of many nations. | <i>Benedictus</i> , Benedict, blessed—occurs abbreviated Beni. |
| <i>Adam</i> , earthly man, red. | <i>Bernhard</i> , Bernard, a strong, robust child. |
| <i>Adolph</i> , a noble helper. | <i>Berthold</i> or <i>Berchtold</i> , stately or grand age—sometimes written Berdolf, Berdolt. |
| <i>Albertus</i> , nobly born, of noble birth—usually written Albert, occasionally Albrecht. | <i>Bertram</i> , magnificent hero, or grand hero. |
| <i>Alexander</i> , one who assists men, a male helper. | <i>Benjamin</i> , son of the right hand, son of fortune. |
| <i>Anastasius</i> , one who is recovering, a convalescent. | <i>Blasius</i> , Blase, royal one, splendid and magnificent. |
| <i>Andreas</i> , Andrew, strong, one who is stout, manly. | <i>Burchard</i> , one who is strong, one that is energetic. |
| <i>Anton</i> , Anthony, inestimable, priceless. | <i>Clement</i> , one who is benign, indulgent, kind, benevolent—occurs several times, variously spelled Clemin, Clemenz. |
| <i>Arnoldus</i> , Arnold, a hero of honor, an honorable hero. | <i>Christian</i> , a follower of Christ—sometimes written Christel, Christly. |
| <i>Augustus</i> , noble, high, lofty, elevated, sublime, exalted. | <i>Christopher</i> , a bearer of Christ—of various orthography, Christoffel, Christoph, Stoffel. |
| <i>Bartholomaeus</i> , Bartholomew, a son who suspends the waters, a martial, valiant son—sometimes written Bartel. | |
| <i>Balthasar</i> , council of war, court-martial—variously abbreviated, Balthos, Baltzer, Baldis. | |

- Constantinus*, Constantine, one who is steadfast, firm, stable, faithful, resolute—sometimes written Constant, Cons.
- Cornelius*, home-like, one that is strong.
- Daniel*, judgment of God, a righteous judge.
- Darius*, he that informs himself.
- Dietrich*, Derrick, a patriot, a friend of the people—variously written Dieter, Ditrich, Tietrich.
- Dionysius*, divinely touched.
- Dominicus*, belonging to the Lord.
- Eberhard*, Everard, a man of strength.
- Egbert*, faithful and kind.
- Eginhard*, one faithfully tried, proved true.
- Erhard*, one that is magnanimous—sometimes it occurs Ehrhart, Erhat.
- Edward*, a noble watchman.
- Edmund*, a generous protector or shield.
- Elias*, God the Lord, the mighty Lord.
- Emanuel*, God-man, God with us.
- Erasmus*, love-worthy.
- Ernst*, Ernest, serious, grave, sober, stern, austere, earnest.
- Felix*, one who is fortunate, happily blessed.
- Ferdinand*, well-deserving, meritorious, full of merit.
- Filbert*, Fillibert, renowned, most illustrious.
- Friederich*, Frederick, one that is peaceable—written differently Friedrich, Fridrick; abbreviated Fritz, Fred.
- Gabriel*, God is my strength, man of God.
- Georg*, George, farmer, husbandman, one that tills the earth.
- Gerhard*, Gerhart, a man of strength, one strong, mighty, energetic.
- Gideon*, one that bruises or breaks, or one that cuts off iniquity.
- Gottfried*, Gotfrey, Geoffry, Jeffery, Jeffry, peace of God.
- Gottlieb*, Theophilus, friend of God.
- Gregorius*, Gregor, Gregory, one that is cheerful, wakeful, "wide-a-wake."
- Gustavus*, lofty, exalted.
- Heinrich*, *Henrich*, Henry, a courageous, spirited hero.
- Herrmann*, Herman, a war-man, one that is gallant, brave, valiant.
- Hieronymus*, Jerome, one consecrated to the service of the church.
- Ignatius*, fiery, ardent, glowing.
- Irenacus*, one that is peaceable.
- Isaac*, laughter, son of joy.
- Jacob*, one that supplants, or undermines.
- Jeremias*, Jeremiah, exaltation of the Lord.
- Jonas*, one that oppresses.
- Jonathan*, given to God, a faithful friend.
- Johannes*, John, the grace or mercy of the Lord, a child of favor, one that is gracious, benevolent—differently spelt Johann, Johan, Hannes, Hans. This seems to be a sort of a *Lieblings-namen* with the Germans. In a list of 21,815 names, Johannes, Johann, Johan, Hannes and Hans occurs 7,612 times, singly and connected, as Johan Jacob, Hans Peter, Han Nicklaus, with another baptismal name.

- Justice, Just**, Yost Jocelin, Jocelyn, upright, or just.
- Julius**, a pubescent young, a downy or soft-haired young man.
- Joseph**, increase or addition.
- Karl**, Charles, one that is strong.
- Kaspar, Casper**, Jasper, a royal treasurer.
- Konrad**, Conrad, a counsellor—sometimes written Konrath, Conrat.
- Lazarus**, assistance of God.
- Lebrecht**, live right.
- Leonhard**, lion's heart, lion-hearted, undaunted—differently written Leonard, Lenhardt, Lenhard, Lennerr.
- Lorentz, Laurentia**, Lawrence, one that is crowned or laureated by way of distinction.
- Ludwig**, Louis, Lewis, one that is illustrious, renowned, celebrated or famous—sometimes written Ludewig, Ludwick.
- Luther**, reverend, venerable, respectable.
- Marcus**, Mark, one who contends, a champion, a combatant, warrior.
- Martin**, a hero.
- Mattheus**, Matthew, one that is given.
- Matthias**, Mathias, the gift of the Lord—sometimes spelt Matheis, Matteis, Matheis.
- Maximilian**, the greatest.
- Melanchton**, black earth.
- Melchoir**, a royal person.
- Michael, Michel**, one who is perfect.
- Moritz**, Maurice, auburn, one that is dark-colored or brown.
- Moses**, taken out of the water.
- Nicolaus, Nikalaus**, Nicholas, victory of the people—written occasionally Nicklas, Nickel, as in Han Nickel; i. e., Johannes Nicalaus Spannseiler.
- Onesimus**, one that proves useful, profitable.
- Oswald**, a steward, administrator, manager.
- Otto**, Otho, father of a family, an economist.
- Paulin**, Paul, small, little, diminutive, a worker.
- Petrus**, Peter, one that is enduringly faithful, immovable, firm, a rock.
- Philippus, Philipus**, Philip, a lover of horses, a warlike knight.
- Reuben**, the vision of the son, who sees the son.
- Rudolph**, a counsellor, an adviser, abbreviated Rudy.
- Samuel**, heard of God, asked of God.
- Sebastian**, elevated, sublime, exalted—written occasionally Bastian, Bast.
- Schem**, Shem, renown, a name.
- Seth**, one who puts.
- Simon, Simeon**, one that is heard.
- Salomo, Solomon**, peaceable.
- Stanislaus**, gloriously, stability, constancy.
- Stephanus**, Stephen, crowned, one who crowns—occasionally written Stefar, Steffy, Steffe.
- Theobald**, one that is valiant—also written Debald, Dewalt.
- Theodor**, Theodore, gift of God.
- Thomas**, a twin.
- Tobias**, the goodness of God, the Lord is good.
- Traugott**, trust God.
- Ulrich**, Ulric, richly endowed; abbreviated Uli.
- Urban**, one that is polite, courteous, urbane.

Valentine, one who is passionate,
affectionate, or vehement; ab-
breviated Felty.

Vincent, one who conquers or
overcomes.

Walther, one who governs, rules,
or reigns.

Witfried, one who defends wis-
dom.

Wilhelm, William, a powerful
reck, a potent shield or pro-
tector.

Wolfgang, a helper, an assistant.
Zacharias, Zachariah, memory
of the Lord.

THE DOVE.

The rosy light of Sabbath eve
On hill and valley lay,
And lingered long, as if to leave
A blessing on the day.

The village bell had sweetly tolled
Its chime upon the air,
To summon to their hallowed fold
The worshippers for prayer.

The organ's deep and solemn peals
Fell on the listening ear,
As o'er the senses gently steals
The feeling—God is near.

The youthful preacher rose, and
Took his theme—'twas Jesus' love;
When lo! beside the sacred Book
There stood a snow-white dove.

With timid gaze and folded wing
It paused, then soared away;
In vain we sought to track its course,
In vain we bid it stay.

Onward and upward still it flew,
Till not a speck was seen,
To tell that in the vaults of blue
Its graceful form had been.

I know not if the thought be wrong;
But it hath seemed to me
That some mute herald from the skies
That gentle bird might be,

To teach us, if to innocence
Our days on earth are given,
We, too, may plume our spirits' wings,
And take our flight to Heaven.

The memory of that Sabbath eve—
That quiet sunset scene—
Did on my heart an impress leave,
From which this truth I glean:

That nature's simplest lessons tend
To show some moral plan;
For on the page that God hath penned
No line is writ in vain.

SOMETHING FOR A YOUNG WIFE.

BY MARGARET DEKNEY.

AFTER marriage, a man generally takes his wife to his home, perhaps to the seat of his ancestors, where every object is endeared to him by local attachment and interesting remembrances. With pride and pleasure does he walk out with his fair bride, to exhibit to her the beauties of his domain and the scenes of his youth. "Look," says he, "at that noble view down the river; see that boat, how softly it glides, and that little temple on the hill, where on a fine evening I used to sit with my excellent mother, and say my tasks by her side: she was, in truth, my Emily, an *excellent* mother; several years have elapsed since I lost her, and yet I cannot think of her but with the strongest feelings of affection and regret." Endeavor, gentle lady, to enter into his feelings, and to admire, and to feel pleased with every thing with which he is pleased. In those bridal moments, your smiles and approbation are delightful to him: and although alterations and improvements may occur to you, let him see it is for the sake of those improvements, not for the sake of finding fault, you point out the defect.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check *at once* the *first* advances to contradiction, even of the most *trivial* nature. I repeat the word *trivial*, for it is really inconceivable the power which the veriest trifles have, at times, over the mind, either in irritating or pleasing. And the woman who after a few years are gone by can say, "My husband and I have never yet had a loud or angry debate," is, in my opinion, better entitled to a chaplet of laurels, than the hero who has fought on the plains of Waterloo.

"There is one simple direction, which, if carefully regarded, might long preserve the tranquillity of the married life, and insure no inconsiderable portion of connubial happiness to the observers of it: it is, to *beware of the FIRST dispute.*"

An admired writer says, "Let it never be forgotten, that, during the whole of life, beauty must suffer no diminution from inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it has won. Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must, with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is naturally a delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid at all times that mode of conduct which it has often itself found offensive. That unwearied solicitude to please, which was once the effect of choice, is now become a duty, and should be considered as a pleasure.

"Ben in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won."

When once you enter the matrimonial state, gentle lady, prepare for the various trials of temper which each day will produce. Your husband perhaps does, or says, something provoking; your servants do, or say, something provoking;—or some valuable article is injured by their negligence;—a handsome piece of China or glass is broken;—a tiresome visitor comes in at a most *mal-apropos* moment, and breaks in some matter of consequence. But remember the great Solomon's words: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi: 32. By the expression *ruleth his spirit*, the inspired writer's views on the subject are evidently wide and extensive. He alludes to those infirmities of temper and disposition which so often corrode our peace, and make us unamiable and uncomfortable to ourselves and those around us. When the risings of discontent, peevishness, envy, anger, resentment, or any evil passion, disturb or threaten to take possession of our hearts, *then* is the man *that ruleth his spirit* superior in the eyes of the eastern monarch to the hero returning from the battle or the siege, crowned with laurels, and covered with glory! I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, the very sweet and engaging point of view in which persons appear to me when I see them pliantly yielding their own will to the will of another. A late writer makes the following excellent remark: "Great actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am apt to think more highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another *in stirring the fire*, than of one who gives away thousands!"

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him. Leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and cleave only to him. It is expressly the will of God; for of course the command applies to woman in the same degree as to man. What is any one to you in comparison of your husband? Whom have you a *legal* claim on, gentle lady? Your husband only. Whose *home* have you a *lawful* right to?—whose purse have you a *lawful* claim on?—Your husband's only. In whose house do you feel the sweets of independence? and in whose house can you proudly look round you, and say, "I reign as *mistress* here?"—Your husband's, and your husband's only. Turn then, gentle lady, to your husband: let his interest, his comforts, his wishes, all be yours; and without hesitation give up for his sake all the world besides. There is an old Irish saying, and, like the generality of

Irish sayings, expressive and true, the translation of which is as follows: "He must be a very good-for-nothing, indifferent husband, whose bosom is not the best pillow a woman ever laid her head on."

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the *world*, a *home* not for his person only, but for his *heart*. He may meet with *pleasure* in other houses, but let him find *happiness* in his *own*. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, or even peevish, make allowances for the defects of human nature, and, by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to *think*, though he may not *say* it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me. I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty. Let not the familiar intercourse which marriage produces, banish such powerful charms. On the contrary, this very familiarity should be your strongest excitement in endeavoring to preserve them; and, believe me, the modesty so pleasing in the *bride*, may always, in a great degree, be supported by the *wife*.

"If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a *good* husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the character, he will take some pains to deserve it: but when he has once lost the name, he will be very apt to abandon the reality altogether." I remember at one time being acquainted with a lady who was married to a very worthy man. Attentive to all her comforts and wishes, he was just what the world calls a very good husband; and yet his manner to his wife was cold and comfortless, and he was constantly giving her *heart*, though never her *reason*, cause to complain of him. But she was a woman of excellent sense, and never upbraided him. On the contrary, he had every cause for supposing she thought him the best husband in the world; and the consequence was, that instead of the jarring and discord which would have been inevitably produced had she been in the habit of finding fault with him, their lives passed on in uninterrupted peace.

I know not any attraction which renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband, as cheerfulness or good humor. It possesses the powers ascribed to magic: it gives charms where charms are not; and imparts beauty to the plainest face. Men are naturally more thoughtful and more difficult to amuse and please than women. Full of cares and business, what a relaxation to a man is the cheerful countenance and pleasant voice of the gentle mistress of his home! On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is an antidote to affection; and though a man may not seem to notice it, it is chilling and repulsive to his feelings, and he will be very

apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, and endeavor to wear what he thinks becomes you best. The opinion of others on this subject is of very little consequence, if *he* approves.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in *economical* avocations.

At dinner, endeavor to have his favorite dish dressed and served up in the manner he likes best. In observing such trifles as these, believe me, gentle lady, you study your own comfort just as much as his.

Perhaps your husband may occasionally bring home an unexpected guest to dinner. This is not at all times convenient. But beware, gentle lady, beware of frowns. Your fare at dinner may be scanty, but make up for the deficiency by smiles and good humor. It is an old remark, "Cheerfulness in the host is always the surest and most agreeable mode of welcome to the guest." Perhaps, too, unreasonable visitors may intrude, or some one not particularly welcome may come to spend a few days with you. Trifling as these circumstances may be, they require a command of feeling and temper; but remember, as you journey on, inclination must be continually sacrificed; and recollect also, that the *true* spirit of hospitality lies, (as an old writer remarks,) not in giving great dinners and sumptuous entertainments, but in receiving with kindness and cheerfulness those who *come* to you, and those who *want* your assistance.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's bachelor friends. It always vexes and disappoints a man when his wife finds fault with his favorites—the favorites and companions of his youth, and probably those to whom he is bound not only by the ties of friendship, but by the cords of gratitude.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFIDENCE.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing—
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing:
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me:
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever!
Weep not for me.

CHILDHOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The Child is Father to the Man."

EVERY thing is beautiful in its place. All things are unlovely when they are out of place and out of season. God shows his adherence to this principle in all His works, in the world around. The same order He has introduced into human society; indeed He has constructed society according to this order; and we find it in the family, in the state, and in the church. He has assigned a place to husbands and wives, to parents and children, to rulers and subjects, to ministers and members. When this order is observed, and each one stands and acts in his sphere, there is harmony, energy, efficiency, and success. Where this order is violated there is confusion, weakness, and failure.

Society at present seems to suffer from a spirit which would reverse the divine order in these things. There is a restlessness in the different members of society to be active out of their own proper sphere, and to overlook the duties which belong to it.

This spirit has taken hold, especially in towns, even of little boys and girls. Boys would be men, and little girls would be young ladies. There is a certain humble deference and modest reserve, which belongs properly to childhood, and which gives it great beauty and attractiveness. It is not easy to describe it; but every one knows what it is, and how well it becomes children. Children who possess it are easily governed, docile, and kind. They are amiable towards their parents, and courteous toward all with whom they are brought in contact; and when they grow up in that spirit they become, among the young, ornaments and favorites. Every one must, however, have observed that a spirit, where all this is absent, reigns to a great extent at present in the ranks of childhood. There is, in many instances, boldness, assurance, and forwardness; and this, if it progresses in the same direction, soon grows into rudeness, impertinence, and impudence. How many sad examples of this degeneracy meet us almost every day! We need hardly say that where this spirit prevails, all that is lovely in childhood is lost; and a course is entered upon which must, if not arrested, end in ruin.

If we should say that this evil is, to a great extent, the result of a lack of discipline on the part of parents, we should speak the truth, and yet not all the truth. It is owing to this, in part; but chiefly it betrays a lack of a true christian spirit in the family. Where the lovely spirit of piety does not reign in the family it cannot reign in the hearts of children. Instead of being molded by the mild and gentle influences of home, they will be molded by

the coarseness and rudeness of the street. The rough spirit of outdoor freedom will soon make them impatient to parental restraint and discipline, even when it is attempted to exercise it. They will imbibe a spirit of independence, which pleases nature, and this will soon gain supremacy over every gentler influence. The rude words and conduct which pass between them and their companions will soon be used to repel every attempt at the exercise of parental authority; and parents find too late that their own influence over their children is lost, hopelessly lost.

The case of such children becomes almost hopeless. This spirit of boldness, when it is found in childhood, is scarcely ever lost in youth. The rude boy, soon becomes the swaggering youth; and dead to all the finer feelings, he soon learns to take pride in his own shame. Is not this dreadful picture realized in the case of hundreds. When their habits are once fixed, reformation becomes almost hopeless. Can an Ethiopian change his skin, and a leopard his spots, then shall they learn to do well who have been accustomed to do evil.

Let parents be awake in time, to the true interests of their children. Prompt action in training the boy may save the man. Ease and carelessness on the part of parents have been the ruin of many children. It is heavenly wisdom which says: Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it. Let God have the little boys and girls, and He will have the young men and women.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

In the holy hush of night, Mother,
A vision came to me;
In floating robes and trembling light,
And whispered me of thee.
I felt a soft kiss on my brow,
Like that which you had given—
And heard the dear words in mine ear
Of Mother, Home and Heaven.

It whispered me of by-gone hours,
Of your sad eyes and mild,
When last you parted, bathed in tears,
From me, your wayward child;
And how we talked 'neath the moon's clear light
On that fair, cloudless even—
And how I vowed I'd ne'er forget,
My Mother, Home and Heaven.

And I will strive, my Mother dear,
To keep my childhood's trust;
And where thy sainted form is laid
Beneath the hallowed dust—
I'll kneel upon the sacred mound
And pray to be forgiven;
That I may soar, when death shall come,
To Mother, Home and Heaven.

Our Monthly Retrospect.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

This number of *The Guardian* closes the sixth volume, and is the last in which the "Monthly Retrospect" will appear. In parting with the friends of *The Guardian*, in this connection, we feel it to be our duty to improve the occasion by speaking a word in behalf of a Periodical whose mission is the noble one of seeking the literary, moral and religious interests of the young men and women of our country. For six years *The Guardian* has pursued its quiet and unpretending way in the work of disseminating a pure and elevating literature—in furnishing food for mind and heart without pandering to a vitiated taste or corrupt passions. Discarding all idle fiction and exciting romance, the aim of the Editor has been to make its pages true, pure, fresh, healthy, and animated, "as the morning of life in which the young have their being." It seeks to encourage self-culture and to lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It urges the claims of early piety and seeks to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational bias, *The Guardian* advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE." Moving in this path, at once humble and noble, the history of *The Guardian* for the past six years has become a fact among the literary experiments of the day. It has been established on a permanent basis and rejoices in a list of patrons composed of the good and true, among the young men and women of this and adjoining States, of which the Editor and Publisher have just reason to feel proud.

The experience of the past has inspired the Publisher with encouragement for the future. He has completed arrangements for presenting the new volume, commencing in January, in a much improved form. The type with which it will be printed has been cast expressly for this purpose, and while it will allow an increased space for reading matter, it will be much more pleasing to the eye than that now used.

The paper used for the next volume will be of a very superior quality, much heavier and whiter, thus adding materially to the general neatness of the monthly numbers and considerably increasing the size of the bound volume. Other improvements will be made as may suggest themselves in making up the forms. In a word, we can assure the reader that it is the determination of the Publisher to make *The Guardian* one of the handsomest, as the Editor will make it one of the very best, magazines which can be had in the country for the extremely low rate at which it is furnished to subscribers.

And, kind patrons, we ask you to remember that all these improvements, made for your gratification and instruction, involve a heavy expenditure of money, and can only be justified by an increase of its subscription list and a punctual renewal of old subscribers. If every one who is familiar with the character of *The Guardian*, and who feels interested in the dissemination of a pure literature, will constitute himself or herself an agent to solicit an additional subscriber, the Publisher will not only be remunerated for his outlay, but the influence of the magazine for good will be doubled. Will you not do this? Can you not spare at least one day, or an hour, to be spent in so good a work? We know you can and believe you will. In this number you will find a copy of the Prospectus for 1856. May we not ask you to take it out among your friends and solicit their names? By procuring five new subscribers, with \$5 cash, you will be entitled to a sixth copy for yourself, your Pastor, or a friend, without any charge, for one year.

As already intimated, the Retrospect closes with this number. The space it has heretofore occupied will be filled with matter similar to that in the body of the work, and which we feel assured will be more acceptable to the reader than what we have been able, under the circumstances of the past year, to offer them. We therefore conclude by again urging every one who reads this

paragraph to renew his own subscription and solicit his neighbor to subscribe, feeling entirely safe in pledging himself that at the end of the year they will find it to have been one of the most satisfactory dollar investments he ever made. G.

THE LADIES.—Among the most efficient workers for The Guardian heretofore, we take pleasure in naming our female friends as the most prominent. We thank them cordially for what they have done in the past, feeling assured that they will not relax their efforts in behalf of the Guardian for the future.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—Such is our earnest wish to each and every one of our readers: but while we wish merriness to every heart and happiness to every family circle, there are suggestions which we would make and thoughts that we would awake in the minds and hearts of all who feel a Humanity living within them. The approaching holidays will be a season of mirth and gladness to many—we trust to all—whose eye may chance upon these pages; but how many, alas! are these who will enjoy no merry Christmas and whose eyes will not open upon the light of a happy New Year! The poor have no Christmas—for through He in honor of whom the day was named was poor himself—born in a stable and cradled in a manger, having not whereon to lay his head—though he suffered and died for the poor as well as the affluent—how often are the poor overlooked and neglected by those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. Our Saviour has said that if we give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones in his name we shall have our reward—that whatever good acts we do to his children he will regard it as having been done unto himself—and who is there among the many readers of The Guardian that would not rejoice in that blessed welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy reward!"

When you sit in your warm and comfortable home, around the Christmas table gleaming beneath the necessities and luxuries of life, oh, remember how many on that natal day of the Poor Man's Christ may be suffering with cold and hunger, and living without hope in the world! When your children gather around their gay Christmas tree, and your heart is cheered

with their joyous, innocent prattle, pause in the fullness of your heart and cast a thought over the many poor children who instead of shouting over a merry Christmas are crying over the miseries of poverty and orphanage. Nor stop you here. Not only cast a thought but open your heart and give liberally in their behalf. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and that man or woman who refuses or neglects to contribute of their means—of which God has graciously made them his steward—can not lay claim to the title of Christian. If you wish to have a truly happy Christmas make some other heart happy beside yours. Then you will have cause in after years to remember at least one holiday with gratitude.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—It is desirable that all persons desiring to make any change in our subscription list, either by renewal, procuring new subscribers, or discontinuance, should do so before the printing of the January number. The publisher hopes that all old subscribers will not only renew their subscriptions but interest themselves in procuring new ones.

NO WAR YET.—The "sound and fury" indulged in by the London Times, about a war between England and America, has turned out as we expected—to "signify nothing." The great "thunderer" has a tremendous influence over Europe—more, perhaps, than all other newspapers on the continent combined—but it is a significant fact that this influence falls far short of the power to provoke the English people to a war with their Anglo-Saxon brethren of this country. The principles of christianity, it is to be hoped, have taken too deep a hold in the hearts of the English and American people ever to allow their respective governments to embroil themselves in a cruel and destructive war, about some "vague, uncertain and undefined pretext."

THE ORGANIZATION OF CONGRESS is becoming the most interesting and exciting topic of discussion in political circles. The first great question will be the admission or rejection of Gov. Reeder, as Delegate. On the decision of Congress in this question will no doubt turn the future fate of Kansas. The Constitutional Convention of Kansas, which has just concluded its labors, has agreed upon a constitution excluding Slavery from the new State.

The Seasons



THE GUARDIAN:

7. 11. 1944

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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INVESTMENT
IN THE
INDUSTRY

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

VOLUME VII.

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THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1856.

No. 1.

NEW-YEAR GREETING.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

A NEW-YEAR has knocked at our door! How they do roll around, these solemn years! As they pass, how many things they cause us to leave behind; and how many other things they bring us to. Do we look back?—how many cherished friends have grown pale, bowed us an adieu, and have passed into the land of mysteries? How silent is the place where they once labored and loved. Do we look around?—what new faces, friendly like those that have turned away, look in upon us. While they fill their places, they also remind us, by their smiles, of those who have gone. Do we look before us?—our faith can look cheerfully into the solemn future. The promises can tell us what good it has in store for those that do worthily. O Thou, who art the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, gently guide us, and bring us through all our changes higher and nearer to Thee!

This is now the SEVENTH time that we greet our readers with "A Happy New-Year!" Six years The Guardian has gone forth in the service of the young. Time has shown that we were not mistaken when we commenced its publication, convinced that something of the kind was needed. Our labors have been cheered by the approbation of many young gentlemen and ladies, who have continued to manifest the warmest interest in our magazine.

The Guardian will keep on its accustomed course. It will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to

take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings, and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of six years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

Our standing promise to improve *The Guardian*, as fast as its patronage will allow, is again redeemed. The Publisher has honestly and truly performed his part. New type, fine white paper, and a pleasant page greets the reader's eye. A very beautiful embellishment, with its rich symbolical representations of "*The Seasons*," introduces the volume. The exterior is new and tasty; and while the title page slightly varies from the original emblem, it still preserves the idea of angelic guardianship, which has from the beginning been associated with our magazine and its contents. Those friendly celestials, who do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven, and who are sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, and who have charge over us, are still bending over our monthly labors. Thus, without interfering with the associations of those to whom *The Guardian* has become familiar, the publisher has made decided and desirable improvements.

We humbly submit our work to our friends. We respectfully ask those who approve of the design, matter, and spirit of *The Guardian*, to give us their friendly aid in its circulation. Young men and young ladies can do us a great kindness by procuring the names of their associates as subscribers. May not such also confer a lasting good upon those into whose hands they place it? If you have found its contents a benefit to yourself, we ask with confidence that you aid us in placing it into other hands, and other families.

We would also ask of Pastors, who have favored its introduction into their charges, a continuance of the same kindness and interest. We cannot and do not expect their personal labors to this end; yet would ask them to request some active young persons in their congregations to send us on a list of names.

Once more, "*A Happy New-Year.*" May that unseen hand—seen by faith—which has led us thus far, lead us on; and whatever this year may bring to us, may it find us earnestly engaged at our post—doing, and suffering, and waiting, in patience, peace, and love.

H E R E A F T E R .

If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoners in life's narrow bound;
 If, travelers in this vale of tears,
 We saw no "better world" beyond;
 Oh! what would check the rising sigh,
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?
 Oh! who would venture then to die?
 Oh! who would venture then to live?

THE VOICE OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY T. H. STOCKTON.

I SAW the Old Year. He was lying on a bed of gathered leaves. The grass around was brown and withered, save here and there, close by the edge of the snow-patches, where it retained somewhat of its greenness. The turf was almost as hard as the pike—the smooth and stony pike, that glared in the lamp-light, and rung under the rattling iron hoofs and wheels of the passing mail. Of course it was a secluded spot; away from the tide, with its ships and steamboats, and away from the wire, the rail, and the whistle. The spring gurgled out from the hill-side; but was almost hidden by the long icicles that hung thick from the moss-line, on the front of the over-jutting rock, down to the very basin of the fountain; nor was it seen long, for, as it came out between the icicles, it slipped under the ice that covered its channel, and again found itself almost as much in the dark as it was before it escaped from the inner crevices of the hill. Over the rude couch of the dying year, the trees spread their leafless, snow-sprinkled branches as though they would gladly have sheltered him if they could; and the breeze moaned by his side, as tenderly as though a woman's sympathy had touched it into piteous sweetness. The air was very keen, and very clear; and the barking of the distant watch dog, startled by that passing mail, sounded loud and fierce, as if on the very border of the glen.

The glen was thronged with an almost innumerable spiritual multitude. The four Seasons were there. The twelve Months were there. The fifty-two Weeks were there. Three hundred and sixty-five Days were there. Three hundred and sixty-five Nights were there. Nearly nine thousand Hours were there. More than half a million Minutes were there. And more than thirty millions of Seconds were there. The Seasons were distinguished by the varied color of their robes—white, green, yellow, and purple. The Months had a fillet of silver net-work on every forehead, adorned with a crescent of shining pearl. The Weeks wore a seven-hued girdle, with a brilliant clasp—adorned with an altar, olive-branch and trumpet. The Days bore an image of the sun on every breast-plate. The Nights held a star, downward, on the head of every sceptre. The Hours, Minutes, and Seconds carried each a miniature diamond chronometer: those of the hours, with an hour-hand alone; those of the minutes, with a minute-hand alone; and those of the seconds, with a second-hand alone.

The pale Patriarch, thus surrounded by his immense host of descendants, summoned me into his immediate presence. I passed through the parted lines, and knelt by his humble pallet. "I have called you hither," said he, "not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of the church and congregation to which you minister. I have called you to commit to you, for them, my last and most solemn message. I am only one of the six thousand Princes of Time. Time is the son of eternity. Eternity is the son of God. Next to his being the Father of the Lord

Jesus Christ, the most glorious title the Almighty bears, is that of the Father of eternity! From eternity, down to the youngest second, all ages, and years, and seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes are His messengers, intrusted with His richest benefits, and commissioned to bear them to man. My mission, like that of my predecessors, is ended. Before their departure, they reminded you of God's goodness. Before my departure, I remind you of the same. My office has been one of ceaseless love. If you marvel that I am encompassed by such a host, I have only to inform you, that they have been my faithful assistants, as well as my affectionate children; and that the reason of their multitude is the multitude of God's benefits to man. A smaller number would fail to distribute his abounding mercies. There is not one, in all this array, who has not been thus employed."

"Ere I die," he continued, "I will question them in your presence; and you must report their testimony to the worshippers in the sanctuary:

"SEASONS! what have *you* given to man?" And the four Seasons answered, "God's benefits!"

"MONTHS! what have *you* given to man?" And the twelve Months answered, "God's benefits!"

"WEEKS! what have *you* given to man?" And the fifty-two Weeks answered, "God's benefits!"

"DAYS! what have *you* given to man?" And the three hundred and sixty-five Days answered, "God's benefits!"

"NIGHTS! what have *you* given to man?" And the three hundred and sixty-five Nights answered, "God's benefits!"

"HOURS! what have *you* given to man?" And the nearly nine thousand Hours answered, "God's benefits!"

"MINUTES! what have *you* given to man?" And the half-million Minutes answered, "God's benefits!"

"SECONDS! what have *you* given to man?" And the thirty million Seconds answered, "God's benefits!"

"Servant of God," said he, "minister of Christ! you have heard their uniform answers. With my own fast-failing breath I confirm their truth. I have superintended their toil. I know that our whole mission has been occupied in the distribution of 'God's benefits.' Return to your charge! The chapel will be open and illumined. The people will be assembled. You anticipate the solemnity of the occasion; and honestly and earnestly desire their profit. Tell them that you have seen the dying Year. Tell them that they themselves must die. Tell them that when their own death-time shall come, the world will be withered around them, as it is now withered around me! Tell them that they, too, must lie down on the dead leaves of their summer prosperity! Tell them that every garden of pleasure will then be as desolate to them as are now these fields of nature to me—the verdure all wasted, the trees all stripped, the streams all frozen, and the air crisp, and cold, and still! Tell them that they will then have but *one* hope, as I have now! See!" said the weary and dying pilgrim, lifting his kindling eye, and pointing with thin finger to the heavens, "see! though the sphere of my labor on earth is all blighted and drear, *no change is there!* Or if, in that high place of reward, there be any change, it is only for the better!

Behold! the blue skies are bluer now, and the bright stars brighter now, than they were in mid-summer. Nothing withers or declines there! There is the inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away! That is my hope; that is their hope; that is our only hope. But, thank God, it is a sufficient and glorious hope.

"Go, and tell them that 'God's benefits' begin with life, but do not end with death; that they commence on earth only to multiply in heaven; and that, while they 'enrich us in time, they will endure throughout eternity. Go, and tell them that the Old Year, looking back from his pallet of dry leaves to scenes of freshest beauty and bliss, and looking up from this wasted world to a universe of imperishable grace, glory, and rapture, breathes out his last prayer in their behalf—that every one among them may immediately and solemnly consider the great and pressing question, asking, with the Psalmist, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?' and answering with the Psalmist also, 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, and in the presence of all his people!'"

So ending, the dying Year drew from his bosom a many-leafed scroll, and put it in my hand, saying: "Take this scroll. You will find it composed of hundreds of messages, severally addressed to your hearers. Distribute them as a final token of my regard for them. But see!" said the fainting Old Year, kindling again as he spoke, "see! they come."

As he spoke, a pale, long-drawn light, as though the milky way were settling earthward, descended through the thin air, and rested, like a glimmering mist, on the dusky range of the horizon hills. I rose, gazed, and drew back from the coming One, glowing with angel glory, and yet with the countenance of a younger brother of the waiting pilgrim. He stooped by the humble pallet; and the leaves, and grass, and snow, and icicles, and frosted trees, and hills, all glittered with a golden sheen. Behind him, FAIRER seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes, and seconds, in far-gleaming perspective, dimly waved their line. I saw the New Year kiss the Old; and the Old arose at that token, and stood by his brother's side, and acknowledged him as his successor, and resigned the sceptre to him, and embraced him, and blessed him, and bowed to his attendants, and then beckoned to his own, and ascended with them, softly and beautifully as the scintillations of the aurora, vanishing at last among the conscious and welcoming stars. The New Year and his host glanced, smiling, at the quick and happy transit; and then dispersed on errands of mercy through all the earth, to meet again, when another New Year shall hang out his signal in the sky, and come to enter on his reign.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear

And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

T H E S E A S O N S .

(See Frontispiece.)

REAL joy, it has well been said, exists only in circles where the individual gives up his own self, and makes it his main object to give pleasure to others. In Grecian mythology, therefore, the Graces—those charming goddesses who presided over all that is graceful and amiable in the domestic and social relations—were never represented single or alone. In painting and in sculpture, the three were always shown in social attitudes, as dancing with themselves, or associating with other divinities. In the same manner, in the frontispiece of this volume of *The Guardian*, we think the artist has done well to represent the Seasons, not separated from each other, as is often done by their portrayers, but united in a friendly circle. Thus he has imparted to them a social grace. Not only that, but to set them off still more he has thrown in some additional, attendant figures. Over Spring a Cupid is hovering, and behind Summer, the mower or harvester, is seen a maiden with a rake—the occupation of the Season, no doubt, having brought up to his mind such harvest stories as that of Obed and Ruth, and for the life of him he could not leave the maiden out. What a hospitable charm is given to Autumn—the vintager, in his interesting attitude of proffering to venerable old Frosty Beard, hanging over his coals, that cup of generous wine, which, when it has been taken by the old gentleman, we trust will cheer him up a little and do him good.

The *Flôræ* in Grecian mythology were not just the Seasons personified, but their adorners, being the goddesses which presided over the order of nature. They were beautiful nymphs, the ministers of Jove, promoting the fertility of the earth by the various kinds of weather they sent down. While the Graces imparted their charms to social life, the *Flôræ* had more to do with the decorations of outward nature. Still, like the former, they were represented by painters and sculptors in graceful attitudes, dancing with each other or with the Graces, or attending on some higher divinity. Thus we find they were social beings.

The representations of the Seasons, however, in social circles are properly restricted to painting and sculpture. We look in vain for them thus set forth by the poets. By these, time is made too much account of to crowd them together, even in the most interesting groups, so they represent them as following each other in succession. As a fine specimen of such descriptions, we select that of Spencer. It is nothing the worse for being old:

“So forth issew’d the Seasons of the year:
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres,
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

"Then came the idly Sommer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
 That was unlynd all, to be more light ;
 And on his head a girlond well besceme
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweet did drop ; and in his hand he bore
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
 Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
 And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plentious store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
 With ears of corne of every sort, he bore ;
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

"Lastly, came Winter clothed in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill ;
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
 That scarce his loose limbes he hable was to weld."

The likeness of the Seasons as represented in our frontispiece, we fancy, were taken in Germany. The scythe over the shoulder of Summer, in its shape, is decidedly German, and the vine-leaves around the thyrsus of Autumn, tell that he must have been among the vineyards and trodden the grapes ; perhaps on the hills of the Rhine. Had he been drawn by an English painter he would have been made to resemble Summer more as seen in this picture, than a vintager. Clad in yellow he would have been, the bearded wheat in his hat, and the sickle in his hand, as may be seen from Spenser's English description of him above. In England the wheat harvest never comes off before September ; and in Thomson's Seasons, therefore, the episode of Palemon and Lavinia, so much resembling the story of Boaz and Ruth, is placed in the midst of Autumn. The Seasons, then, as shown in the frontispiece of this number, are not English. They belong, no doubt, to Germany or France, where the harvest time, we believe, corresponds very nearly with that of our own land.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

An aged Christian went tottering by,
 And white was his head, and dim was his eye,
 And broken his spirit seemed ready to fly,
 As he said with his faltering breath ;
 "It is life, to move from the heart's first throes,
 Through youth and manhood to age's sorrows
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes—
 It is life to prepare for death."

GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Hail, father Christmas! hail to thee!
 Honored ever shalt thou be!
 All the sweets that love bestows,
 Endless pleasures wait on those,
 Who, like vassals brave and true,
 Give to Christmas homage due."

ANGLO-NORMAN CHORUS.

"'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
 A poor man's heart through half the year." SCOTT.

ONE morning, about five weeks before Christmas, the Pastor's three children, Mary, Wilsie, and Maggie, were playing together in the dining-room of the parsonage. "Aha, I know something good," said Wilsie, the second of the group, jumping up and facing his two little sisters straight, and brave like a little soldier. "Wa' tis it?" asked Maggie quickly, in baby lisplings, her eyes glistening the while with hope, and the dawning of joy in that hope, "Wa' tis it, Widdie?" Mary, quick too, but a little more deliberate, being the oldest, and thinking first whether she could not guess the good news, "What is it, Wilsie?"

"I heard mother read a letter from grand-pa, this morning, and what do you think he says? He says he will come to see us the last Saturday in Advent."

"Advent," said Mary, "when is that? Advent—that is one of grand-pa's hard, old-fashioned words again. But that is his way."

"I just now heard pa come in at the front door," said Wilsie, "I will go up to the study and ask him what Advent is."

"I'll go along," said Mary. "Me go 'long, du," cried Maggie. In a moment they were all ranged around the pastor's arm-chair in the study.

"What now, children? You know you are not to disturb me in my study in the morning. You know I told you at the breakfast table that Christmas is coming, and that I am very busy preparing for it."

"But, pa," said Mary, "you told us that Christmas is a joyful holiday, and that we ought to be glad for it before it comes."

"We are just beginning to be glad," said Wilsie, "because grand-pa is coming before Christmas."

"Des, pa, Maggie dlad, du," lisped the youngest.

"Mother read in the letter," said Wilsie, "that grand-pa is coming the last Saturday in Advent. When is that, pa?"

"Yes, *what* is that?" added Mary, with a desire to know the *why* as well as the *when*.

"I will tell you, children. Advent is a word which comes from two Latin words, which, put together, mean to 'come to.' You know Christmas is the time when our Saviour 'came to' the earth. Good Christians, in very old times already, began by suitable devotions to pre-

pare for Christmas four weeks before it came. Thus, the fourth Sabbath before Christmas is already the beginning of the Advent-time. Though little children, as well as grown people, should all the year round think gladly what a great blessing it was that Jesus came into the world; yet, as I told you this morning, they ought especially to be glad when it once comes so near. This is the reason why your grand-pa comes at this time, that we may all be glad together. Next Sabbath is the first of Advent, and in three weeks from Saturday grand-pa will come, and grandmother, and all the rest."

"O, but we are glad," exclaimed Wilsie, dancing around his pa's big chair.

"Des, pa, we am dlad for dran-pa, for de rest, and fur de Krismas," stammered little Maggie, speaking even less plainly than usual because her heart was so full of joy.

"Now, be good children," said their father; and they all ran down stairs, wild with joy, exclaiming, "they are all coming—grand-pa, grand-ma, and Annie, and Laura, and all."

This announcement made the hearts of the children glad for the rest of the Advent-time. They frequently spoke of the good, joyful time coming. They were glad that Jesus was born, and that there was a Christmas. If they were too young to *know* fully the great blessings brought by His birth, they did at least *feel* them; which is better than to know and not feel. They knew that the coming of Christ made joy. They were glad. It was His coming, and the Christmas which celebrates that joyful event, which would bring their grand-parents, and uncles, and aunts, around them. In being thankful to their Saviour for this, they were really thankful to Him for what are the blessed fruits of His coming into the world. It is His love and grace which makes holy and happy all the ties of kindred, and binds hearts and families together in the strongest love and joy. Thus these children, in being glad for the social happiness which was promised them, were in truth at the same time glad for Jesus and his happy Christmas. Their hearts, which were opening, beautifully and fragrantly like a flower in social love, were also preparing to be possessed and influenced by their Saviour's love. They were receiving Christ, and his grace, as little children: not so much by knowledge as by love; not so much by the mind as by the holiest instincts and affections of the heart. As children lean upon Christ through their parent's faith and piety; so, in this happy waiting for the good Christmas time, their natural social affections were insensibly glorifying themselves, making their joy for the coming of their dear friends bloom in a sacred gladness for the coming of Christ and his happy Christmas.

The good time came. The blessed last Saturday morning in advent dawned. "O mother, here they are all!" exclaimed Wilsie, who had been watching at the window all morning. "Here they all are!" In a moment the front door was flung wide open, and then was a joyful time, of kissing, shaking hands, and stroking heads! We need not enter into particulars, or attempt to describe this scene of family re-union. We have all witnessed it, and experienced its joys.

After the first stir of joy was over, Wilsie sought the earliest opportunity of getting upon his grandfather's knee. This desirable position

attained, he, first of all, caught the venerable man's chin with both hands, and raising it up, began to take him to task for that hard, old-fashioned word in his letter.

"Now grand-pa, what made you say Advent? We did not know what you meant by it. If pa hadn't explained it to us, we would not have known when you would come."

By this time Maggie had gotten upon the other knee, and Mary was standing by his side with her one hand on his shoulder. "Yes, grand-pa, your old-fashioned word made us a good bit of trouble."

"Dran-pa, I like ole fash; I like yu tu!" said Maggie.

"Children," said the old man, "you must not speak against old fashions. You are too young yet to know which old customs are good, and which are bad. There are some bad old fashions, and some good; we must not put the good ones away with the bad ones. You see, children, when your mother cleans house, she does not cast out the tables, and chairs, and looking glasses; but only such things that ought not to be in the house. There are some people so foolish in these times as to think all old things are bad, and should be cast aside."

"Yes, grand-pa," said Mary, "the other day when I was fetching things from the store to tie on our Christmas-tree, a little girl told me, their preacher said, Christmas was 'an old rag' of something, I dont mind what it was, and that it ought to be put away."

Yes, children, some would like, not only to have Christmas, but Christ himself out of the way. There are also some good people, like that preacher, who thoughtlessly favor this hatred to all that is old, forgetting that all the good they have is older than themselves. I have lived long enough, not only to hear about putting away old Christmas, but also to see it put away in many families, and neighborhoods, and churches. When I was a young man no one worked on Christmas. In the forenoon all went to church, to learn to love our Saviour. After church, parents, grand-parents, children and grand-children, gathered around the Christmas dinner; and then the afternoon, evening, and next day, which was second christmas-day, was spent in innocent social pleasures, and in this way they would all learn better to love one another. It was before coal were found, and then we had a large wood-fire in the hearth. In the evening while the cold storm was blustering without, the fire and the nuts were cracking within; and then we used to listen to the beautiful Christmas stories.

"Grand-pa, tell us some of them," exclaimed all three at once.

"My grand-father," said the old man, "used to tell us about the happy Christmas time in Germany, when he was a boy; and he used to say, that as long as he could, he would keep it up in this country. He used to tell us, in solemn words, to do the same when he was dead."

"Tell us, grand-pa, how they used to keep Christmas in Germany?" said Wilsie, his eyes growing brighter. "Yes, do," said Mary. "Des, du, dran-pa," added Maggie.

"You see, children, some years ago, my father went out to Germany, to see the old place where my grand-father used to live, and to visit our friends who still live there. I will read you what he says, in a letter which he wrote to us while he was out. I have brought it along for this purpose."

"O read it, grand-pa," they all exclaimed with one voice. The old man read: "Christmas is a happy time here in the old Fatherland. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas, the girls are all busy; and the boys save their pocket money to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be, is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before daylight, etc. Then, on the evening before Christmas-day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the children into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall; a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed; and colored paper, etc., hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough, the children lay out in great order, the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intended for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. When I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears run down the face of the father, as he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the walls and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the rapture of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap—O, it was a delight for them!

"On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay on the table the presents for the children. A scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents are sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert—i. e., the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently."

"I think," said Mary, "those children would try to be good to their parents, who were so kind to them always, and especially on Christmas."

"And I think," said Wilsie, "they would learn to love the good Jesus who gave them such good parents, and made such a happy Christmas for them."

"Des, dran-pa, I dink so du," said our little Maggie, who was as anxious as any one to be glad at what the old man said.

"Yes, children," continued the venerable man, "it is the design of these acts of kindness to open the hearts both of those who bestow them, and those who receive them; and I know from blessed experience that they have this effect. When, now that my hairs are gray, as my father's were long, long ago, I think back over those Christmas scenes, and remember all the kind words, looks, and gifts of my parents, my aged heart softens, and I love my Saviour the more because I know that He made them so good and kind!"

Here the aged man's eye moistened, his lips trembled, and under his white locks his cheeks glowed from the emotions which swelled his heart. While he paused, Mary said,

"Grand-pa, tell us how it comes that people give presents to each other, on our Saviour's birth-day, and this will make another Christmas story for us."

"That I will do, my children. Jesus Christ was God's *great gift* to the world. He was the first, and the greatest, Christmas gift. This has led good people to think that because God was so good as to give such a gift to them, they ought also to be kind and give gifts to each other. John, the loving disciple says: 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'"

"O, now I see," said Wilsie, "it comes from that."

"Then, too," continued the old man, "all those who open their hearts to receive God's great gift, will always feel themselves moved to be kind. Wherever Christ is in the heart there he makes kind feelings. Now christian parents show, by their kindness to their children and others, that the spirit of Jesus dwells in their hearts. Thus they give more gifts on Christ's birth-day than any other time, to show how glad they are that He came into the world to be our Saviour."

"I wonder how any one can wish to have Christmas put away," said Mary. "I think it must be because they have no grand-pas to explain to them these pretty things about it, and to tell them such beautiful Christmas stories."

"I am glad you came, grand-pa," said Wilsie. And Maggie, who would never be behind when any loving was to be done, stammered: "Maggie is dlad—all over dlad."

It would take us too long to tell all that passed between the first arrival, and Christmas eve. This we must pass over, with the simple remark, that all was joyful preparation for the happy flowering time of gladness to take place on Christmas eve, and on Christmas day. The parlor was kept dark, and the children were not permitted to enter it. Why? The Christmas-tree was growing in there unseen and in silence. Grandfather was superintending the matter; for he was devoutly bent on observing his own ancestors' almost dying request, that they should keep up the good old Christmas customs, as he had done, and as they used to do in the Fatherland.

Although the children may not enter, we must take our readers into the dark parlor, and show them the mysterious growth of the Christmas tree. First, we take a rough box, paper it all over nicely, and fill it with earth. Then we take a nice round top of pine, or cedar, and plant it in the box. Then we cover the surface of the box with moss; which again we cover with little heaps of almonds, figs, raisins, and all kinds of nuts. Here and there we lay an orange, a cocoa-nut, and nice apple, to make it look rich. Then we take and hang all kinds of pleasant fruits upon the branches of the pine; bunches of raisins, strings of almonds, little toy-baskets full of nuts. Then, all the little presents, for all the members of the family, are also hung in the branches. There hang handkerchiefs, collars, little red shoes, speckled stockings, little books, candy baskets, dolls, little men, and little horses, and little whips and wagons. See, there hangs a staff for grand-pa, and a pair of spectacles for grandmother. See, I do say, if there isn't a Christmas sermon for the Pastor! Look, if it is not in his own handwriting. It is a chance if grand-pa himself has not slipped it from the Pastor's study table, and hung it on the Christmas-tree. Now all is finished, but a number of wax candles must yet be tied in the tree, ready for being lit.

The Christmas-tree has now come to its full growth. The candles are all lit. How they sparkle in the dark evergreen branches of the pine. How richly the fruit, and the various presents, shine in the branches, which almost bend under their kind burdens. The CHRIST-KINDLEIN, has been very good in making such a fine tree full of presents grow in the parlor.

The children have been waiting and wondering long enough. The time to fulfil their joy has come. The parlor-door is thrown open; and the whole generation follows grand-pa in. But what a sight bursts upon the high hopes of the children! The shining tree, smiling silently from root to top, seems to them like what they have thought the trees might be in Heaven! They look, they laugh, they leap around it. There is one grand, spontaneous shout of—"HAPPY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"

"O, grand-pa," exclaimed the children, "we will never put the Christmas away, will we?" And little Maggie, waddling around the tree, and clapping her hands, kept saying: "I is glad you tum, dran-pa—I is glad de Krismas tum, too." The venerable old man himself, on witnessing the joy of the children, could hardly keep still, for his heart was young once more, and his youthful years smiled around him again, as in days of yore!

There hang the presents in the shining tree. But no one must know which is *his own* present till to-morrow; for as yet it is a family tree, and binds the hearts of all to itself, and thus to each other. They may guess; and if we take notice to their guesses, we can see in which way their tastes run. Some may come very near the truth, but there is no certainty. Perhaps the Pastor himself is the only one who can not well make a mistake. The half-suppressed smile, which looks out archly from the corner of his mouth, as he casts his eye at the little paper-book, convinces us that he is pretty certain that it is a sermon for him. He is inly glad that he is provided for, and can rest well in view of the mor-

row. We hope the sermon is full of Christ—all about Christ! No doubt it is. It ought to be.

There has been joy enough for one Christmas-eve. The hour is growing late. The candles are beginning to burn low. The happy family retires; but it would be difficult to say whether they rest in sleep, or rest in bliss. "What a magic night! What tumult of dreaming hopes! The populous, motley, glittering cave of fancy opens itself in the length of the night, and in the exhaustion of dreaming effort, still darker and darker, fuller and more grotesque; but the waking gives back to the thirsty heart its hopes. All accidental tones, the cries of animals, of watchmen, are for the timidly devout fancy, sounds out of Heaven; singing voices of angels in the air; church-music of the morning worship!" There are faintly heard, in dreams, the hymnings of higher hosts, even as they once undulated over Bethlehem's plains. O, how the mild Jesus, in form as an infant, floats in the half-awake night visions of those in whose hearts echoes the jubilate of Christmas joy.

In the morning come anew the greetings of joy and love: "Happy Christmas!" The gifts are now designated; and each one learns what gift is his. But it is agreed by all, that the Christmas-tree shall not be plucked of its fruits. It must hold the gifts of love together till the festival of Christmas is over. So shall the hearts of the family hang together in one bright, rich, beautiful cluster of love.

And now it remains for grandfather to explain to the children the meaning of this Christmas-tree. Which he gladly does thus: "This tree is in a dark room. So Jesus came into a dark world with his riches and gifts. It was made in the evening. So Jesus was born in the evening. It is an evergreen-tree. So the kingdom of grace which Jesus established in our hearts, and in the world, is always fresh and flourishing. The gifts which hang on it are to remind us of the many blessings which we receive from Christ's grace in the world. That there are presents on it for all, is to show us that He has good things for all; for children as well as for those who are grown. The burning tapers are to teach us that Jesus brought light into the world. If it were not for these lights in the dark room the gifts on the tree could not be seen. So Jesus enlightens our hearts that we may see the gifts which he has brought us. The children do not see the tree till after it has all been prepared for them. So Jesus and their kind parents do much for them while they are yet too small to know it; but if they trust in Him and their Christian parents and friends, they will afterwards learn with great joy how well they were cared for though they knew it not. They are not at once made acquainted with their own presents, to teach them that in Christ's kingdom, and in a christian family, all ought to rejoice in common blessings, and enjoy the sight of all, as much as the sight of their own. When gathering round the Christmas-tree they must not desire to say selfishly, this is *mine*; but they must learn to say, in the spirit of mutual love, all this is *ours*!"

The children all gave signs of joy at what they heard. New ideas, as well as new joys, spring up in their hearts at every word. It is believed that they will never forget grand-pa's visit, nor the Christmas-tree, nor the good Saviour, of whom he told them so much that was new to them, nor the happy, happy, happy Christmas time!

On Christmas evening, just before they went to bed, the venerable old man, who was so full of his theme that he could hardly stop, yet sung for the children, with trembling voice, the following simple Christmas verses, that are said to come from the middle ages. "Though simple," the old man said, "yet they have much more of the true life of Jesus in them, than thousands that are more modern :

"Honor the leaves and the leaves of life,
Upon this blest holiday,
When Jesus asked his mother dear,
Whether he might go to play.

To play! to play! said blessed Mary,
To play, then get you gone;
And see there be no complaint of you
At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus, he ran unto yonder town,
As far as the holy well;
And there he saw three as fine children
As ever eyes beheld.

He said, 'God bless you every one,
And sweet may your sleep be;
And now, little children, I'll play with you,
And you shall play with me.'

'Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons—
Thou art meaner than us all;
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall.'

Sweet Jesus he turned himself about,
Neither laughed, nor smiled, nor spoke,
But the tears trickled down from his pretty little eyes,
Like waters from the rock.

Sweet Jesus he ran to his mother dear,
As fast as he could run—
O mother, I saw three as fine children
As ever were eyes set on.

I said, 'God bless you every one,
And sweet may your sleep be—
And now, little children, I'll play with you,
And you shall play with me.'

'Nay,' said they, 'we're lords' and ladies' sons,
Thou art meaner than us all;
For thou art but a poor fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall.'

Then the tears trickled down from his pretty little eyes
As fast as they could fall.

'Then,' said she, 'go down to yonder town,
As far as the holy well,
And there take up those infants' souls,
And dip them deep in hell.'

'O no! O no!' sweet Jesus said,
'O no! that never can be;
For there are many of those infants' souls
Crying out for the help of me!'"

THE POOR CHILD'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUECKERT.

BY THE EDITOR.

A STRANGER child, on Christmas eve is walking through the town. It looks at the lights that are burning so beautifully along the streets. Before every house it stands still, and gazes into the brilliantly illuminated rooms. Those within look out. It sees the Christmas-trees within hung full of bright wax candles. A deep sadness comes over its heart.

The child weeps, and says to itself: "Every child this evening has a Christmas-tree, and a candle on it; and this gives it joy: only I am poor and have none.

When I was at home, where I sat at Christmas eve with my sister's hand in mine, I also had a tree, and a candle that burnt brightly for me; but here I am forgotten, and wander lonely in this strange land.

Alas! will no one invite me in, and give me a spot in the circle of this Christmas joy? In all this row of houses is there no little bright corner for me, be it ever so small?

Alas! will no one call me in? I do not wish any gift for myself. I will only sit alone and look at the Christmas gifts of these strange children; and I will be happy while I look."

It knocks at gate and door, at window and shutter; but no one comes to call in the stranger child. Those within have no ear for its knocking.

Every father bestows all his attention on his own children. Each mother gives gifts to her own loved ones, and thinks of nothing more nor less. No one cares for the poor, little stranger child without.

"O, lovely, holy Christ! Neither mother nor father have I—if thou be not such to me. O, be thou my consoler, because all others forget me!"

The little child rubs its hands: they are stiff with the cold. The cold creeps into its garments. It stands still in the street, and looks away into the distance.

There comes toward it, wandering along the street, slow and gently, another child. It is clothed in white garments, and bears a light in its hand. How lovely are the tones of its voice, as it says:

"I am the holy Christ! I was also once a little child such as you are. I will not forget you, though all others do.

I am with all alike through my word. I give my protection and care, as well here on the street, as yonder in the brilliant rooms.

Stranger child! I will make your Christmas-tree glitter here in this open space. It shall be so beautiful that those in the houses shall not excel it."

Now CHRIST-KINDLEIN pointed up to heaven! And there stood a Christmas-tree with many branches, all glittering as if hung full of beautiful stars.

So far off and yet so near! How the bright tapers sparkled. O, how the stranger child's heart grew quiet, when it saw its beautiful Christmas-tree.

It was as a dream! Angels bending down from the tree to the child drew it up to them, and to the bright regions where its Christmas-tree was.

The stranger child has now gone home! It lives with its holy Christ. It now longs no more for the gifts that on earth are hung for rich children upon the Christmas-tree.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then ye may lay me low in the mold, and think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day!
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made the Queen o' May;
And we danced about the May-pole, and in the hazel-copse,
Till Charles'-wain* came out above the tall, white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high;
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

* A constellation in the heavens.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waving light,
 Ye 'll never see me more, in the long, gray fields at night;
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and bulrush in the pool.

Ye 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
 And ye 'll come sometimes and see where I am lowly laid;
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head, in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye 'll forgive me now;
 Ye 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
 Nay, nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
 Ye shall not fret for me, mother, ye have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
 Though ye 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
 And be often and often with you, when ye think I 'm far away.

Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
 And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green;
 She 'll be a better child to you than I have ever been.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;
 Let her take 'em; they are hers; I shall never garden more;
 But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
 About the parlor window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother! call me when it begins to dawn;
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,
 So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

THE SILL BENEATH THE DOOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a strange, a mystic spell,
 Of memory and love,
 Comes o'er my heart from early days
 Where'er I rest or rove.
 I see the house with all its rooms,
 I walk across each floor:
 I pass the entry through, and stand,
 With farewell words and staff in hand,
 Upon the sill
 That lies beneath the door.

Each spot around the homestead dear
 Its well-kept treasure gives:
 In every tree, and wall, and chair,
 Some cherished memory lives.
 But nowhere beats my heart so high,
 And nowhere feel I more
 Than here, when I in musings stand,
 With farewell words and staff in hand,
 Upon the sill
 That lies beneath the door.

The silent years have fled since I
 Looked out from dear old home,
 With hopeful heart, though moistening
 For better days to come! [eye,
 And here I turned to those I left
 With longing heart once more:
 Here lingered I, where now I stand,
 With farewell words and staff in hand,
 Upon the sill
 That lies beneath the door.

I've passed o'er other thresholds since,
 To grander halls- but still
 I never entered home like this,
 Across another sill.
 Parents and home we have but once,
 When gone they come no more!
 Oh! what a moment when we stand
 With farewell words and staff in hand,
 Upon the sill
 That lies beneath the door.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XV.—THE APPLE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Comfort me with apples."—SONGS OF SOLOMON.

THE apple tree is rare in Canaan and the surrounding country; and the few that do grow bear very indifferent fruit, such as is scarcely fit for use. The finest apples are imported into Palestine and Egypt from Damascus and Rhodes, and are sold at high prices.

From this fact, it has been supposed by some commentators, that the Hebrew TAPHUAN, translated apple-tree, must be some other kind of fruit-tree; some say the citron, others the orange, others the pomegranate, and some all kinds of luscious fruit trees. This, however, must be regarded as a conclusion that is not based upon proper consideration. The apple tree is spoken of as a very precious, desirable tree. It is, by Solomon, placed in contrast with "the trees of the wood," to show the great superiority of "the beloved" above all others among the sons of men. Its shadow and its fruit are said to be a great luxury. Songs of Solomon, 2. Its destruction is mourned over as an important loss. Joel 1: 12. All this agrees better with the fact of its being rare, than if it were abundant. Had it been common its enjoyment would not be so emphatically pronounced a luxury. Keeping in mind, however, the excellency of its fruit, and its extreme scarcity in the Holy Land, there is beauty and force in the passage: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons: I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." Songs 2: 1-5. 8: 5. 7: 8.

Nor does the fact that the most excellent specimens of this fruit were of foreign trees militate against the position that the apple tree is intended. Having ourselves, for instance, tasted oranges or pine-apples from the south, we may with great propriety, speak of the superior excellence of one thing over another by saying as "an orange tree among the trees of the wood;" and we may also poetically speak of the luxury of sitting under the shadow of these trees as a great pleasure. Indeed it is this which gives true applicability to the allusion of the royal poet. The "beloved" who came from another, even a heavenly country, is so much more desirable than all the sons of men, as the apple tree is above the trees of the wood.

Begone now, ye fastidious critics! A veritable pack of irreverent book-worms are ye all. When ye have differed from the common translation of the Bible, then ye go about differing among yourselves. To each one of you we say sharply, Go your way, agree in your wisdom quickly, or we will deliver you to the tormentors. When once you are at peace among yourselves, then come and offer your gifts of critical skill. For while one says it is a citron, another a pomegranate, another an orange, and still another all fruit in general, are ye not carnal?

We are against all this "ungracious projeny" of over-wise critics. Long and hard have many of our critics labored to show us what is *not* in the Bible; and what *is* in it do they not touch with one of their fingers? We claim a place for the apple tree in the Bible. The editor of Calmet at least favors our way of thinking. He says: "The corresponding Arabic word *tyffach* signifies not only *apples*, but also generally all similar fruits, as oranges, lemons, quinces, peaches, apricots; and it is a common comparison to say of any thing, 'It is as fragrant as a *tyffach*.' The Hebrew word may, perhaps, have been used in the same general sense. There is, however, no need of such a supposition. Apple trees were not very common in Palestine, and their comparative rarity would naturally give them a poetical value." Thus naturally would they be referred to in the highly poetical style of the Song of Solomon.

Let this most noble of trees, so delightfully familiar to our early life, and which lives so pleasantly in our memories and associations, remain in the Bible unless it is made absolutely certain that it has gained a place there by foul means. This last vice we are loath to attach to this kindest and most innocent of trees. Let us treat it as we would our best friend, against whom ungracious insinuations have been made—construe everything as far as possible in its favor. It is irreverent, and not pious, to endeavor to root out of the Bible a tree which has grown into christian affections there, even a longer time than it has grown in our father's orchard. This is not the charity which suffers long, is kind, believing and hoping all things, and is not easily provoked even against a sacred tree.

Solomon says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Prov. 25: 11. This somewhat obscure allusion is fully explained by Roberts. He remarks: "Some suppose this alludes to fruit served up in filigree-work; but I believe it does not refer to real fruit, but to representations and ornaments in solid gold. The Vulgate has, instead of pictures, '*in lectis argenteis*,' 'in silver beds.' The Tamul translation has, in place of pictures of silver, *velle-tattam*—i. e., salvers or trays of silver. The Rev. T. H. Horne, 'Apples of gold in network of silver.' In the 6th and 7th verses, directions are given as to the way a person ought to conduct himself in the presence of a king: and words fitly spoken are compared, in their effect on the mind, to apples of gold in salvers of silver, when presented as tributes or presents to the mighty. When eastern princes visit each other, or when men of rank have to go into their presence, they often send silver trays, on which are gold ornaments, as presents to the king, to propitiate them in their favor. Thus, when the governor-general, and the native sovereigns, visit each other, it is said, they distributed many TRAYS of jewels or other articles of great value. Golden ornaments, whether in the shape of fruit or any other thing, when placed on highly-polished silver salvers, or in net-work of the same metal, have a very beautiful appearance to the eye, and are highly acceptable and gratifying to him who receives them. As, then, apples or jewels of gold are in 'salvers,' or 'beds,' or 'net-work' of silver, to the feelings of the receiver, so are words fitly spoken when addressed to the mind of him who is prepared to receive them. To confirm this explanation, the next verse is very

apposite: 'As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of very fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.' The *effect*, then, of a wise reproof on an obedient ear, is equal to that produced by the presents of ear-rings of gold, or ornaments of fine gold."

Who has not heard of the "apples of Sodom," which some think exist only poetically and in fable? These apples are supposed to grow along the Dead Sea, and are said to have the most inviting outward appearance, while, when the hungry traveler seizes them and begins to eat, he finds them within filled only with nauseous and bitter dust! In many a sermon have these apples been alluded to, to illustrate that the forbidden pleasures of sin, so inviting to the sense, present only emptiness and bitter disappointment. How true the fact! How striking the illustration of it by the apples of Sodom.

Milton has used this truth or fable with much effect. His poetic eye saw, in the regions of the lost—

"A grove spring up, laden with fair fruit:
 —greedily they plucked
 The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flamed.
 This, more delusion, not the touch, but taste
 Deceived. They, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected."

There is abundant evidence furnished by oriental travelers, that this matter of the apples of Sodom is not all fable. As the subject is interesting, we give some extracts. Seetzin, a German who traveled in the East from 1802 to 1810, remarks, in his letters to Baron Von Zach: "The information which I have been able to collect on the apples of Sodom is very contradictory and insufficient; I believe, however, that I can give a very natural explanation of the phenomenon, and that the following remark will lead to it. While I was at Karrak, at the house of a Greek curate of the town, I saw a sort of cotton, resembling silk, which he used as tinder for his match-lock, as it could not be employed in making cloth. He told me that it grew in the plains of el-Gor, to the east of the Dead Sea, on a tree like a fig tree, called Aoeschaer. The cotton is contained in a fruit resembling the pomegranate; and by making incisions at the root of the tree, a sort of milk is procured, which is called Lebbin Aoeschaer. It has struck me that these fruits being, as they are, without pulp, and which are unknown throughout the rest of Palestine, might be the famous apples of Sodom. I suppose, likewise, that the tree which produces it, is a sort of fromager, which can only flourish under the excessive heat of the Dead Sea, and in no other district of Palestine."

On this passage the editor of Calmet remarks: "This curious subject is further explained in a note added by M. Seetzen's editor, who considers the tree to be a species of *Asclepias*, probably the *Asclepias Gigantea*. The remark of M. Seetzen is corroborated by a traveler who passed a long time in situations where this plant is very abundant. The same idea occurred to him when he first saw it in 1792, though he did not then know that it existed near the lake Asphaltites. The umbella,

somewhat like a bladder, containing from half a pint to a pint, is of the same color with the leaves, a bright green, and may be mistaken for an inviting fruit, without much stretch of imagination. That, as well as the other parts, when green, being cut or pressed, yields a milky juice, of a very acrid taste; but in winter, when dry, it contains a yellowish dust, in appearance resembling certain fungi, common in South Britian; but of pungent quality, and said to be particularly injurious to the eyes. The whole so nearly corresponds with the description given by Solinus, (Polyhistor,) Josephus, and others, of the *Poma Sodomæ*, allowance being made for their extravagant exaggerations, as to leave little doubt on the subject."

Chateaubriand supposes the apples of Sodom to be the fruit of a shrub which grows two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan; it is thorny, with small taper leaves, and its fruit is exactly like the small Egyptian lemon in size and color. Before the fruit is ripe it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. Mr. King found the same shrub and fruit near Jericho, and seems also inclined to regard it as the apple of Sodom.

From facts like these we may easily account for all that is said of the apples of Sodom, without resorting to the supposition that it all originates in fable.

TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and even death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect our imaginations.

We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are traveling overhead, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give me pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field: and gives a more natural aspect to the whole kindness of nature.

SHALL I BECOME A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL?

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

You intend to choose your calling. As you profess to be a christian, you have made up your mind to be active. You certainly do not think of wasting the vigorous years of youth and of manhood in trifling; taking hold of this for a while, then of that, without fixing your energies on some specific end. A life without a plan—without a ruling idea—is a foolish life. A follower of Christ is not a fool. He is a wise man. He feels called to do something.

Called to do something for whom? For yourself? For your parents? For literature or science? For the glory of your country? It is indeed better to select any one of these objects than to be a drone. Yet, does Christ call you to labor for any one of these things? I think not. He drew you out of the miry pit, and set your feet on a rock, and put a new song in your mouth—for what? That you may sustain a good reputation, live in your own house, read good books, help to feed the poor, go to church on Sunday morning nicely dressed, and have a sufficient income when you become old and gray-headed? Did Christ purchase you with his blood, that you might possess and enjoy all the temporal blessings of the gospel? I doubt it. You are not your own, but belong to your faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ. Your soul and body are his; your property and influence are his. It is a sin to select a calling in view merely of its connection with earthly comfort, with success in the race to win Mammon. They that are at ease in Zion did not come in the straight gate, but climbed over the wall.

If you feel that you must do something, do it earnestly, and do it, too, for Christ, not for yourself nor for the world. Are you willing, young man, to ponder the question, "Shall I become a minister of the gospel?" One has already made up his mind to become a lawyer; another to become a physician; another to become a teacher or professor. The son of a farmer inclines to the pursuit of his father as a matter of course. He does not imagine himself to have any concern with so grave a question, particularly as the ministry affords but a poor prospect of making money. The son of a physician takes it for granted that medicine claims his first attention. The son of a mechanic believes himself set apart to manual labor. But what right has the son of a farmer or physician or mechanic, if he belong to Jesus Christ, to assume so readily that the ministry is a vocation with which he has nothing to do? The work of life is to be done but once. The choice of a vocation determines the bearing of that life. That life, you admit, with its powers and influences taking fast hold on eternity, belongs to Jesus Christ, to whom you are bound by ten thousand most sacred and solemn ties. You have, then, no right to dismiss this grave question with a wave of the hand. It is just as much your duty, whether you be poor and unlearned, or rich and intelligent, to let the question come directly to your heart and conscience, as it was the duty of your pastor, or of any man who is

making full proof of his ministry. You dare not consult your inclinations; you dare not confer with flesh and blood; you dare not be influenced by the inconsiderateness, partiality or selfishness of your parents, relatives or friends. Your life belongs to Christ as really as does his eternal throne in heaven. Then, whether or not he designs your time, talents and labors for his service in the office of the ministry, is a matter that you can not dismiss without careful inquiry, earnest deliberation and importunate prayer to God for the guidance of the spirit.

Consider, also, that your mind and heart, your peculiar powers and capacities have been fashioned by the hand of the Lord: Think you, without an object? Are you not adapted to some particular sphere? Have you not a mission? The drop of water, the ray of light, the grain of sand, the bird of the air, the beast of the field, and the worm on the earth—each has a mission. To each God has given a place and an agency in the order of creation and Providence; and each obeys its own law. Even “the ox knoweth his owner’s and the ass his master’s crib.” The Lord of Glory, the King of Saints, designs you also for a particular place in his kingdom of grace, to which you are adapted. What awful levity, what low unbelief, for you to select a calling at will, as if nothing were to be consulted but impulse, the prospect of wordly comfort, or the notions of poor, sinful, erring men. What hardihood to be indifferent to the will of Christ as it respects the bearing of your whole life! I beseech you, suffer the question to stand out clearly before your eyes: *Shall I become a minister of the gospel?* Is this the will of Jesus Christ concerning me?

Do not dispose of the question hastily. But revolve it in all its bearings upon the church, upon the world, and upon yourself. Fix your mind upon it intently. Pray earnestly, humbly, believingly. For remember that you cannot set it aside lightly, without committing grievous sin.

THE DAISY.

Nor worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter’s sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arch’d the skies,
And pours the day-spring’s living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy’s purple bud?

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem;
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embosomed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O’er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where’er he walks, may see
In every step, the stamp of God.

P A R A B L E S .

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

I. — THE SNOW-BALL.

ONCE, in winter time, some boys made a snow-ball. The snow lying soft on the ground, they rolled the ball until at last it became so heavy that they could move it no more.

"This," said Gotshold, "is an emblem of human cares; they are often at first small, but through impatience and unbelief they grow so large that we can manage them no more." Many a one revolves his troubles day and night in his mind, and as these boys gained nothing by their labor but the gathering together of a large ball of snow, that those who pass by might see that some children had been playing, so those who roll their troubles till they are so increased, gain only a weary head and sorrowful heart.

How often, unwilling to leave to God the honor of providing for us, as though he were too negligent or sleepy, do we seek to aid his wisdom by our folly. Alas! how little do we gain by it! Do we not sin greatly by our unbelief? When he has opened the bosom of his mercy, and asks us to cast all our cares upon him, we fear to trust him. My God! thou hast made the eye and dost not thou see? Thou hast made the ear, and canst not thou hear? Thou hast created the heart, and wilt not thou provide for it, and help it to carry its cares.

I will, henceforth, roll my troubles and cares no farther than to thee. When I cannot even do this, I will open my heart and show thee my wants and woes. Thou wilt remove those increased cares which my poor strength can roll no more.

SCRIVER.

II. — ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH.

A certain wise man says: "Repent one day before thy death! Which is this day, and who knows when he shall die?"

Once, a certain king invited guests to a feast, but he did not tell them the hour when it would be ready. Those that were wise prepared themselves immediately, for they said: "Any minute the feast may be ready, and we may be called in." The foolish who were invited, went their way, and said: "There is time enough yet!"

Suddenly they were called. Those they were ready went in. Those that had delayed were shut out. They lost the honor intended for them.

Solomon says: "Let your garments be always white." Your grave-robes are also white. Be you clothed in them daily, and stand prepared. Be wise one day before your death.

HERDER.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY REV. ALFRED KEVIN.

THE geologist, as he bores and drills the earth, is able from the different strata and deposits which he discovers, to ascertain not only its past and present condition but its original intent. So, too, an individual, by examining old title-deeds, may sometimes learn enough about the elevation and dignity of his ancestry to show him that he is, in his ignorance and vice, living unworthily of those of the same blood who have preceded him in the journey of life, and to stimulate him to attempted imitation of their virtues.

It is strange how language conveys important truths from age to age. A single word will become the vehicle of a thought, and send it down from generation to generation, with a life-power in it which makes it work as it passes on through the mass of humanity. Take the word *man* as an example. It is full of significance. It follows the race in all its wanderings, as an antiquated coin, which is often buried but never loses its "superscription," and is at once denotive of our origin and our destiny. *Man*!—the very mention of the name wakes up unnumbered echoes in support of the grand ideas which are lodged in it, and points us to the most diversified and convincing proofs of the verity and forcefulness of its import. It says to us, and it says it in more senses than one—

"Thou hast a noble guest, O flesh!"

"*Man*, in Hebrew, to which the term is possibly indebted for its earliest origin, occurs under the form *maneh*—a verb directly importing to 'discern or discriminate,' and which, hence, signifies, as a noun, 'a discerning or discriminating being.' In that very ancient language, the Sanscrit, the word has both these senses in the directest possible manner. So, too, in Greek, *men* and *menas* signify *mind*, or 'the thinking faculty'—the latter of which terms, being contracted, is *mens*, which, in the Latin language, imports the very same thing. Not to multiply instances, we only add that, in the Gothic, and all the northern dialects of Europe, *man* imports the very same idea as in our own tongue, the English indeed having descended from the same quarter."

Thus you see, *intellect* is one of our marvellous endowments. It is an essential part of our constitution. It is a gift from God. "The inspiration of the Almighty hath given us understanding." What a wonderful donation is it! Who shall gauge its capacity; who shall measure its susceptibility of expansion and improvement? How much would Newton and Bacon have known by this time, if they had lived on, thinking, and observing, and exploring as they did, when dwelling in "the earthly house of this tabernacle?" If any one chooses to ignore his pre-eminence over all sublunary creatures, or if he wishes to *unman* himself, he can easily do so. The road to such a result is such that "a fool need not err therein." Let him neglect his mind, and he shall most

certainly shrink from approximation to the angels above him, and sink to a sad nearness and likeness to the animals beneath him. Let him be satisfied to be as the beaver that is content with building its hut, and the bee that is content with constructing its hive and its comb, and the ox that seeks for nothing beyond abundance and variety of herbage—instead of developing as he ought the principle which qualifies him to reason, to combine, to acquire, to compare, to judge, to measure the stars in their distances and mutual relations, to weigh the globe, to know and master the forces of nature, to unfold the teeming wonders of creation, to search into Truth—physical, mathematical and moral, in its various phases and forms, and to rise—

“Through Nature up to Nature’s God,”

and his wish will be gratified. His name will, in effect, be withdrawn from the list of men. His *genus* will be changed though his *species* may be hard to determine.

What does the word “*mankind*” mean? Is it a term which indicates merely the race of human beings? By no means. It signifies that men are “*kin*ned”—that is, of kin; that they are of common origin, and are united by common ties, which nothing but unnatural violence can sever. Every time we use this word, we “declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man, and in making this declaration, we make it with an acknowledgment of kind feelings, dispositions, sympathies, and deeds due from us to our brethren.” Of a like import is our adjective *humane*, which comes from the Latin root *humanus*. Both words signify “having the feelings and dispositions proper to man—having tenderness, compassion, and a disposition to treat others with kindness, particularly in relieving them when in distress, or in captivity—when they are helpless or defenseless—kind, benevolent.”

Thus is it shown that we are not separate, solitary, isolated beings, but “members one of another.” We are not to be selfish and snappish. We are to look not only upon our own things, but also upon the things of others. We are to exert our influence, whatever it may be, to cheer, and comfort, and elevate our fellow beings. We are not to act like the snail, which shuts itself up in its own shell, but to be as the sun which shines, and the dew that falls, and the winds that blow, and the flowers that bloom, not for themselves but for others. The following sentiment can be seen from several points of view:

“That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can bless, whom none can thank,
Creation’s blot, creation’s blank.”

Some, in human form, have for their maxim: “I am not my brother’s keeper.” You can see it written on their foreheads, and the palms of their hands, and upon the cold smile of self-gratulation which a contrast of their favored circumstances with those of the children of wretchedness and sorrow generates, instead of melting their hearts to deeds of generous sympathy and pity. God, in his mercy, save me from such iceberg coldness! I would not thus feel myself a broken and dismembered thing; I would not thus make *Ego* my idol; I would not thus breathe the same

atmosphere with the first fratricide who purpled the green fields with a brother's blood, and attempted to conceal his guilt by the plea which at once showed that selfishness—the poison of our nature—had not only prompted the horrid deed, but also been strengthened by it.

If we turn to man's *religious nature*, we find it attested by such words as *religio* (Latin,) which signifies to *bind back*, or *anew*, referring to those ties which originally bound man to God and to humanity; and *anthropos* (Greek,) which means *turning the countenance upwards*—referring, doubtless, to our recollection of heaven as our original and proper home. *Religion* is the more probable specifying difference of man from all other creatures than *Reason*. Cicero says, that “if a person travel the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that useth no worship, prayers, &c., no one ever saw.” Another philosopher says: “I judge invocation of God, with hope towards him, to be, if we will speak the truth, the only genuine property of man;” and he adds, “only he who is acted by such a hope is a man, and he that is destitute of this hope is no man” preferring this account to the common definition (which he says is only of the concrete man,) “that he is a reasonable and mortal living creature.” Another remarks, “that upon accurate search, religion and faith appear the only ultimate difference of man, whereof neither Divine perception is capable nor brutal imperfection.” This last author gives us the *middle* position between the incorporeal intelligence above us, and the animal creation below us, which furnished the poet his ground-work for that striking and truthful delineation—

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such,
Who mingled in our make such strange extremes
Of different natures, marvellously mixed!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite,
A worm, a god—I tremble at myself!”

Let the truth thus presented be well pondered. It ought to be. Religion is not to us an exotic, but an indigenous plant. It is natural to us, and we cannot renounce it without running into monstrosity. I do not say, understand me, that the religion of the Bible is natural to us—that is, Christianity. But I affirm that our nature is religious in its tendencies and demands, and christianity, which God in answer to prayer will make to us a personal and practical interest is the only truth that meets our case. If embraced by a cordial faith, it will save us in both worlds. “A christian is the highest style of man.”

TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

SATANIC LITERATURE.

THE authors of our polite literature, for the most part, do not assume an attitude of avowed hostility to the gospel. Were they decided infidels, their deviations from the christian standard would at least be consistent with their character. But a more pernicious policy is pursued by those who admit the divine authority of the christian system; but who practically disregard its inspired communications, while they advance sentiments alien and even hostile to its spirit, without seeming to be conscious of such startling inconsistency. An enlightened christian judgment must, however, demand, as an indispensable condition of its approval of any production of genius, calculated to influence the tastes and feelings of mankind, the most exact conformity to the spirit and sentiments of the christian religion. How large a proportion of the elegant literature, circulated and read in our own land, must excite painful emotions and melancholy anticipations in the mind of a sincere believer in the religion of Christ!

There is a class of works, not only anti-Christian, but openly and daringly *immoral* in their tendency. These generally assume the form of fiction. Their chief interest consists in the intricacy of the plot or story, conducted through a series of surprising events and startling coincidences. Their grand aim is to patronise crime and pander to lust. The fundamental maxim of their creed is, "the impulse of passion and the force of circumstances justify all actions to which they incline." This general principle pervades this whole class of corrupt literature. Adopting this perverse maxim, these writers proceed to erect a superstructure of fiction for its habitation. They employ their descriptive and inventive powers to paint the workings of passion, in all the glowing ardor of its excitement, associated at the same time with certain generous or chivalrous qualities, that give relief to the picture and fascinate the sympathies of the reader. They describe propitious scenes, and combine the circumstances in the history, so as to form a suitable occasion for the triumph of temptation. The leading characters in such works of fiction, are mostly selected from certain reprobated ranks of society. And instead of representing them as suffering under the providential penalty of their own misdeeds; the attempt is made rather to represent them as objects of commiseration—as the victims of passion and the slaves of circumstance. Their passions prompt perpetual outrage on the relations of society, and society, in self-defense, repels such destructive elements. Hence, in the inevitable conflict which ensues, the whole blame of the result is thrown upon the institutions of society. Such *superior* natures are hampered, harassed, and hurried headlong into reckless violence, by the tame compliances of social life! They sin and they suffer because they are oppressed! In this literature of lust and license, we accordingly find, that almost every social virtue is, in its turn, traduced and villified, in order to vindicate the opposite vice. The tenderest ties of nature—the most sacred relations of human life, are reproached and dishonored, in order to extenuate the lawless passions by which they are

assailed. Virgin chastity and conjugal fidelity are stigmatised in order to redeem from merited disgrace the crimes of the prostitute and the adulteress. The violation of marriage vows is justified by describing the dreary and desolate doom of some fair victim, sacrificed by parental authority, or the more indefinite tyranny of circumstances, on the hymeneal altar—joined in law, but not in heart, to some uncongenial and irksome companion; inhabiting a cold and cheerless home; pining and drooping in the loneliness of despair; until at length some more fascinating lover breaks like sunlight upon the scene; dispels the shadows from her heart, and illuminates her whole being with the glow of a new life. Then follow a series of stolen interviews—the secret compact—and the final elopement. Again, perhaps, the guilt of the painted prostitute is palliated and excused by describing the captivating person and seducing arts of some faithless lover, who ensnares and then betrays the affections of his confiding victim. The different stages in the process of beguilement are set forth; and when the spell is complete—the hour, the scene, the persuasion, and the yielding impulse are all vividly portrayed. And after the first fatal step has been taken, the victim of shame is represented as shut out from all return to virtue, by an unjust and unrelenting public sentiment.

But why continue a description of that depraved literature, which perverts the decrees of reason and conscience; which reverses the laws of nature and Providence; which exalts licentiousness and vice, and degrades virtue and piety; which elevates rogues and ruffians, debauchees and desperadoes above the ruins of disorganized society? It is an honor to our country to state that the literature of this description, circulated in our midst, is almost entirely of foreign production. The greater portion is of French origin. An image of the national character, instead of a model to win our admiration, it should prove a beacon to warn us of danger. Unhappy nation! Blessed with brilliant gifts, but cursed by a wretched destiny! With a bloody history of revolutions in the past—the present a scene of trembling suspense, with elements of disorder suppressed but not subdued, overawed into temporary silence by threatening military power—the future, what it shall be, no prophet has dared to predict. Vain, volatile, fluctuating, fantastic and yet gifted people! What oracle can solve the mystery of your career? What causes can be assigned for the contradictions in your history? Shall they be traced to the peculiar constitutional temperament of the people, as sanguine, excitable and prone to extremes? We find they are composed of common flesh and blood, and exhibit nothing singular in their physical organization. No, the causes lie deeper than the veins and arteries of the physical frame, veiled in the secret fountains of their moral nature. France, with her heroes, poets and philosophers; with her priests, superstitions and temples; with her arts, palaces and monuments; with all her Babel jargon of “liberty, fraternity and equality;” France is yet a nation of infidels! with all the elements of social life, sensuous, sordid and self-conflicted; shrouded in earthliness, and shut out from the air and the light of heaven; with no abiding sense of moral obligation; with no elevating, sustaining and satisfying religious faith: long since has her doom been recorded—“*Unstable as water, thou shalt not exalt!*”

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

A VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS CONCERNING A FUTURE STATE. By Richard Whately, D.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1855. pp. 299.

A VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS RESPECTING GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS. By Richard Whately, D.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 171.

No one can read these works without being impressed with the learning, piety, and especially the truly christian charity of the author. In the first of these volumes, some views are presented, especially in regard to the state of the saints between death and the resurrection, which do not run in the line of common orthodoxy. The author favors the idea of the sleep of the soul, as the best mode of disposing of the solemn interval between death and the resurrection state. This shows the author to be in sympathy with a philosophy in which neither our mind nor heart can find a home. While we differ with the amiable author on this and other points, we commend the kind spirit in which he differs from others.

The second of these volumes pleased us best. The author moves forward with less embarrassment. It is eminently scriptural, very suggestive, and devout and practical in its tone. Both these volumes are composed of lectures, at first delivered to a congregation over which the author presided as pastor.

The volumes are got up in fine style. This is a peculiarity of all the publications of Lindsay & Blakiston. Every book that comes from their hands has a certain neatness and pleasantness to the eye, which is refreshing. We have frequently seen this publishing house complimented on this point by the press. From the large list of their publications, we should judge that their care and attention is suitably rewarded by an appreciating public.

UNION WITH THE CHURCH, the solemn duty and blessed privilege of all who would be saved. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Second edition revised. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. pp. 127.

This little treatise was first published in pamphlet form, of which an edition of 2000 has been circulated. Since this edition has been exhausted, the author has been earnestly requested by pastors and laymen to revise it, and re-publish it in a better form. This has now been done. It is a neat 12-mo volume, printed on good paper, with large clear type. Nothing was farther from the author's design at first, than to give this treatise to the public in this form. Nothing was contemplated beyond two lengthy articles for *The Guardian*. Some pastors and zealous laymen, however, were pleased to discover in its plain and direct way of meeting objections, and removing difficulties, an adaptation to a want in the church. Several instances have been communicated to him in which it has been successful, by the blessing of God, in bringing persons to a decision on the solemn point of uniting with the church. With this seal upon it, the author has been encouraged to offer it in a more permanent form to the consideration of all who seek the truth. It may be had, in flexible cloth binding, or in stiff cloth covers, of the author, or of Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. The first retails at 25 cents. The second at 37½. The usual deduction made to such as buy wholesale.

THE FAMILY ASSISTANT: or Book of Prayers for the use of Families, to which are added prayers for special occasions—original and selected. By Samuel R. Fisher. Chambersburg. Pa. Printed by M. Kieffer & Co., 1855. pp. 308.

It is not easy, as the author of this Book has well remarked in his preface, to write or compile a book of Prayers. No one can hope to be perfectly successful in so difficult a work. Dr. Fisher has, we think, succeeded quite well. He has evidently aimed at simplicity of style—which is the true devotional style—and in this respect the Book is well adapted for popular use. It contains every day, morning and evening prayers, for four full weeks; besides some forty prayers for Particular Occasions, Miscellaneous Petitions, and Prayers at Table. Families will find it all they need, as a help to devotion. The prayers are not too long, which is often a fault; and yet they are so comprehensive as to include all the ordinary subjects of devotion. We hope it may be extensively circulated and used. Parents will find it just the book to put into the hands of their children. In getting up this, and several catechetical works, Dr. Fisher has evinced a laudable zeal for the advancement of intelligent and vital piety in the Church.

ANCIENT BOOKS.—Leonard & Co., of Boston, recently had an auction sale of books interesting to students in American History. Among the volumes that are seldom to be procured at any price, were the following: *Sea Mirrors*, folio, 1693, brought \$3; *Mather's New England Church Vindicated*, 1700, \$2,25; *Confession of Faith*, 1680, \$2,25; *Artillery Election Sermons and Fight at Pigwacket*, 1726, \$8,50; *Heart of New England Rent*, 1659, \$6,25; *Norton's Sermon's*, 1604, \$3,25; *Norton's Letter to Drury*, 1664, \$4; *Massachusetts, or the First Planters of New England*, 1696, \$13,50; *Hutchinson's Papers*, \$9,50; *Cotton's Bloody Tenant*, 1649, \$8,50; *Davenport's Apologetic Reply*, with autographs of Symmes, Tufts, Emery, &c., \$7,50; *Bulkeley's Gospel Covenant*, 1650, \$4,50; *Plymouth Laws*, 1672, \$11.

ENGLISH CRITICISM ON AMERICAN BOOKS.—The London Literary Journal, in commenting upon recent American publications, remarks that, in the paralysis of home literature produced by the war, we receive our most abundant supply from America. Our own publishers prudently refrain from appealing to a public too much impoverished, and having thoughts too far diverted to listen to appeals of authorship in England. America, more fortunate, continues in its great career of civilization, in which we have made so sudden a stand-still, with a future of retrogression, and is rapidly passing us in the race. The books that come to us from the United States manifest continuous improvement. Every successive importation introduces the English reader to new works in history, fiction, poetry, which eclipse the modern productions of our own authors, excepting only some few of the greatest of them.

New and revised editions of "Heaven, or the Sainted Dead," "The Heavenly Recognition," and "The Heavenly Home," have just been issued by Lindsay & Blakiston. The getting up is neat and tasty, and there is in general a great improvement on former editions.

A valuable library belonging to the Councillor of State, Liprandi, of St. Petersburg, Russia, is offered for sale. It contains thousands of volumes, all of which are on Turkey, and which for centuries have been withdrawn from the book-market. It contains also a great many maps, plans, drawings and manuscripts.

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SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

NO. I.

EVERYTHING that men are wont to laugh at has its serious side. Do we smile at the oddities, the awkwardness, the ignorance, or the follies of men? We cease to laugh the moment we begin to trace the roots of these foibles into the past, see the tendrils by which they hang in the earnest present, and behold the relations they sustain to the issues of the solemn future. As tears are alike the product of excessive joy and excessive sorrow, so the solemn and the ridiculous are but different sides of the same thing.

Now, the natural error of the world is, that it unduly courts and loves what is to be laughed at, and unduly shuns what is to be wept over. Here lies the difference between a wise man and a fool: In a wise man the serious and earnest prevail; the light and frivolous in a fool. In the stream of a wise man's life, the amusing is occasional, and upon the surface; it dances and leaps in ripples—it sparkles in the sunlight amid the play of little cross waves—it rises from the calm depths of the soul, like bubbles to the surface, showing their beautiful colors for a moment, and then break into air, leaving the calm moving stream more serene beneath than before. The laugh and the smile are not all over, but in spots, like the dimple upon the cheek and chin—a kind of charming defect—a beautiful blemish. In the fool the funny and ridiculous are the prevailing elements, while the serious is occasional, and fitful, and baseless. The life of a fool is like a stream of soap-suds—a current of bubbles. The life of a wise man is like the steady flame that bears with ever-increasing force into a heap of fuel, the crackling and flying of cheerful sparks being but incidents; but the laughter-life of a fool is “as the crackling of thorns under a pot.” The wise read: “A time to laugh and a time to weep;” the fool reads: “Laugh at all times.”

These remarks may indicate the nature of our subject, the mistakes of society in reference to it, and the manner in which it is to be treated in

our chapters. Humbug is both serious and silly; and we think that the prevailing error and evil in reference to it is that the community has had presented to it most prominently its ridiculous side. The very use of the word has been ruled out of sober society and serious speech, as if the thing ought only to be spoken of amid brawlers, and that always to be laughed at.

The general impression is that even the word itself is not a true word, and that it did not come into our language by the door, but climbed in some other way. It is regarded as a great indulgence that it is permitted to grace the lines of the lowest newspaper paragraph; and then it is only to be the signal of slur and fun. Webster condescends to give it place in his Dictionary, but adds, in brackets, "A low word!"

All this indicates that no serious idea or interest is conceived to lie back of the word; and, what is more, it betrays the great mistake, that the spirit or element which we designate by the word Humbug, has no serious bearing upon the interests of society. Whereas, we conceive, there is not now any spirit going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, which deals more cruelly with the purses, brains, and hearts of men.

In the meantime—suffer us yet to remark—we find, just precisely in this light treatment of the matter, the true ground of its immense prevalence at the present time. We laugh at the smartness of Humbug; we laugh at the folly of his dupes, high or low; and whether the trick has been on the scale of the mite or the million, it is good-humoredly covered by the word Humbug, at the mention of which every one is expected to laugh. In no direction is society more gracious and sweetly forgiving than towards Humbug. With a hand in empty pocket—a cheek red with the shameful sense of having been duped, and with an eye burning with anger and wounded pride, the deluded victim stands before the community, and is tacitly assured that the only consolation in the case is to laugh. Thus is this meanest and foulest of spirits shielded, protected, and encouraged by the light and smiles of the public countenance.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the word Humbug is either a new or an illegitimate word. It is an old English word, and is respectably derived. The present ridiculousness of its associations has its ground, not in the word, nor yet in the thing, but in the frivolous spirit of the age, which has so far lost respect for itself as to laugh at its own weakness and folly!

Let us look for a moment to the elements and the derivation of this word, and thus learn also its true meaning, as well as the specific nature of the spirit and thing of which it is the symbol.

It is a compound word, formed from the words *hum* and *puck*—not bug. The word *hum* is a truly natural word, formed in imitation of the sound, as of bees, of a waterfall, the sea, or of a multitude of people. Humming was, in the time of Burnet and Johnson, the mode of expressing approbation in a public meeting. It was done, not only in political meetings, but even in churches. In the time of Charles II. it was attempted even in a court hall. The Lord Chief Baron reproved the multitude for expressing their approbation in this way: "Gentlemen, this humming is not at all becoming the gravity of this court. It is

more fitting for a stag-play than for a court of justice." This shows that humming characterized, not deliberative meetings, but only popular assemblies. The humming of the people, which was the same thing as their *favor*, was the thing sought by demagogues; and to gain this end every art was used. Hence the word *hum* acquired the meaning: to cajole, to trick, to delude by flattery, to soothe and coax into measure by cunning words and devices. Thus, a hummer is one who gathers around him a swarm of persons, and seeks by trickery to use their favor for his own interests and ends.

Bug comes from *puck*—*puke*; which means in Islandic an *evil spirit*, and in suio-Gothic, *devil*. Combine this sense of it with *hum*, to trick, and you have Humbug—"a devilish trick." This indicates the existence of an *evil* element in Humbug.

Imaginary beings which were supposed to entice travelers out of their homes to destroy them, were formerly called Pucks. Thus Drayton :

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

It is easy to see how this idea of pucks is related to Humbug—one who hums to lead astray, and leaves his dupes with laughter.

Thus we have also *bug-bear*, originally *puck-bear*, some ugly object or spectre which, it was said, comes to take away bad children, and by the aid of which children are duped and tricked into measures. Saith an old poet :

"They are told strange bug-beares haunt the place."

Pug is also applied to a monkey, on account of its tricks and mimicry. Hence, also, a certain kind of noses are called *pug-noses*, from their resemblance to the nose of a monkey. We all know that not only monkeyish cunning, but even the monkey itself has played no small part in Humbug. What is an organ-grinder without a monkey! It is perhaps difficult to tell which has most to do in producing the humming assembly around—the sublime music, or the ridiculous monkey! We venture the opinion that *pug* is the Hamlet in that play; and we pronounce it rather a menagerie than an opera.

This brings out naturally another variation of the word, and thus also another illustration of our subject. There is a certain well-known creature called big-bug—puck, or pug. When we remember that *pug* is a monkey, the sense of big-bug will at once suggest itself. If we give pug the sense of "a cheat, or one that is a counterfeit," we have also the true idea of big-bug; for such an one is always only an outer shell, supported and filled out by no inner man. If we give "puck" the idea of one who siren-like misleads or entices others, we find the idea also legitimatized in big-bug; for as soon as there is one big-puck fitted out, with riggings on, there is a humming swarm of little pucks at his heels.

One more derivative will bring out the full idea of this part of the word, and so also the true nature of Humbug: it is a word which signifies a *gathering* produced by deception. We allude to the word *pucker*, as when one has eaten persimmons. It is not only a gathering by cheat, in that he took them for ripe when they were not, but also in that he produces the impression that he intends to whistle when in truth he does not so intend!

From this examination of the elements and derivatives of the word we have arrived at the full true meaning, sense, and nature of Humbug.

I. It produces a gathering by the aid of humming noises, flattery, and deception. It is not personal, individual imposition, but wholesale and popular. It needs a *crowd* to answer its purposes. Plying deception in a private way, as by the peddling of wooden nutmegs and pumpkin-seed, is not humbug; it is only imposition. Humbug must *swarm* to be genuine.

II. Humbug has in it the evil or devilish element. Not all gatherings are humbug. True business, true genius, true benefactors may gather a swarm. It is not the *hum* that gives character to the thing, but the *puck*—the evil spirit in which it is done, the evil end in view. One may bring a swarm around him either to *give* to them or to *take* from them. As among bees, a true swarm is always a going out; a false swarm is a gathering to rob, to take. Humbug gathers a crowd for *his* sake, not for *their* sake. Humbug is like a light that gathers a swarm of moths and millers to singe their wings, and to feed its flame with their fuz and fat. Humbug is like a shark; he gathers the little fish around him, opens his mouth, and says, with fatherly affection, "Come in, dear children, in union there is strength."

III. To produce this swarm, and to get the victims within reach, Humbug uses tricks as attractions—stratagems as stimulus. Not something which they *discover* in him, but something which he *shows* them, produces the swarm. True Humbug is a showman. The *hum* alone does not make the thing—the *pug*—the monkey must be present, and to be seen. He must advertise, he must blow his trumpet, he must call the people together, he must resort to "the cry of him that ruleth among fools."

IV. Humbug must surround himself with an element of mystery. He must be a puck-bear, such as children regard with awe. He has to do with children of a larger growth; but which, like smaller ones, are to be ruled, not by reason, but by mysteries; they must be awed by secret wonders, and then coaxed by show of toys. See the children around the organ-grinder's monkey—how awful to be too near him, and yet how sweet to be in the inner row! A true picture of a crowd of larger infants around Humbug. A fearful (with uplifted hands,) a glorious wonder! Humbug is the great sun in the center, and they, ranged around like planets, are held in their places, as by centripetal and centrifugal forces, by the alternations of love to it, and fear of it. Or, to use a better figure, Humbug is the charming serpent, coiled and colored in the midst; they are held in extacies and in fear around, until he covers them with slime, and swallows them one by one.

If now we would bring these several characteristic elements together, and represent them by specific terms, we have these: Humbug is a

mountebank, a devil, a showman, and a conjuring quack. In him these four are one. By these characteristics he may be known wherever he makes his appearance. Let the readers of *The Guardian* keep a look out for him and save their money, good name, and self-respect.

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to thee !

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near :
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown--
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing--
Beneath it I am almost sacred--here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now ;
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture ; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit ; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S DREAM.

I NEVER shall forget the night—last August was a year—I went to the Sabbath-school as usual in the morning, but the heat was oppressive; there was not a breath of air stirring. My class seemed unusually restless and inattentive, and myself felt an inexpressible languor, which I am sure they could not help observing. Once or twice I forgot the question I had asked; and several times I had to require a repetition of an answer, which I might have heard at first if I had not been unaccountably stupid. In the afternoon I was half inclined to stay at home, but my conscience loudly remonstrated, and I went to school as usual. I found only three of my class present, and I was glad when the hour of public worship arrived, to relieve me from my post.

In the evening I retired from my room at the accustomed hour, and entered upon my private exercises of devotion. I was sensible that the day had been a very long and tedious one. I felt that I had not only failed to make any progress myself in the divine life, but that I had been unusually negligent in my duty towards my class.

I tried to satisfy myself that my spirit was willing, but conscience told me that through all the six preceding days (and every one of them had been excessively warm) I had applied myself to business without this sense of weariness; and I knew, if I should live, that I should probably return to my worldly pursuits, the next day, with the same spirit and activity. Why this languor then, in the service of God and in the affairs of the soul, and not elsewhere? When I attempted to pray for God's gracious acceptance of my labors, I felt condemned and ashamed; and, after commending myself, in a very hurried and formal manner, to the divine forgiveness and protection I went to bed.

But sleep was far from me. The uneasiness of my conscience, and the thought that I might possibly never see my class again, greatly troubled me. At last, however, exhausted with the extreme heat and a sort of nervous irritability, (which, to be understood, must be felt,) I insensibly sunk to sleep.

A confused train of strange images passed before my mind; and, without any idea of previous sickness and death, I dreamed that I was borne upward to the blessed abode of the righteous; and a blessed abode indeed it seemed to me. The beautiful city of eternal life appeared covered with a soft and resplendent light, so bright and dazzling, that the gates and towers upon the walls were but distinctly seen. As I approached, I saw the foundation and the outline of the city very much as they are described in the revelation of John the Divine. It was indeed a glorious sight; and my soul was filled with rapture at the thought of dwelling with saints and angels in an abode so pure, and bright, and happy.

I went up to the nearest gate, which stood wide open, and saw for a moment the streets of the city. They looked as if they were overlaid with one seamless covering of pure gold, as if it were transparent glass. The people were passing back and forth, and were all clothed in raiment of spotless white. The light was different from anything I had ever seen. There was something in it indescribably pure and soft, and yet

something so searching, that it seemed as if it must reveal the most secret recesses of the place, and bring to view all the hidden things of darkness. The very thought of exposing myself to its penetrating power made me shrink back; and just at that moment some one, who seemed to have charge of the entrance, asked me if I wished to come in. I replied that I was afraid I was unfit for a place so pure and happy. He inquired, in the most gentle manner, if I had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, or had prepared myself with the robes of his righteousness. I told him I had been long a professed follower of His, and hoped I had an interest in His merits. It seemed to me I would have given ten thousand worlds if, at that instant, I could have felt that I had known nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and him crucified; and had spent my time and strength only in making known the riches of his grace to a sinful, dying world.

After a moment's pause, I was directed to step into an apartment, which I saw at a short distance on the right side of me, and was told to wait there until I was invited to come in, through the gate, into the heavenly city. I hastened to obey his direction, but not without the most painful doubts and conjectures as to the end.

I found two or three other persons in the place; and as soon as I was seated, and the tumult of my thoughts would permit, I cast my eyes around the room until they fixed upon a young man of about my own age, whose face seemed very familiar to me. He was at the extreme end of the apartment, and it seemed as if the same strange, unearthly light, which filled the holy city, extended to the room we were in. When I approached my supposed acquaintance, I saw a deathly paleness upon his countenance; and before him, at a little distance, were two or three lads, one of whom was addressing him in a most impassioned manner, with peculiar earnestness of countenance and violent gestures. My friend did not notice me at all, though I went very near to him, and seated myself where he must have observed me, if his eyes had not been riveted to the objects before him.

As soon as I went near enough to have a full view of his face, I immediately recognized an old associate in the Sabbath-school at —, where we had been fellow teachers for some time, ten or twelve years before. His class was then immediately behind mine, and part of our way to the school-room was the same; so that we often came and went together. Though I had not seen or heard from him since we separated in 1824, I soon had a perfect recollection of his countenance and voice.

I was now near enough to see and hear distinctly what was passing. The first complete sentence that fell upon my ear was—*"And you did not—no, you did not."* While I was wondering in myself what all this could mean, a person passed near me who seemed to be familiar with the place and scenes, and I asked him, in a whisper, what was the meaning of it all.

He told me that the man I saw, and whom the lad was addressing, had come that morning to the gate of the city, and asked admission. Like all other applicants, he had been sent into that place to see if any one had aught to say why he should not be received. "It seems that this person was once a Sabbath-school teacher on the earth, and the lad was a member of his class; and," said my informer, "I should think,

from his manner and tone, that he had some very grave charges against his teacher." Again I listened.

"And another thing I can say, and it ought to lay heavy on your soul," said the youth. "It was on that rainy Sabbath when one of the boys, who had once belonged to our school, was buried. I had been to see his lifeless body. I was filled with fears of death and judgment. I knew that that boy had been called away in his sins, and that he was unprepared for eternity. Something whispered to me, 'Be ye also ready.'"

"I went to school with a sick and heavy heart. I longed to have you ask me what ailed me; and I was determined to tell you, if you did, that I was afraid to die, and that I wished to be a better boy. But you gave me no chance. After telling us about our next lesson, and reading to us a story about some old martyr, you leaned back in your chair, and read a library book. My soul was so troubled that I could not sit still; and I tried to attract your notice, but it was in vain. *The hour was gone.* I was thinking all the afternoon of what I would have given if you had just opened the way for me to tell you what I felt; but before the next Sabbath all my desire to open my heart to you, or to any one else, had left me.

"Two or three years rolled away, in which I scarcely had a thought of my soul's affairs. O what I could have done in those three years, if I had been a child of God, instead of being a child of the devil! What an influence I could have exerted over the minds of my thoughtless associates! They were years of health and activity; and in a thousand ways I could have employed myself in the service of my rightful Lord and Master; but they were all wasted, and worse than wasted. And yet, if, in that favored moment, you had felt interest enough in me to mark the expression of my countenance, and to inquire what influence the alarming providence of God had exerted upon my mind and heart, I could have told you *then* what I never could have told you afterwards; and the disclosure of my feelings would, as we now see, have resulted in my conversion to God at that time.

"Nor is this all. There must be set to your account the loss of all which I could and should have been instrumental in doing for the glory of God, and the happiness of my fellow men, if you had been watchful and faithful. The time that I wasted in folly and wickedness, I might have employed in preparing myself to become a translator of the Bible, or a publisher of the glad tidings of salvation to far distant nations of idolaters. Thousands and thousands might have received their first knowledge of a crucified Saviour from my lips, who will now go down to the grave without ever hearing the joyful sound.

"It was in the vain and giddy pursuit of pleasure, during that interval, that I laid the foundation of premature disease, and shortened at once the period of my probation and the opportunity to redeem the time I had lost. *All this was because that precious seed-time of a single hour was lost;* and it was lost through your inattention and unfaithfulness! Thanks be to God, that in his infinite grace and mercy, he sent another and a wiser teacher to take your place; and through his instrumentality, I was plucked as a brand from the burning, and am now a child of God and an heir of glory!"

Scarcely had these words left his lips, when one of the youths behind him pressed forward, as if impatient to be heard. As soon as he came near, the countenance of my old associate fell; his knees smote together, and it seemed as if he could scarcely retain his seat. The features of the youth, too, betrayed the most agonizing emotions.

"Ah," cried he, "I do not wonder that fearfulness seizes your spirit, and that conscience is harrowed up within you, when you see me come up hither as your accuser. You know what I can say of your omissions and negligences, for they have cost me what worlds upon worlds can never compensate.

"I was long a member of your Sabbath-school class, and when you first received me, though a guilty and depraved creature, I was patient and tractable. My dear mother was happy when she committed me to the care of one who she supposed was competent to instruct me in wisdom's ways, and who would be deeply concerned for my spiritual and eternal well-being.

"For months and months you heard us repeat questions, to which we attached little meaning and no importance. You read, or told us a story once in awhile, and sometimes explained to us the meaning of words, and the reason why we should do this thing and avoid that; but it was a dull and heartless round of preaching; and soon your long exhortations served only to alienate my mind from all serious subjects, and effectually to close the door against the truth.

"I now see, and so do you, that had you sought earnestly and diligently for divine wisdom to enable you to discharge the solemn and momentous trust you had assumed; had you applied yourself closely and patiently to the duties of your office; had you availed yourself faithfully of all the helps which were within your reach, you might have taken me, in the early period of my connexion with you, and led me to the source of all knowledge and grace; and you might have so rightfully and skillfully divided the word of truth as to have suited the wants and capacities of the immortal beings under your care.

"But all this you neglected to do. You examined the lesson perhaps for a few moments, and, it may be, uttered a formal prayer for the divine blessing; but no one, who saw you at your post, would have suspected, from any thing in your language or manner, that you were any more concerned in, or responsible for, the salvation of your class, than if they had no souls. You never shed a tear of pity over what you often called our lost and ruined state. You never uttered an expression of affectionate and anxious interest in our salvation. You never told us in a direct, simple, and feeling manner, of our danger and our refuge. You had a round of phrases about life and death, heaven and hell, time and eternity; but they were heard as they were said, without any emotion, until they became too trite and senseless to excite any thing but disgust. Many a time was my heart tender, after hearing the prayers and counsels of my mother; but when I came to school, and saw how indifferent you were to my salvation—when I found you were willing to part with me, Sabbath after Sabbath, without the least anxiety, not knowing that if I should be called into eternity, my soul would be endlessly miserable—when I saw all this, how could I be otherwise than careless and secure in my sins?

"You know when I left you and the school. No entreaties of my mother could induce me to return; and you never came to inquire why I was absent. You passed our door often, and in my sight, but never even asked after me. When my Sabbaths became tiresome, I sought for companions and pleasures. I soon learned to disregard holy time—to sport with sacred names and things—to make light of parental restraint, and to drown reflection and remorse in the intoxicating cup.

"It was not long before I became a monster of ingratitude, and bro't the gray hairs of my kind mother to the grave. As my guilt increased, I became more and more desperate. I threw off all fear of God and man, and plunged into the vortex of sin and folly. Then disease came upon me like an armed man. My enfeebled body soon sunk under its power, and I was summoned to the house appointed for all living. Oh! the agony I felt in the hour of my dissolution. My mind wandered back to the Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges of my early life. I seemed to revisit the place I had occupied in school; and to see your face and hear your voice; and then the solemn words *Heaven, Hell, Judgment, Eternity*, would steal over my memory, in the same tones in which you uttered them so many hundred times; and although now there was a horrible apprehension of their meaning, my heart seemed steeled to every good impression. It was in my very soul to curse you, for letting such precious seasons for my instruction in truth and holiness pass away so unprofitably; and I wished the day could be blotted out in which I first set my foot within that school.

"But the die is cast; my destiny is fixed—unchangeably fixed—eternally fixed. I sink under the dreadful wrath of an offended God, and a rejected Saviour!

"I know not where your abode is to be; but if I could dwell with you I would never cease to cry out against you—'Oh, teacher! teacher! how could you see me destroying my soul, and trifling with the brief and precious season of grace, and yet never once lay hold of me, and say—**CHILD OF THE DUST, ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE!** How could you see me making haste to death, and not, even once, warn me, intelligibly and earnestly, of my danger? Not, even once, seek me in my wanderings, and with all your strength try to bring me back to the ways of safety!'

"But I am beckoned away to the dark prison of despair. I go down, under a mountain of guilt, into the realms of endless woe; where is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Shall not my blood be required at your hands?"

Never, never did I behold, or imagine, such a mingled expression of horror and despair, as settled upon the countenance of that young man as he withdrew from the room; and such a look of reproach and upbraiding as he fixed on his teacher! It seemed enough to wither the stoutest courage.

So intensely were my feelings excited by the whole scene, that I had risen from my seat, and while advancing unconsciously towards the parties, I saw, in the distance, a care-worn figure, almost bowed down to the ground, in the place which the young man had just left. It was his mother!

Not a word was spoken on either side. She stood like a statue, with

her eye fixed on the former teacher of her beloved boy. He waved his hand to her to leave him; but there she stood, in silence, until the self-condemned and miserable man covered his face with his hands, and I thought he would sink into utter despair.

Around and behind her was a large company of young men and women, the associates of her son, who had been misguided and ruined by his influence. They were all prepared to charge the ruin of their souls, directly or indirectly, to the negligence and unfaithfulness of that same Sunday-school teacher; and to imprecate the curse of Heaven upon his head. Their countenances were expressive of the utmost malignity and desperation. And, to my utter concern and horror, I saw among them one of my own class, who had strayed from my care, and fallen into the company of the ungodly!

A deathly chill instantly crept over me. I trembled from head to foot. The door seemed to be open near me. I sprang towards it with all the energy that my sinking frame possessed. The effort awakened me. The first soft rays of light were beaming upon the horizon; the birds were abroad on the wing, filling the air with their sweetest music; and the grateful breath of morning soon invigorated my exhausted frame.

I went to the duties of life, though with a heavy heart. I prepared myself, as I never did before, for the duties of the succeeding Sabbath; and I have never met my class since that memorable night, without a vivid recollection of every circumstance of my dream.

HUMAN LIFE.

JOB xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—O! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

OUR TREASURES AND OUR HEARTS.

BY J. V. K.

It is a principle implanted in our intellectual and moral constitution, that the affections more or less rule the intellect, as well as the intellect can regulate more or less the affections. This can be best explained by plain, practical illustrations.

If a true relation exist between a husband and wife, and one of them is absent for a space of time from the family, the mind of the remaining one will be more or less occupied with the image of the one absent. Every little inconvenience that is experienced in the family, in consequence of the absence of that parent, will intensify the thought in the minds of the remaining members, and with that their affections will be more warmly drawn out toward the absent one, so much so that the return will produce a peculiar sensation in the family.

So also if a dutiful child should be filled with a desire to visit a foreign land for the purpose of seeking a location for life, the minds of the parents will be almost constantly directed to that particular spot of earth, and with their affections thus drawn out, will observe every change in the circumstances of that place that would have a tendency to affect his health or prosperity. Many little things of his former history, which, without his absence, would have remained almost forgotten, will now be revived, and increase their love toward him. In consequence of this power which the heart and intellect have upon each other, a wandering prodigal son is often received with the open arms of a parent's love, who thinks it not too great a token of his affection, to kill a fatted calf for his entertainment.

This principle is illustrated also by the fact, that every man's business, profession, or practice, has a sanctifying or deleterious effect upon his mind and heart. The business man's mind being filled with thoughts pertaining to his occupation, will become more or less so much engrossed as to manifest a general unconcern about every other. His affections will often become so far regulated by his business, as that he believes himself altogether unadapted to any other pursuit. The sense of moral guilt, which in the eyes of others attaches, or should be felt by him, becomes more blunt as his mind grows intense in his business.

For instance, the merchant—without the least thought of being guilty of a violation of the eighth commandment—will not feel it his duty to point out to the purchaser the inferiority of the article offered. Whereas in other circumstances such deception, as we may call it, would be nothing less than an evidence of wilful dishonesty. Likewise the landlord, who exercises no discretion in selling liquor to the already intoxicated individual, appears to be altogether insensible to the moral guilt of the act of overloading the stomach, already paralysed and inflamed with alcohol. Also the physician, who, through indifference to the disease of the patient, allows it to become so deep-seated as to baffle all skill, is more or less unconscious of the wickedness of his conduct. The lawyer will engage himself to defend his dishonest and wicked client,

without thinking that he is guilty of rescuing a criminal from justice, or encouraging vice and immorality. So that it is an evident truth, that the intellect has power to rule the affections, and the affections power to direct the intellect.

Also godly and ungodly studies have their influence upon the mind and heart. If a person's heart has been sanctified or changed by the influence of the gospel, his mind will become more deeply interested in subjects that pertain to his own welfare and that of others. The more he studies God's word and his duties, the more will his heart become sanctified, his affections grow strong, his love increase, and his soul become transformed into the image of God. On the other hand if the heart is unsanctified, the mind will be directed to unholy subjects, and a corresponding influence will operate upon the soul. Likewise, if the mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, gathered from whatever source, although the heart is under the influence of grace, it cannot remain long so, if such worldly thoughts are not speedily transplanted by heavenly ones. So that it is a law of our nature to love what we think much about and to think much about what we love. For that reason Christ has said, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Now, young reader, do you believe this? Do you believe that sin in its various forms may in this way get hold of your affections before you are aware of it. Do you know that if you think much about the ball-room, the theatre, the card-table, the society of the profligate, obscene, licentious, profane and drunken, that, unless you are led to seek a remedy for those sins you may sooner or later find yourself in love with one or more of those positions, places or habits, and become so captivated that you will never be able to deliver yourself.

By visiting and thinking much about the gaieties and frivolities of the ball-room, its immoral influence will gradually lesson in your view, and finally you may think it not inconsistent for the christian to be found there oftener than in the house of God, although you once thought differently. Also the theatre may at first sight shock your pious feelings, but if you suppress them, and hush conscience, by your frequent visits to that place of vanity, you will not only go there without any compunctions of conscience yourself, but will even try to persuade others that it is not wicked. A few visits to gambling-rooms will perhaps also change the moral aspect of the place in the eyes of young men, so much so that they often change their minds very unexpectedly, and hesitate not to engage in the games. So also with respect to the society of the profligate, obscene, licentious, profane and drunken.

The habits of the profligate may, at first sight, surprise us; the language of the obscene may at first sound strangely; the conduct of the licentious may at first sight appear revolting; profanity may also be odious and drunkenness disgusting to those unaccustomed to them; but if we show any disposition to court such company and practices, they will soon be our treasures—they will soon gain our hearts, for "where our treasure is there will our hearts be also."

Lay not up in your hearts such treasures of earth, which will eat up your good principles like moth, corrupt your affections like rust, and steal your character like thieves; but lay up in your hearts the treasures of heaven, pointed to in the word of God.

G O D I S L O V E .

BY JOSEPHUS.

How beautiful the idea! How consoling the thought, that He who is Omnipotent, in whom we "live, move and have our being," is love! How emphatically do all his works, his providences, and his dealings with his creatures, declare the truth that "God is Love." His works not only declare his glory, but his love. His love is above us and beneath us, around and about us, that it preserves us whithersoever we go. No affliction or chastisement can come upon us, but this soothing, healing balm of love accompanies it to bind up the wound and make all things work together for our good. The hand that raises the rod is love: yea, the rod is love itself, so that we have a longing desire to kiss it.

It is a noble trait that often shines so conspicuously even in man's depraved and sinful condition. Behold him! as he is often prompted from within by this heavenly characteristic, to render aid to the needy, comfort to the distressed, and to become a mutual partaker with others, of all their trials and afflictions; and often even to lay down and risk his life for the safety of those in danger. Therefore the Saviour said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is the utmost degree of man's love, beyond this it cannot go. Keep in mind, beloved reader, that God as love, laid down his life for his enemies. Is not such love unspeakable?

In man it makes friends of our enemies, so that they find themselves interested in each others welfare. It breaks the cord of selfishness, reconciles their differences, and buries all their animosity in the sea of oblivion, that they become one in life and in death. Yea, by it our own individuality is swallowed up, as it were, in another, that we weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice in the true sense of the term. This is also true of God's love. How does God love us? He loves us in our sins, even whilst we are his enemies, having no love for him. This love thus manifested towards us in our unfriendly relation towards God, contrived a way even to reconcile us as enemies to God, who is love. It became incarnate in Christ as Emmanuel, God with us. In him he is willing to forgive our enmity—reconcile the world unto himself—and for enmity give us friendship, happiness, glory and peace. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we"—who are rebels against him—"should be called" his sons and daughters. Yes, he now loves in Christ. In Christ his love is as strong as death, yea, stronger, for death had no terrors for his love, when the happiness and eternal welfare of his enemies depended upon the death of his only and well beloved Son. Yes, he drank the bitter dregs of the poisonous cup and died for his enemies—for you, beloved reader, for you. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us"—his enemies. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world,

that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

"O for such love, let rock and hills,
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

Beloved, if God so loved us, should we not love him in return? What could be more reasonable, when the profit will be ours? How suitable that every thing you read should spring from and be based upon that glorious truth, that "God is love." Think of it, and let it be the element in which you move, that it may tranquilize all the evil passions and affections of a depraved heart. Seek it, by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that it may be shed abroad in your heart, and that you may dwell in God, and God in you. Count all things else but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of such love that saves from hell and exalts to heaven. Yield yourself unto him, who loved you and is willing to wash you in his own blood, that you may be kings and priests unto God and his Father. Let your love be in deed and in truth.

O! CARRY ME HOME TO DIE!

O! carry me back to my childhood's home,
Where the ocean surges roar;
Where its billows dash on a rock-bound coast,
And moan forevermore.
I'm pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath a stranger's eye—
O, carry me home—O carry me home—
O, carry me home to die!

I sigh in vain for my native hills;
Their sweet and balmy air
Would waft away, from my youthful brow,
Each trace of gloomy care.
I sigh to breathe on the air of home,
To gaze on its starry sky;
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—
O, carry me home to die!

I long to see my mother again,
And hear her sweetly say:
"Come, weary dove! here is thy rest;
Then fold thy wings away."
'Twould ease my pain to hear her voice,
When death had darken'd my eye;
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—
O, carry me home to die!

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,
Beside the loved and dead;
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest this weary head.
I would sweetly sleep, if you buried me there,
Beneath New England's sky;
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—
O, carry me home to die!

P A R A B L E S .

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

III.—THE DOUBLE HOME.

Now listen, children, what I say concerning the double home of men.

Once on a glorious night in spring-time, a father and his son William, were walking together out beneath the open sky. For a long time they went silently and thoughtfully side by side. At length William said: How they move across the heavens the beautiful clouds, and there is ever one floating above the other, and between them the stars are twinkling and sparkling; they look and shine down on us—not so, father?

Yes, my dear William, they shine on us, and on all creatures and plants.

It always seems to me, father, as if they called to me, if I had once been with them: I would like to be up yonder again.

Would you, William? All men long to get there.

But I also wish to be with you, father; for when I am away from you I also long to be where you are.

Thus it is, my son. When you are in a strange house you long for your own home, for me and your mother, brothers and sisters; and when you look up beyond the stars, you long also to be there.

Yes, father, so it is: but why is this so?

This is on account of the DOUBLE HOME of men, William.

The double home, how is this, father?

It is thus, my child: We have a home yonder, higher than the stars; we have also a home on the earth. Behold! we wander here, and the earth is the place of our present abode; but high yonder there is also a father's house; there too we would love to walk abroad. There is the eternal home of man, and it is ever drawing his thoughts upward. Therefore, live piously and be good, and look often above you: for there too are brothers, and sisters, and father, and mother, and you, and we will all get there at last, to be with God who is our Father in Heaven, and with Jesus who prepared that home for us, and with the angels who dwell there. Be pious and good. Do you wish to be so?

Yes, said William, I wish to be pious, and he walked with his father home.

IV.—EVIL COMPANY.

Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda—"Father, you must think that we are very weak and childish,

since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child!" said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white hand was black, and without thinking she touched her white dress and it was also blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased, as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals!"

"Yes, truly," said her father. "You see, my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has nevertheless *blackened you*! So is the company of immoral persons.

V.—THE ACCEPTED TIME.

An industrious farmer, who was careful to improve his lands, had one field which was thickly covered with coarse gravel stones. These he wished to have removed. The work of picking these stones he divided among his children.

He called them together and said: "Go now quickly to work, while you have time, and the weather is favorable."

They all went earnestly to work, each on his part, except Frank, who deferred his work and spent his time in all kinds of amusements with other boys. The rest finished their work before Frank had even begun with his.

"When," they asked him, "do you intend to pick the stones from your part of the field? See, we have finished our work, and you have not even commenced!"

"O," said Frank, "is not the year long, and summer is at the door. When summer has once fairly set in, I will do more in one day than you have done in a whole week."

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the air and the earth was made hot by its beams, he became weary; for the work was now too hard for him, and drops of sweat rolled from his face whenever he made an attempt to work, and he gave up through weariness. Then he said to himself: "I will wait until the cool autumn time comes; then this work will be easy to me, and I will finish it without difficulty.

Thus the summer passed, and the air became cool by the winds which began to blow from the north. Now Frank was determined to go earnestly to work. Scarcely, however, had he commenced when fierce showers of rain drove him frequently from the field, and he came wet to the house.

"These showers will soon cease," he said; "there will be many lovely days when once autumn with its rough storms is past, before the winter sets in."

Thus spake Frank—and winter drew on apace. As the sky grew clear, the storms ceased, and the sun shone clearly from the cloudless heaven, he hastened again to the field. But with what confusion did he

now perceive his error, and his folly, when it was too late. It was now impossible to pick the stones, for they were frozen fast to the earth! Sadly and filled with shame he was compelled to return to the house.

What thou doest, do quickly. You will regret every delay in doing necessary work. The present hour is yours; you know not whether a future one will be yours or not! How will you once in old age be ashamed and filled with sorrow when you see that the most lovely part of your life is past, and you have not used it to the proper purposes of life.

Not so your dying eyes will view,
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.

L I T T L E B Y L I T T L E .

"Little by little," a child did say,
As it past its time in quiet play;
And straightway in my mind was wrought
The germ of many a simple thought.
"Little by little" the grass doth grow,
Covering all the earth below;
"Little by little" the root we see
Climbing up to the full grown tree;
"Little by little" the cloudlets form
The thunder cloud of the mighty storm;
"Little by little" the feathery snow
Pileth up mountain heights below;
"Little by little" the drops of rain
Fall on mountain, vale and plain,
Till the mad'ning torrents onward rush
Like a strong war-horse with victory flush;
"Little by little" the patient ant
Layeth up food for her future want;
"Little by little" the busy bee
Sippeth up sweets from tree to tree,
Till the tables of the rich man groan
With the luscious fruit of the honey-comb;
"Little by little" in God's great plan
"The child is father of the man;"
"Little by little" the darkness flies
From the curtained folds of the Eastern skies,
At the slow approach of the burning sun;
"Little by little" freedom's won,
And the might of error giveth way
To the full glad light of the perfect day;
"Little by little" the heart is warmed,
"Little by little" friendship is formed;
"Little by little" the seeds of grace
Grow in the human heart apace,
Till the angels sing with joy above
O'er a soul made free by redeeming love:
"Little by little" is my theme;
"Little by little" ends the dream
Which rose in my mind, on a summer's day,
From the careless words of a child at play.

SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS poet, so familiar to all lovers of elegant poetry, died lately in a golden old age. He was born at Newington Green, a village now included in London, in 1762, and was therefore at the time of his death, about 93 years old. What a period to be extended over by one human existence! What "pleasures of memory" must rise up before the mind of a good man toward the close of so long a life.

It is said that the desire of becoming a poet was first awakened in his bosom when only nine years old by the reading Beattie's *Minstrel*. When only fourteen years old he had a strong desire to have an interview with Dr. Johnson, and for this purpose he presented himself twice at the door of the great moralist. The first time Dr. Johnson was not at home; and the second time, "after ringing the bell, the heart of the young aspirant misgave him, and he retreated without waiting for the servant." This modesty and diffidence was a sure sign of his worth, if not of his talent.

Mr. Rogers seems to have lived quietly during the latter part of his life, enjoying a rich honor in the favor with which his poetry was received in England, and in America, and far as the English tongue is known.

There is a brief notice of his life in Dr. Aikin's edition of the *British Poets*, which will be read with interest in connection with the notice of his death:

Samuel Rogers, one of the most elegant of the British poets, was the son of a banker, and himself follows that business in London, where he he was born, about 1760. He received a learned education, which he completed by traveling through most of the countries of Europe, including France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, &c. He has been all his life master of an ample fortune, and not subject, therefore, to the common reverses of an author, in which character he first appeared in 1787, when he published a spirited *Ode to Superstition*, with other poems. These were succeeded, after an interval of five years, by the *Pleasures of Memory*; a work which at once established his fame as a first-rate poet. In 1798, he published his *Epistle to a Friend*, with other poems; and did not again come forward, as a poet, till 1814, when he added to a collected edition of his works, his somewhat irregular poem of the *Vision of Columbus*. In the same year came out his *Jaqueline*, a tale, in company with Lord Byron's *Lara*; and, in 1819, his *Human Life*. In 1822, was published his first part of *Italy*, which has since been completed, in three volumes, duodecimo; and of which, a recent edition has been given to the world, accompanied with numerous engravings. This poem is his last and greatest, but by no means his best, performance; though an eminent writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* calls it "perfect as a whole." There are certainly many very beautiful descriptive passages to be found in it; and it is totally free from metricalness: but we think the author has too often mistaken common-place for simplicity, to

render it of much value to his reputation, as a whole. It is as the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, that he will be chiefly known to posterity, though, at the same time, some of his minor poems are among the most pure and exquisite fragments of verse, which the poets of this age have produced. In society, few men are said to be more agreeable in manners and conversation than the venerable subject of our memoir; and his benevolence is said to be on a par with his taste and accomplishments. Lord Byron must have thought highly of his poetry, if he were sincere in saying, "We are all wrong excepting Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell."

We agree with the critic just quoted that his master-piece is the "*Pleasures of Memory*." This poem was written in 1792; and had been, therefore, at the poet's death, already some fifty-seven years a favorite with the literary world. There is a soft and soothing harmony in its style, and a mellow plaintive tenderness in its tone, and a purity and subdued cheerfulness in its sentiments, which has often made us happier, and we trust better. It is full of touching appeals to our better feelings. The luxury of doing good, which he so beautifully describes, was often felt by himself as he ministered to the poor, only on a larger scale than that recorded in these lines :

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray,
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Being rich he was in a situation to indulge his benevolent taste. "His bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan," and was to the end of his life exerted to a large extent, annually, in behalf of suffering and unfriended talent.

It is difficult to quote specimens of beauty from this most delightful of poems—they are only paradises in a paradise. Here is one, the force of which many a roving youth has felt :

Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

What pathos moves, like a sympathising spirit, in the following lines:

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,

The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
 But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
 Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave !
 Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, e'en here, with pleasures long resign'd,
 Lo ! Memory bursts the twilight of the mind.
 Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
 When the rude scourge assumes its base control ;
 And o'er futurity's blank page diffuse
 The full reflection of her vivid hues.
 'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;
 Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
 The simple transports that with freedom flew ;
 Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,
 And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;
 The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
 And chant the rude, traditionary verse
 With those, the loved companions of his youth,
 When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

We cannot refrain from quoting the closing paragraphs of this charming poem. With what sublimity our minds and hearts are carried away to higher and holier regions than earth. We doubt whether a passage of its kind equal to it can be found in the whole range of the poets. Of memory, he says :

But is her magic only felt below ?
 Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow :
 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
 She yields delight but faintly imaged here :
 All that till now their rapt researches knew ;
 Not call'd in slow succession to review,
 But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
 At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,
 And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;
 Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
 Since first creation's choral anthem flow'd ;
 Each ready fight, at mercy's call divine,
 To distant world's that undiscover'd shine ;
 Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
 And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar ;
 No more to part, to mingle tears no more !
 And, as the softening hand of time endears
 The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
 So there the soul, released from human strife,
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;
 Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;
 As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 To hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature open'd to their view !

Of, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please ;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

O thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below ;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout, yet cheerful, active, yet resign'd ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The still inspiring voice of innocence and truth !

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway !
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone ;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well spent hour ?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

We know nothing of the poet's religious opinions. His poetry is *always* pure, moral, and elevating. No doubt the stream, whose banks are so green with life, and graced with the rich odors of ardent and cheerful hope, has its source "fast by the holy oracle." Peace to the ashes of the sweet poet ! His prayer is answered, where he asks that in the "future age" he may still

Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start !
And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just !

SELF-RESPECT.—Those who would gain the respect of others must first respect themselves.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XVI.—THE ALMUG TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

This tree is mentioned in the Bible among the wood which Hiram brought from Ophir for the building of Solomon's temple. 1 Kings 10: 11. It is mentioned in two other places; 2 Chron. 2: 8, and 9, 10, 11, where, by a transposition of the last three letters, it is called *Algum* tree. It was used for pillars in the temple, and also in the king's own house; besides they made harps and psalteries for the singers, of this wood.

What kind of tree is it? Here critics have differed. Some of the Rabbins say coral; others say ebony or pine. "Calmet is of opinion that by *almug*, or *algum*, or simply *gum*, taking *al* for an article, is to be understood an oily and gummy wood." But it has been well said that a wood abounding with resin would be very unfit for the uses to which this wood was applied, as for instance, musical instruments. Dr. Shaw supposes that it is the cypress-tree; but assigns no reason for this opinion except that the wood of this tree is still used in Italy and other places for violins, harpsichords, and other stringed instruments.

The German orientalists are no doubt right in considering it the same with the sandal tree. This is the opinion of Rosenmueller. This tree grows in India, and is the size of the walnut tree. It bears blossoms, the petals of which are formed like wings of the butterfly, and it bears a bean as long as the human finger, with two and three seeds in each. The trunk and the limbs are defended by strong, sharp thorns, and the leaves covered with down. The wood is delightfully fragrant, firm, hard and heavy. It is of a red color, but when exposed to the air it soon turns black. In India they carve images of their god Vishnu out of the wood of the sandal tree. On the occasion of the burial of some prominent personage whole piles of it are burnt to fill the air with pleasant incense. In Europe it is bruised, and thus used in fumigations. The fact that the wood of the sandal tree gives out its fragrance most richly when it is bruised, has given the Persian poet Saadi a beautiful illustration of forgiveness:

"The sandal tree perfumes when riven
The axe that laid it low:
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe!"

FULLER, truthfully says: He lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.

THE COAT OF JESUS AND THE CLOAK OF PAUL.

BY S. R. L. GAUSSEN.

WOULD THE APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF CERTAIN DETAILS OF THE BIBLE JUSTIFY US
IN SEPARATING THEM FROM THE INSPIRED PORTION?

"Does it comport with the dignity of inspiration to accompany the thought of the Apostle Paul, even into those vulgar details into which we see him descend in some of his letters? Would the Holy Spirit condescend to dictate to him those public salutations which terminate his epistles; or those medical counsels to Timothy concerning his stomach and his often infirmities; or those commissions with which he charges him, with regard to his parchments and a certain cloak which he had left at the house of Carpus at Troas, when he was leaving Asia?"

THE reader will suffer us to beseech him to be cautious of this objection when, holding the Bible in his hands, he happens not to recognize on the first perusal, the signs of God's hand in such or such a passage of the word. Let those imprudent hands not cast one verse of it out of the temple of the scriptures. They hold an eternal book, all of whose authors have said with St. Paul: "And I think that I too have the spirit of the Lord!" If then he does not yet see any thing divine in such or such a passage, the fault is in him and not in the passage. Let him rather say with Jacob: "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Gen. 28: 16. This book can sustain the light of science; for it will bear that of the last day. The heavens and the earth shall pass; but none of its words shall fail, not even to the least letter. God declares to every one that heareth the words of this prophecy, that if any one shall take away from the words of this book, God will take away his part from the book of life. Rev. 22: 18, 19.

Let us examine more closely the alleged passages. St. Paul from the depths of his prison sends for his cloak. He has left it at the house of Carpus, in Troas, and he entreats Timothy to hasten to him before winter, and not forget to bring it to him. This domestic detail, so many thousand times objected against the inspiration of the Scriptures, from the days of the Anomians of whom St. Jerome speaks: this detail seems to you too trivial for an apostolic book, or at least too insignificant and too foreign from all practical utility, for the dignity of inspiration. Unhappy however, is he who does not perceive its pathetic grandeur.

Jesus Christ also, on the day of his death, spoke of his cloak and of his vesture. Would you have this passage taken away from the inspired volume? It was after a night of fatigue and anguish. They had led him about the streets of Jerusalem for seven successive hours, by the light of torches, from street to street, from tribunal to tribunal, buffeting him, covering him with a veil, striking his head with staves. The morrow's sun was not yet risen, before they had bound his hands with cords, to lead him again from the high priest's house to Pilate's Prætorium. There, lacerated with rods, bathed in his own blood, then delivered for the last punishment to ferocious soldiers, he had seen his garments all

stripped off, that they might clothe him in a scarlet robe, whilst they bowed the knee before him, placed the reed in his hands, and spit upon his face. Then, before laying his cross upon his bruised frame, they had replaced his garments upon his wounds, to lead him to Calvary; but, when they were about to proceed to the execution, they took them away for the third time; and it is then that, stripped of every thing, first his cloak, then his coat, then of even his under-dress, he must die naked upon the malefactor's gibbet, in the view of an immense multitude. Was there ever seen under heaven, a man, who has not found these details, touching, sublime, inimitable? And was one ever seen, who, from the account of this death, thought of retrenching as useless or too vulgnr, the history of these garments which they divided among them—or of this cloak for which they cast lots? Has not infidelity itself said in speaking of that event, that the majesty of the Scriptures astonished it, that their simplicity spoke to its heart; that the death of Socrates was that of a sage, but Jesus Christ's, that of a God!—and if the divine inspiration was reserved for a mere portion of the holy books, would it not be for these very details? Would it not be for the history of that love, which, after having lived upon the earth poorer than the birds of the air and the foxes of the field, was willing to die still poorer, deprived of all, even to its cloak and its under-garments, and fastened naked to the malefactor's gibbet with the arms extended and nailed to the wood? Ah! be not solicitous for the Holy Spirit; he has not derogated from his own majesty; and so far from thinking that he was stooping too low in announcing these facts to the world, he has hastened to recount them to it; and that too, a thousand years in advance. At the period of the Trojan war he already was singing them upon the harp of David: "They have pierced my hands and my feet," said he, "they look and stare upon me, they part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

But it is the same Spirit who would show us St. Paul writing to Timothy, and requesting him to bring his cloak. Hear him; he too is stripped of every thing. In his youth, he was already eminent, a favorite of princes, admired of all; but now he has left every thing for Christ. It is now thirty years and more, that he has been poor, in labors more than the others; in wounds, more than they; in prison oftener: five times he had received of the Jews forty stripes, save one; thrice was he beaten with rods; once he was stoned; thrice he has suffered shipwreck; often in journeyings; in perils upon the sea, in perils in the city, in perils in the desert; in watchings oft, in hunger and in thirst, in cold and nakedness (we quote his own words.) Hear him now; behold him advanced in age; he is in his last prison; he is at Rome; he is expecting his sentence of death; he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; but he is cold, winter is coming on, and he is poorly clad! Buried in a dungeon of the Mamertine prison, he is so much despised, that even all the Christians of Rome are ashamed of him, and that at his first appearing, no man was willing to befriend him. Yet, he had received, ten years before, while a prisoner at Rome, and loaded with chains, at least some money from the Philippians; who, knowing his sufferings, united together in their indigence, to send him some succor. But now, behold him forsaken; no one but St. Luke is with him; all have abandoned him; winter is approaching. He would

need a cloak; he has left his own, two hundred leagues off, at the house of Carpus in Troas; and no one in the cold prisons of Rome would lend him one. Has he not then left every thing, with joy, for Christ; and does he not suffer all things cheerfully for the elect's sake. We were ourselves at Rome, last year, in a hotel, on a rainy day, in the beginning of November. Chilled by the piercing dampness of the cold, evening air, we had a vivid conception of the holy apostle in the subterranean dungeons of the capitol, dictating the last of his letters, regretting the absence of his cloak, and entreating Timothy to bring it to him before the winter!

Who would then take from the inspired Epistles so striking and pathetic a feature? Does not the Holy Spirit carry you to the prison of Paul, to astonish you with this tender self-renunciation and this sublime poverty; just too, as he shewed you with your own eyes, his charity, some time before, when he made him write in his letter to the Philippians: "I weep in writing to you, because there are many among you, who mind earthly things, whose end is destruction?" Do you not seem to see him in his prison, loaded with chains, while he is writing, and tears are falling upon his parchment? And does it not seem to you that you behold that poor body, to-day miserably clothed, suffering and benumbed; to-morrow beheaded and dragged to the Tiber, in expectation of the day when the earth shall give up her dead, and the sea the dead which are in it; and when Christ shall transform our vile bodies, to make them like unto his own glorious body? And if these details are beautiful, think you they are not also useful? And if they are already useful to him who reads them as a simple historical truth, what will they not become to him who believes in their Theopneusty, and who says to himself: oh my soul, these words are written by Paul; but it is thy God who addresses them to thee? Who can tell the force and consolation, which, by their familiarity and naturalness, they have for eighteen centuries, conveyed into dungeons and huts! Who can count the poor and the martyrs, to whom such passages have given encouragement, example and joy? We just now remember, in Switzerland, the Pastor Juvet, to whom a coverlet was refused, twenty years ago, in the prisons of the Canton de Vaud. We remember that Jerome of Prague, shut up for three hundred and forty days in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and loathsome tower, and going out only to appear before his murderers. Nor have we forgotten the holy Bishop Hooper, quitting his dark and dismal dungeon, with wretched clothes and a borrowed cloak, to go to the scaffold, supported upon a staff, and bowed by the sciatica. Venerable brethren, happy martyrs; doubtless you then remembered your brother Paul, shut up in the prison of Rome, suffering from cold and nakedness, asking for his cloak! Ah! unfortunate he, who does not see the sublime humanity, the tender grandeur, the foreseeing and divine sympathy, the depth and the charm of such a mode of teaching! But still more unfortunate perhaps he, who declares it human, because he does not comprehend it. We would here quote the beautiful remarks of the respectable Haldane on this verse of St. Paul. "This passage, if you consider the place it occupies in this Epistle, and in the solemn farewells of Paul to his disciples, presents this Apostle to our view, in the situation most calculated to affect us. He has just been

before the Emperor; he is about to finish his days by martyrdom; his departure is at hand, the crown of the righteous is reserved for him; behold him on the confines of two worlds; in this which he is about to leave, ready to be beheaded, as a malefactor, by the orders of Nero; in that which he is going to enter, crowned as a just man by the Lord of lords; in this, abandoned of men; in that, welcomed by angels; in this, needing a poor cloak to cover him; in that, covered with the righteousness of the saints; clothed upon with his heavenly tabernacle of light and joy; so that mortality is swallowed up of life."

Alh, rather than object to such a passage, thereby to deprive the Scriptures of their infallibility, we should there recognize that wisdom of God, which, so often by one single touch, has given us instructions, for which, without that, many pages would have been necessary. We should adore that tender condescension, which, stooping even to our weakness, is pleased, not only to reveal to us the highest thoughts of heaven in the simplest language of earth, but also to offer them to us under forms so living, so dramatic, so penetrating, often compressing them in order to render them more intelligible, within the narrow space of a single verse.

It is then thus that St. Paul, by these words thrown at hazard even into the last commission of a familiar letter, casts for us a rapid flood of light over his ministry, and discovers to us by a word, the entire life of an Apostle; as a single flash of lightning, in the evening, illuminates in an instant, all the tops of our Alps; and as persons sometimes show you all their soul by a single look.

SECRET DEVOTION.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
A penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my sins and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
Such prospects of my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

FRAGRANT MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

" And there were old remembrances of days,
 When, on the glittering dews of orient life,
 Shone sunshine hopes, unfailed, unperjured then ;
 And there were childish sports, and school-boy feats,
 And school-boy sports.
 And thousand recollections, gay and sweet,
 Which, as the old and venerable man
 Approached the grave, around him, smiling, flocked,
 And breathed new ardor through his ebbing veins,
 And touched his lips with endless eloquence,
 And cheered and much refreshed his withered heart.
 Indeed, each thing remembered, all but guilt,
 Was pleazant, and a constant source of joy."

POLLOCK.

SOME say it is a good thing to be fondly attached to things that are old, and some say it is not. We do not wish at present directly to take either one side or the other in this war of ages. We try to cultivate charity and good nature. Still we confess that our feelings are somewhat decidedly with the old. * We have read that our first parents did not do very well by chiming in too readily with the new. Then, too, it falls in with one of the commandments, to love at least our old fathers and mothers ; and, we suppose, the spirit of this law would favor a reasonable amount of respect and deference to our uncles and aunts, if not even the old people generally. Then we can conceive how, by "the law of development," as they say in a certain school of thinking—this same feeling might extend to old houses, old churches, old graveyards, old tunes, old truths, old customs, and other old things "too tedious to mention."

One way in which this kind of taste manifests itself with peculiar strength in us is in our love for old books. We do not mean old books in the widest sense, though we have somewhat of that taste also, but we have reference to *our own old books*—those which we have had longest about us. Hence we carefully keep all the books we have brought with us from our childhood—those that are thumbed in spite of the "thumb-paper," and have their leaves turned down at the corners, in defiance of the "mark," and the "rule of the master," that this same thing "should not be done in school." We have also our "English Reader," and our first "Geography," which so vastly enlightened us in regard to the size of the world, and the number and the queer manners of many of its inhabitants. We also still possess our old "cyphering book," and our "first grammar ;" and then the other books in the line forward and up the ever-increasing steep of science, where at each new bound,

" Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Unfortunately some of our old books are lost ! This is owing to the fact, which we have no doubt accords with the experience of many of

our readers, that we had not as much sense when we were younger than we modestly think we have now. Hence we were not as careful in preserving our old school books as we now wish we had been. In consequence of this our youthful folly, our writing book, in which we made our first "strokes and hooks" is gone forever! Alas, what a price we would give to look on its face again. There was the beautiful copy line of "the master" at the top of the page. With what wonder did we use to look at that specimen of astonishing skill. What boy dare entertain the hope of ever writing "like the master!" Then there comes the first line of "hooks and strokes." They are pretty well made; but why?—examine closely and you will see that they are drawn over pencil strokes made by "the master." You can count exactly how far this pencil copy goes; then commence the original ones, the crooked and uncertain lines of which show that "every beginning is hard," as it is in the proverb. After a few lines are written—we ought to say *marked*—"the master" comes round, makes a few smooth ones again, takes the hand of the boy and guides it in making a few more; and then with, "be careful," leaves the tyro to work his way into the mysteries of letter-making. Now see how his ambition is newly roused! See how he puts down his face close to the paper, and turns it sideways, and moves his mouth with the pen, against the positive instructions of "the master." In his earnestness to do it well he has forgotten himself. But alas! they get worse and worse. See! towards the bottom of the page—what are those? They look no more like the "hooks and strokes" of the copy than Hebrew looks like English. The progress to worse and worse is owing, in part, to the boy's discouragement, but partly also to the too early development of his private judgment; for, it is easily seen that, after he got half way down the page, he looked no more at the copy, but at his own lines which were nearer the line on which he was writing. Since our boyhood we have known many who committed far more serious follies by losing the true copy out of sight, and trying to imitate their own crooked imitations. As the boy forgot, or disobeyed, "the master's" rule directing him to "look at the copy," so these older children do not heed the saying of wisdom: "Those measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves, are not wise."

As we said before, our copy book is lost. These are only our recollections of it. What would we give to have it back! but this cannot be. Those blotted pages, over which many hours of childish anxiety and sorrow were spent have long since returned to their elemental dust. Peace to their ashes! or, as the learned say, "Requiescat in pace!"

The same fate which has overtaken our "copy-book, has also carried away our old "spelling-book."

"We ne'er shall see it more!"

We do not remember the author. That was a small matter to us in school days. Authors were to us a kind of imaginary beings, so far removed from the common walks of life, that we never expected to look upon the like, and consequently we concerned ourselves little about them. The contents of the book are, however, fresh in our memory. There were the spelling columns which commenced with "baker, brier, cider." Then, a little farther on, was "crucifix"—for several years we used to

get that far by the time school left out in the spring, beginning again at "baker" the next fall. At length, however, we reached the picture of "the old man, and the rude boy on his apple tree stealing apples." This was an advance, indeed! Now we could begin the next fall at "crucifix"—"baker" having been left far behind, for "the smaller scholars," who were "less advanced." From "crucifix" we could reach "the names"—passing the "country woman with her pail of milk," the "mice and the cats," the "farmer and the lawyer," the "two travelers and the bears," "Jack and the bird's nest," and all the intervening mysteries of learning. At length the "grammar" was reached—not Kirkham's, but the one in the spelling-book, beginning "Ale, malt liquor." "Ail, to be sick," and so on. To be able to "spell all the grammar," was the highest point to be reached this side of the "English Reader." This once accomplished, then farewell spelling-book. Farewell "smaller boys." Farewell "baker, crucifix, old man and rude boy." Farewell ye snuffling bears, and unfortunate Jack in hunt of the bird's nest! These little things were all left behind; and we looked back upon the "little fellows in the spelling-book" with the same feelings of general condescension as those college students entertain towards the preparatorian. To be "in the English Reader" had its effect upon a boy's standing generally. It was felt even at noon in "tossing up for ball." The importance conferred on this advance was duly appreciated in its bearing upon a boy's general talent.

But we have wandered slightly. This spelling book we say is lost, and sorry we are for it. What is worse, it is out of print, and out of use. Alas, for the times! or as the learned say, "O tempora, O mores!" If that precious book is now still to be seen any where outside of "memory's mellowing glass," it must be in some old chests, book-cases, or garrets. How gladly would we send *The Guardian* one year to any one who would send us a copy of that "dear book" as the Germans say, that it might have a place in our library as it has in our heart and memory. Let some friend try our sincerity.

Our story is not without its wisdom. We seriously believe that parents ought carefully to encourage their children to preserve the relics of their childhood, and school-days. Those are fragrant memories which hang around these fragments saved from the wrecks of time. They are golden links which bind the present, and the ever-nearing future, to the past. Thy aid in keeping alive the home-feeling; and will open to the heart in after life many little fountains of a purer joy than the present can give. The poet never said a truer word, than

Heaven lies about us in our infancy;

and every thing that, in after life, will carry us back to that golden time is worth preserving.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.—I have subdued the nations of the earth—is there no other world for me to conquer.—*Alexander the Great.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—*St. Paul.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

DIODOTUS the Stoic was the preceptor of Cicero in Greek literature and geometry, and, as that great philosopher himself informs us, lived many years in his house after becoming blind, giving himself to philosophy more assiduously than ever, and even continuing to teach geometry; a thing, says Cicero, which one would think scarcely possible for a blind man to do, yet would he direct his pupils where every line was to be drawn just as exactly as if he had had the use of his eyes. This was nothing, however, to what Saunderson did, who directed his pupils how to draw figures not only which he did not see, but which he had never seen. DIDYMUS of Alexandria, who flourished in the fourth century, is known only as a theological writer; but we are informed by St. Jerome, who was his pupil, that although he lost his sight at five years of age, he distinguished himself at the school of Alexandria by his proficiency not merely in grammar, rhetoric, logic, music, and arithmetic, but in the remaining two of the seven departments then conceived to constitute the whole field of human learning, geometry and astronomy, sciences of which remarks the narrator, it is scarcely conceivable how any knowledge should be obtained without the assistance of the eye. Didymus, like Saunderson, pursued his study by employing persons to read for him. One of his disciples, Palladius, remarks, that blindness, which is to others so terrible a misfortune, was the greatest of blessings to Didymus, inasmuch as, by removing from him all objects that would have distracted his attention, it left his faculties at much greater liberty than they otherwise would have been for the study of the sciences. Didymus, however, does not seem to have been himself altogether of this opinion, since we find it recorded that when St. Anthony, who, attracted by the report of his wonderful learning and sanctity, had come from the desert to pay him a visit, put to him the question, "Are you grieved that you are blind?" although it was repeated several times, Didymus could not be prevailed upon to return any other answer than that he "certainly was," greatly to the mortification of the saint, who was astonished that a wise man should lament the loss of a faculty which we only possess, as he chose to express it, in common with the gnats. The old Greek philosopher, Democritus, who is said by some authors to have actually put out his own eyes in order that he might the better fit himself for the study of philosophy, would have presented a spectacle more to the taste of Anthony.

NICASIUS DE VOERDA, or NICAISE of VOURDE, taught the canon and civil law in the University of Cologne in the fifteenth century, and is said to have possessed extraordinary erudition both in literature and science, although he had been blind from his third year. He was wont to quote with great readiness the books of which he had acquired a knowledge only from having heard them read by others.

To these instances we may add that of the COUNT DE PAGAN, who was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has been accounted the father of the modern science of fortification. Having entered the army at the early age of twelve, he lost his eye before he was seventeen, at the siege of Montauban. He still, however, pursued his profession with unabated ardor, and distinguished himself by many acts of brilliant courage.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND, by Thomas Babington Macauley. 4 vols. in one. Phila. : E. H. Butler & Co.

This work is so well known that we need not speak of its merits. It is to be had very cheap at Murray & Stoek's, Lancaster. This firm continues to keep up a most excellent assortment of standard works in all departments. Their stock of the publications of the American Tract Society and American Sunday School Union is especially large. Sabbath Schools can here supply themselves at city prices. We can commend also to ministers their stock of Theological books. Murray & Stoek make it a point to keep substantial books, dealing but little in the floating trash of the day.

A GLANCE AT PRIVATE LIBRARIES. By Luther Farnham. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1855.

In this little work of 79 pages we have a very great amount of valuable information on the subject of books and libraries. It must have required much patience and perseverance to bring to light, and embody in so pleasing a form, so many interesting facts. We are here informed that the ten private libraries in and near Boston having the largest number of books contain an aggregate of about 90,000 volumes. "There are, then, within ten miles of the State House private libraries of one thousand volumes and upwards each, that will count up from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand volumes." This is truly, as Mr. Farnham says, "a pretty good story for one little section of the country."

—THE MERCERSBURG QUARTERLY REVIEW for January is an excellent number. Its contents are—I. A Review of Dr. Boardman's Sermon on "The Christian Ministry no Priesthood," by Rev. H. Harbaugh. II. Sketches of a Traveler from Greece, by Prof. A. L. Koeppen. III. Faith and Reason, by Dr. Rauch. IV. Chief Justice Gibson, by Rev. J. Clark. V. Abelard, Abraham, and Adam. VI. Liturgical Contributions. VII. Short Notices.

—JOSEPH GRAY, author of about twenty works on astronomy and geography, well known to teachers, is so poor that an advertisement has been printed in the public papers in his behalf asking the generous to contribute to his relief. Such is the reward of those who labor for the highest interests of men. Such as show-monkeys make a good living. Shame!

—DR. BOMBERGER has begun the preparation of a Theological and Religious Encyclopedia on the basis of Herzog's great work. He has secured the assistance of a number of American divines. The work is to be published in monthly parts by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

—THE largest Reading-room in the world is now nearly completed, in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height. The tables will accommodate nearly 400 readers. The wrought-iron book cases will contain 102,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about \$300,000.

—THE Paris papers announce the death, at an advanced age, of Baron de Bonnefoux, author of a "Life of Christopher Columbus," a "Nautical Dictionary," and several works on nautical Science. He was a retired captain in the navy, and was at one time Director of the French naval schools.

—THE first book printed in British America was the Psalms in Metre. Printed at Cambridge, 1640.

—THE newspapers record the death, at Lincoln, of Robert Bunyan, the last male descendant, in a direct line, from John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

—THE oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation of the Four Gospels from the Greek.

—It is said that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French,) five would be Greek, and the remaining five from the other languages of the world.

—It has been found on examining the Library of Daniel Webster just as he left it, that it contains not one infidel work.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1856.

No. 3.

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

It is but a short time, comparatively, since religious newspapers have sprung into existence. The idea of turning the weekly newspaper into the service of christianity was certainly a great one; and thousands of pious hearts hailed the advent of this new power for good. The scheme has succeeded beyond what a score of years could have entered into the dreams of the most enthusiastic. Every branch of the church has its organs in the shape of a weekly or monthly sheet. There are the Observers and the Missionaries, the Messengers and Standards, the Intelligencers and Witnesses, the Records and Advocates, the Daysprings and Watchmen, the Journals and Churchmen, and time would fail to tell all the rest. Besides, we have in the different larger denominations, an organ for every prominent phase of doctrine or school: old school and new school; old measures and new measures; high church, low church, and broad church; symbolic and anti-symbolic; Synodical, Conference, and Association organs, with their corresponding Independents.

It is easy, or rather it is not easy, to calculate the vast influence which these organs exert upon the wide range of American Christendom. They enter into hundreds of thousands of families. They are read by millions of immortal souls, in our immense cities, in the quiet country villages, in the still more rural communities, and in the cabins of the wonderful West. Who can measure or imagine the amount of thinking, feeling, and acting which they incite as they go forth week after week, like leaves before an autumn storm, and are caught up and eagerly read by the learned and unlearned, by parents and children, by saints and sinners!

What an amount of power, what a source of influence, do these religious papers hold! This influence, moreover, is in the hands of comparatively a few men. For though these papers are in many cases authorized organs of denominations; yet experience shows, and it lies in the nature of things, that the general mind of these denominations, especially in an official way, has but little direct control over these

papers. In many cases, therefore, they represent but little of the general christian sentiment. How shall the thousands, under whose authority they go forth, influence their weekly contents? They are in fact, in the end, the pictures of the minds of their editors. They control not only the editorial department—which is the soul of the paper, if it has any—but also the selections, and, in a way little limited, also the correspondence. Thus they hold the power, if they choose to employ it, of virtually silencing every spirit but their own. In this way the general mind which they fail to represent may be, and often is, kept at bay, while the vast remainder of the material which they reach, being negative or pliable, is molded instead of represented by the papers. This is the more easily done, owing to the strange practical delusion into which we unconsciously fall, which causes us to imagine that what appears in the organ of a church is in fact the sentiment of that church as a whole, and of all its readers. The voice of the editor is lost as an individual, and we listen to him as to the voice of his audience. Let any one put this kind of practical imposition to a personal test, and he will see how much he is unconsciously under its power. How naturally do we, for instance, read an ungracious sentiment embodied in the editorial of a church organ, issued by another denomination than our own, as though it were an unkindness or offense from the whole body which that organ professedly represents; and yet that same editorial may represent not a single mind in that church but that of the editor.

These observations may serve to show what an amount of power is thus actually in the hands of the editors of religious papers; and how the *animus* of these organs, in whole or in part, will be found at last identical with the *animus* of individual editors. True, it may be supposed that the editors are themselves often the mold of the denominations which have created the organs which they control—and there is to an extent room for this allowance—yet, after due weight is given to this restraint, there is still a wide freedom, and a momentous individual power, which enjoys unmolested range beyond.

It will at once be seen and admitted, that a power of such immense sweep should be conferred in the most deliberate, cautious, and prayerful spirit; and should be guarded with the greatest vigilance, jealousy, wisdom, and concern. There is scarcely any other appointment that should be made with greater solemnity, and under a deeper sense of vast interests involved. Qualifications are evidently demanded which are not to be found at random, but which are “few and far between.” Whether the church in general has been, and is now, adequately impressed on this momentous point, we confess is doubtful to our mind. We do not believe that the different branches of the church exercise that care over their organs which is demanded in view of the vast influence which they do and might exert.

We very much mistake the character and christian spirit of the American church if the religious press truly reflects the general religious mind. We fail entirely to interpret the undertones of our christian life, if there is not widely and deeply felt a mournful degeneracy in the tone, spirit, and substance of religious newspapers, and if there is not a general need, as well as a general desire, for a great reform. In giving utterance to these sentiments, we protest that we give our own individual

views. If we supposed this, we would not have written a line on the subject; on the contrary, we most confidently pronounce what we have no doubt is the silent voice of the general christian mind and heart, as it utters itself in many a thoughtful heart, and in many private circles.

What ought a religious newspaper to be? If we answer to ourselves this question, even in a most general way, we shall at once become painfully conscious of the reigning degeneracy and defect in regard to this point.

What ought a religious newspaper to be? What would we expect it to be if it were proposed for the first time to send one into our family? In one word, it ought to be a saint—a christian! Its life ought to be the warm life of a christian. Its spirit ought to be the holy spirit of a saint—like the spirit of John! Its love ought to be the serene character of a saint. Prayer, praise, thanksgiving, cheerful hope, affectionate instruction ought to breathe on its whole surface. The fruits of the spirit ought to hang in clusters in its columns. The graces of the spirit ought to garland every sentence and sentiment. It ought to lie on our table redolent with the fragrance, and radiant with the light, and rich with the love of heaven.

Have we drawn the portrait of a religious paper correctly? Plainly this, as nearly as it can be reached, ought to be its character. Is any approximation to this spirit realized in the religious press of the present time? We answer painfully, but without hesitation, we believe not. If it be asked in what manner this spirit is sinned against, we find no difficulty in giving answer in pointing out what all will feel to be most lamentable defections from this standard.

Shall we bear testimony on this point? Then we at present refer only to one feature: To the prominent secular spirit which reigns in many of them, and in all more or less. Secular not only in the way of general news, but even in the way of political news, amounting often to evident party proclivities—suppressing the one side and dilating on the other in the selection of items. Some even carry their sectional and party preference so far as to give to their paper a political *animus*. Thus the reader, who should be piously disposed by what he reads, has his mind averted, if not even excited, by these “items” selected from the secular press, and almost always penned under strong party prejudices. Secular news is taken up as it comes hastily and under excitement from some point in the Dailies, and before the slow Weekly reaches its readers, is contradicted by authenticated facts, showing that a particular coloring had been given to it for party purposes. The man now who takes up the religious paper of his church is already posted up on both sides, and consequently item after item in the “secular department” strikes a hot brand into his feelings. How shall it be avoided, does any one ask? It may be avoided by letting the whole business alone. What! shall religious papers contain no secular news? We answer they cannot contain *news* in the nature of the case. News, now-a-days, comes by dailies and tri-weeklies—yea, by morning and evening papers, not by weeklies. It is truly amusing to read, two weeks after it is all over, that “Sebastopol has been taken;” or to receive the “President’s Message” in due form, column after column, long after the county papers have sent it into every nook and corner of the townships.

There is therefore no call for secular news in a religious paper on the plea either of necessity or accommodation to the readers.

Suppose even it were desirable as a convenience, is it proper in this way to mix up the religious and secular. Is it not a kind of conformity and succumbing to the spirit and taste of the world? The secular is important, but only in its place; and there it ought to be kept. Why should Cæsar, to say nothing of the world, parade his temporal business in God's paper? Two articles of food may be very palatable and wholesome when eaten separately which would neither be for health or comfort when mixed.

How often, too, does this secular feature of religious papers take the form of positive diversion and fun. Jokes and repartee are not uncommon. Granting that there is "a time to laugh," that time is certainly not when one is endeavoring to edify his spirit in the reading of a religious newspaper. It is the same as bringing a harlequin into a solemn assembly. There is a place for wit, humor, and smart sayings, but not in a religious newspaper.

How often, again, is an amusing vein, and a whole chain of positive fun, made to animate an entire communication, even when it professes to treat on a subject solemn in itself. Thus sacred things are treated with lightness. So common is this that it is scarcely possible to pick up a paper at random without falling upon an article of this kind. In many cases wit endeavors to show off even by allusion to a particular quotation of some scripture passage. No one who is at all read in our current religious papers will fail instantly to justify this remark and acknowledge its force.

The same secular spirit to which we have alluded, runs also through the advertising columns. Certainly the advantages of a religious paper ought to have some important accordance with the spirit of the paper. How common, however, is it to find columns devoted to business interests that have no more connection with religion than has a millstone, or a box of pills. Who has not seen quack-medicine advertisements in religious papers that not only flourished all the humbugging boasts to catch the ear and inspire the wonder of the ignorant, but presented all the positive indelicacies and even vulgarities which are so common in the silly twaddle of quackdom. How edifying to children!

We find even that the common catch-penny impositions from our cities are encouraged by some of our religious papers; or at least such as may be the worst kind of impositions, for all the reader knows. Who does not know that thousands are allured into the hands of impostors through advertisements like the following, which we cut from the religious paper which is at the moment of writing nearest to us:

AGENTS WANTED!! MAKE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN.—
The subscribers desire to procure the undivided time of an Agent in every County in the United States. Efficient and capable men may make several dollars per day, without risk or humbuggery of any kind. Full particulars of the nature of the business will be given by addressing the subscribers, and forwarding one Post Office Stamp to prepay return postage.

_____ & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

They are little posted up in the ways of modern humbug who suppose that this mysterious advertisement will not be responded to by thou-

sands who want to "make money when they can." Suppose it is some business at which "several dollars per day" may be made, who knows that it is not some scheme to circulate the very *vilest corruption*! If it should be nothing at all, each letter *stamp* will put three cents into the hand of the advertisers. Small as the sum is, it will bring in enough to pay the advertising, and besides this, a boarding bill every week at least, which is an attainment not to be despised! If it is any thing that may live in the light, why does it put the veil of mystery over its face? Ought such doubtful schemes, of which darkness is the element, live in the bosom of a religious paper? This is designed only as a specimen of its kind.

Do these observations not justify the remark that our religious papers have degenerated under the influence of a secular spirit? This, however, as we believe, is the gentlest charge that can be made. We have much more grievous defects and evils to point out, which, on account of the length of our present article, we must defer till next month. Meanwhile let it be remembered that we speak only of religious papers in general, in regard to which we are confident our remarks will be received as neither uncharitable or unjust. Wherever there are individual exceptions, in whole or in part, to them we do not wish our strictures to apply,

Nor let it be thought that we undervalue religious papers. We have already spoken of the mighty influence which it is in their power to exert. We ask only for a reformation, not a destruction: and for the accomplishment of this end, if we wish one thing more than another, it is that our voice might go much farther than we have any hope that it will reach.

G O N E H O M E .

THOMAS JEFFERSON GROSS.—This excellent young man, for several years one of the assistant Teachers of the Allentown Seminary, on the 14th of February last departed this life at the early age of 20 years, 6 months and 18 days. It was touching to see the whole school, to the pupils of which he had greatly endeared himself, follow his remains to the Cemetery, bearing in their hands bunches of evergreen, which they cast into his grave—at once a mark of their affection, and an emblem of their hope in the blessed resurrection. What an example to the young! This youth was yet in the early morning of life, and yet, by his piety and his industry in the service of others, he bound many hearts to his, and his grave is illumined with love and hope.

M A N A N D W O M A N .

As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman,
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,
 Useless each without the other.—SONG OF *HIAWATHA*.

GOOD FRIDAY.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

GRADUALLY the sound of the church bells died away on the air. The multitude of devout worshippers flowed forth from the house of God, and quietly dispersed, and a deep, solemn stillness proclaimed that holy Good-Friday evening had come. Dark and heavy over the earth hung the clouded heaven, and the pulse of nature scarcely awakened from the sleep of winter, seemed again to pause in fear and earnest expectation.

Anxiously the careful Pastor's wife sought the airy balcony of the parsonage to view the rising storm in the West. Here she perceived Minona, her tender blooming daughter leaning upon the railing, gazing out into the dim distance. Her eyes were filled with tears!

"What saddens you thus, my beloved?" asked the kind-hearted mother, as she took the hand of her sorrowing child.

But Minona said, "only let me weep, beloved mother, till my tears shall moisten the earth which once drank the innocent blood of the holiest Love! See! I have meditated on the time when the Godhead was a pilgrim on earth in human form. I have thought on that time of infinite blessing when the Eternal manifested himself to the gaze of mortal eyes. Bowed in deepest prayer my spirit was absorbed in the greatness of the offering, the remembrance of which we this day renew, while we call to mind that divine art which no human mind can fathom or exhaust—and I shed blessed tears!"

Silently the mother pressed her child to her bosom, and Minona continued: "Let us, my dear mother, remain here yet a while longer. My spirit is full of sacred sorrow and longing; and here on this balcony it seems as if we were nearer heaven, where the Divine Saviour is, who has so infinitely loved us."

They sat by each other's side, and looked forth silently over the landscape. Closer and still more close the clouds drew together, and a sweltry breeze like that which precedes a thundergust moved the tops of the trees.

"What a gloomy stillness," began Minona. "So, perhaps, did the heavens mourn as they led the innocent One away to the heights of Golgotha!"

The horizon grew still darker. At length the somber canopy of clouds broke: flames of lightning spread over the gloomy firmament, and the thunder rolled in majesty through the vault of heaven. Minona, seized with holy awe, buried her face. "The Holy One is dying!" she sighed; "the rending heavens proclaim the hour of his death!"

The bursts of thunder grew still more terrible. The strife of the elements continued without rest along the firmament. At length the dark bosom of clouds opened; great drops fell to the earth; the angry heavens grew calm, and the thunder ceased. Peacefully echoed the evening bells through the dripping rain, like words of heavenly consolation that fall into the tears of sorrow.

"It is finished," exclaimed Minona, and she lifted her countenance in prayer to heaven. The cloud-arch was divided; the evening sun shone mildly out through the vista, and a sweet fragrance breathed over the earth, like the breath of spring.

"Do you see the heavenly light?" said the mother; "the night of the storm is past, and the blessed spring-time of earth is born!"

"Truth bursts forth triumphantly from the night of the grave, and sits upon its blazing throne!" exclaimed the joyfully revived Minona. "For us her eternal kingdom is won!"

"Amen!" said the pastor, who had come softly near, "Amen," and they caught each other's hands; and their hearts were as full of blessedness and joy as if they had just heard the greeting of the Saviour: Peace be with you!

L O S S E S .

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band.
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went on with weary moan.

One spoke, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were, who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green!
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more,
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spoke among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's heaviest loss!"

SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. II.

The big shark opened wide his mouth,
 The small fish thought it wondrous fun:
 "Come in, dear children," said the big shark,
 "And let us love and all be one!"

WE shall make progress in our subject, and at the same time still fruther illustrate its nature by attempting an outline sketch of the history of Humbug.

The first humbug of which we have any account in history was the swarm of Babel-builders in the plain of Shinar. Here was the *evil* purpose—here was the attempt to *trick* God—here was the humming *swarm* of poor deluded men.

The magicians of Egypt were humbugs. They imitated and counterfeited the true power. They deceived the people with sham wonders. They caused them to swarm around them to their own injury and destruction.

What a graphic specimen of humbug we have in Absalom. It is as if one of our modern political demagogues had sat for the picture. He wished to steal the hearts of the people in order to dethrone his father David, and sit as king in his place. Now mark how he proceeds: "Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him. And Absalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate: and it was so that when any man that had a controversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom called unto him, and said, Of what city art thou? And he said, Thy servant is of one of the tribes of Israel. And Absalom said unto him, See, thy matters are good and right, but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice! And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him. And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment: so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel." O, the dear people! How despicable, mean, and ridiculous his fulsome flattery of the people. How deeply dark and devilish his conspiracy against his father's honor and throne! He met his just fate. There dangles the humbug by the hair in the branches of the oak! Let all such as seek the office, instead of modestly waiting for the office to seek them, take warning! It will be a blessed thing for our country when our politics will have become more silent—when voters shall think more and swarm less.

In the time of our Saviour, humbug had a complete embodiment in the Pharisees. Mysterious and awe-inspiring! Complete tricksters; making prayers long for pretense! Blowing their trumpets to call at-

tention to their holiness; and advertising themselves on their broad phylacteries. Paying tithes even to the mint, and giving alms to the poor to inspire confidence, and thus causing the widows to make them the depositories of their dowries, and the guardians of their children, and then devouring the widow's house and the orphan's bread—closing always with prayer! Here is humbug in its highest and truest form. A true humbug must always call in the aid of religion—he must cover his impositions with the cloak of seeming right. Even Barnum tells us that he always carried his Bible with him.

We cannot follow down the history of the world—though its annals are rich in specimens. It may be sufficient to remark that they are generally of the type of the ones mentioned. The hoary ruins of the Past show how extensively a humbugged race has been engaged in Babel-building. The annals of history are filled with the sham exploits of cunning magicians, who, in the employ of the Pharaohs in power, blinded the people, and if they did not hinder, they delayed the time of the people's deliverance. In the dim picture of the Past, if not by the hair upon the oak, then by the neck upon a gibbet, is seen many an Absalom who kissed the dear people for the sake of his own power and pocket, till they found him out. And can any one fail to trace, in the history of all ages and all lands, the generation of the Pharisees, who,

"In holy phrase, transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not meddle with."

Those who have not sufficient humility to confess the faults and follies of their native land, must excuse us when we say ours is the classic land of Humbug. In the circumstance of its being a country of motley inhabitants, with few ties to bind them to each other's interests, is to be sought and seen one reason for the prevalence of the spirit of humbug. Then there is also the greatest amount of freedom enjoyed, opening the door for the great grab of cunning. To this must be added the great liberty and facility of newspaper advertising, enabling a *puck to hum* in the ears of millions in a very short time, from among which he cannot fail to call out a swarm to buzz around the wildest folly. Nor must we forget that American society and civilization, cut off in a way from the stream of the deep solemn past, and being in a sense an independent phenomenon, has as yet somewhat of a by-rote, light, rattling, and floating character. It is more active than earnest—more busy and bustling than sound and serious—its power is more extensive than intensive. It has the "do-duty" of the English, the variety and vivacity of the French; but not yet sufficiently the earnest inwardness of the Germans. Hence, as not in deep streams but in broad and shallow ones, we find innumerable funnel-like wire-suckers, so do we find the true power and glory of humbug, in that stage and state of civilization where the channel of history is not yet sufficiently deep to bring to us the steady treasures of the past—the well-tried wisdom of ages. The fact is, a nation resembles an individual: when it is a child, it is childish, whether that be the first or the second childhood. In a new country, therefore, or in one old and worn out, must we seek for the classic soil of humbug.

There is a philosophy in humbug which, however, is easily learned.

It is this: All men have *weak* sides. This humbug knows; and hence he approaches them—mark this—not for their good, but for his own. This gives rise to the great variety of character and profession which humbug assumes. Let us see:

There are many persons weak in body, and so humbug turns doctor. Let no one ask to have a history of his practice—a hundred almanacs and a thousand columns of newspapers, fail to tell all his wonderful cures, from the baldness of the head to the corn of the toe! “Be sure to take six bottles—look well to the signature.” “None genuine without my signature!”—and thousands believe it all.

Millions have been made, not only by those who manufacture, but also large and liberal dividends have gone to editors for advertising, and to retailers for retailing. Palaces have been built from the proceeds.

But are we justifiable in regarding these quack medicines as humbug? There are those who have tried them, and advocate them. Their very popularity seems to be proof that they are true. This seems plausible; and yet how general is the sentiment that they are a humbug. How then do we account for their popularity? We answer thus: You will find, by close observation, that nearly all who buy and try, do so as an *experiment*. Their feeling is, If it will do no good it can do no harm. The advertisements are so fair, the certificates so many, and the poor invalids’ pains have been so keen and so long! What is money compared with health. I will try it.

Now, suppose there are only five such in the circle of every post-village in the United States—that adds up already 100,000. But now the first bottle is used up; and the invalid feels slightly better, of which there can be no doubt. Hope has cheered him; the very idea of taking what even the remotest probability may regard as a certain cure, has a tendency to draw the brooding mind from the malady, and give to soul and body a degree of cheerfulness and vigor. Besides this, all these quack medicines act temporarily upon the stomach, and blood, and nerves, which, without touching a seated disease, gives a hopeful tone to the system. Thus prepared, he reads again, “Do not stop under five or six bottles.” It must have a fair trial. One dollar is gone; there is hope in my present feelings. He takes the six!—there multiply, and you have 600,000 bottles, and as many dollars. This, on the supposition that, on an average, there are but five such invalids in every five miles square!

Besides, in how many cases is this medicine taken just at the point where previous treatment, or perhaps the rallying power of nature, has laid the foundation for a favorable change, or an entire cure. Thus, how easy for the most candid to be deceived into the giving of a certificate, which will cause another circle to swarm around humbug.

That the disposition to make the experiment is, to a great extent, at the foundation of the success of these medicines is confirmed by the fact, that they always run their course in a few years. But it takes a time sufficiently long, till all have experimented, to fill the pockets of the quack. When the public once moves in a certain direction, it takes a good deal of time and reason to stop the current and exhaust the momentum.

Then this quack medicine is always pleasant to take; this is an item.

No restriction in diet—another item. Then the programme covers a host of diseases, among which every person in the least diseased will be sure to find his own; or, if he has none, he will find some *symptom* mentioned; and is it not also a *preventive*? This is even better than cure; “one bottle will do it! Delay is dangerous!” If it be asked how one medicine can cure so many diseases, it is all plain, “it purifies the blood!”

Then, too, these quack advertisements always appeal to the lowest prejudices of men, to the disparagement of regular physicians. These humbugs are always the friends of the patient, against the “oppressions” of their own physicians! This appeal is food to a very large class of prejudices. There is a disposition natural to undervalue and suspect what is near them, in favor of what is at a distance. “No prophet has honor in his own country.” The bosom of strangers seems warmer and pleasanter by its flattery. They know what cord to touch to feed this feeling. “This medicine is purely a vegetable compound. It does not contain a grain of any kind of mineral poison. It is free from calomel and quinine!”

Considerations like these, we are firmly of opinion, will explain the success of any quack medicine without attributing to it any virtue beyond a soother of the throat, or a cleanser of the stomach.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing!
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tones with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of light till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that “Greenwood” of soul be in sight!

THE LOST LITTLE GIRL.

BY SELDOM.

"It always makes me feel badly to hear that bell," said a mother one day as a ringer passed along the street with a hand-bell, swinging it up and down in rapid motion, to make the loudest noise.

"Your city noises," we replied, "are not very pleasant; but why do you dislike that above others?"

"Oh, that is the saddest of them all." We understood not till she went on to say: "That is the signal that a child is lost, and some poor mother's heart is torn with anxious grief."

Just then, the ringer, at the top of his voice, called out: "Lost! lost!—a little boy, three or four years old, named Willie; parents live at No——" And he turned the corner while the sentence died away amid the confused Babel-like din of the city's bustling throng.

So frequent are such scenes, they become so common to the unfeeling crowd, that few stop their hurry and inquire into the case. The sad and disconsolate parents, and the miserable lost one, have no place in the heart of selfish trade and number-one-minding gain. Children often get lost in large cities, in more respects than one. In the country the case is vastly different. A case is just called to mind, which will always have a place in our memory.

In the fall of 1850, we were living in a mountainous district of one of the southern States. The usual quiet of our village was broken one morning in October, at day-break, by the ringing of the church bells; and the astonished sleepers were awakened from their slumbers only to be filled with consternation and alarm at being aroused in so unusual a manner. Gaping wonder was soon told that *a little girl, six years old, was lost in the mountain!* This case was as follows:

The children of a worthy farmer had gone the previous day into the mountain for chestnuts. The little girl was sent by the rest to find the wagon, no great distance off, but got bewildered and took the wrong direction, and so was lost. Immediate search was made by her brothers, which continued till night without success. With anxious hearts they then suspended their vain efforts, and sent off one to tell the sad news to the parents at home.

As soon as the melancholy state of the case was known, the father and family servants, together with some of the nearest neighbors, set out with lanterns for the mountain. The whole night was spent in fruitless search and hallooings. Still the fate of the child was unknown. The chill frost, lone terror of a benighted small child, wild beasts, and a thousand imagined horrors—and the child! oh, who knew its anguish, and the harrowing fears of the parents! Certain death would be easier borne.

Heart-rending and distressing as these facts were to the towns-people, when they were alarmed by the ringing bells, yet what were they to the suffering parental heart! Earnest solicitude for the fate of the child,

and deep heartfelt sympathy for the sorrowing parents was manifest in the expression of every countenance. Some swallowed a hasty breakfast, and others without any, soon started for the High Knob, near to which the little wanderer had last been seen.

On horseback or on foot, the merchant, mechanic, minister, teacher, farmer, all joined earnestly "to seek and to save that which was lost." Brighter Indian summer morning never dawned upon the world, but it was a sad day there. By eight o'clock two hundred persons were in the mountain, scouring it for miles around. Every ravine, glen and nook was thoroughly explored. After some hours the companies under their leaders one by one came straggling in, wearied and disheartened, to the place appointed at the Knob. Their looks plainly enough told their ill success. A general council was held. Give it up in despair, was advocated by some whose ardor and sympathy died away as their strength had wasted.

I never can forget that group of men. A few seemed to take the matter lightly. But nearly all looked as if in earnest. All the speaking that was done was eloquent. The minister urged them to renew the search. One man there was, I well remember him—his name was Moore—a simple mountaineer, whose eye may never see his name in print, and if he does, may not know what it is unless it be told him—he had withal a noble heart—he had been out all the night and morning, "but would never give the hunt up till the little gal was found." His earnest plea inspired new strength and hope.

Dejected there, the brothers of the little lost one stood, and self-condemned for having let her stray, seemed to plead with imploring eyes to "try once more to bring our sister home; oh, try again!"

Yonder, from the thicket, came the father of the lost child—a large and noble-looking man but yesterday. How that night of anxious care and toil has changed him! Haggard in looks, and with his stalwart frame bending as it were under the weight of his grief, he stood before the company, still grasping in his left hand the lantern he had used in the dark night, now gone from the world but not from his heart.

"Men!" said he, "let us take one look more!" To that simple, eloquent stirring, irresistible appeal, all hearts earnestly responded, "we will!" New companies were formed and the search again commenced. Sad and desponding hearts longed for a joyful issue. Hark! that signal: yes! it is the blowing horn—*THE CHILD WAS FOUND!* Soon, from mouth to mouth, was caught the sound—*alive?* and the reply was given along the extended lines, *yes, alive!*

Then did the "welkin ring." Instantly there arose a simultaneous burst of joyful shouting, blowing of horns and firing of guns. The long reverberations echoed among the hill-tops and far down into the vallies. A party of us on horseback brought the child down to the main road, while all the others were gathering to a common point nearer the town. A distance of five miles from where the child left her brothers, over a mountain path, through laurel thicket, the little wanderer's feet were directed by kind Providence to a habitation in the forest—where kind-hearted people found her at night-fall by the barking of the dogs, which had driven her into the woods again—and "took her in."

I saw the overjoyed father press his lost, and now found child, to his

heart. The joyful news was sent to the mother—the procession was formed, and in triumphant shouts entered the village, paraded the streets, and then dismissed with cheers, while the little one was carried to her home and waiting mother, a short distance from the town. The rest of the day was spent in thanksgiving.

Our western frontier settlers could tell many a similar story. It has its moral.

If one little girl was worth so much effort, why are multitudes that are in danger of being lost, never cared for? How many are lost, in the country and in the cities! If the body, and this life cause such anxiety, why are the souls and the life to come neglected? Oh, what infinite difference in their value and importance!

If a whole town and country can be aroused to search for a child, why can they not be brought to act for the salvation of their own and others? When first efforts fail, why not try once more! Refuse to eat and sleep till the object is gained. Why not be in earnest, as those men were? How far one can stray in a short time!

Who can feel like a parent for a lost child? So our heavenly Father feels for us. If others would give up, He does not—His love fails not.

Oh, that the lost ones might hear the voices, and see the lights that are in the mountains in search of them! Then might angels and men in triumph rejoice that the lost are found, and the dead are alive!

J O Y .

BY THE EDITOR.

Seek not the joy that warbleth,
Like an airy sportive song;
The joy that lightly danceth
Like the laughing rill along:
But seek the joy that swelleth
Like the organ's gravest notes;
That like a river rolleth,
Which heaviest burdens floats.

Not joy that post-haste rideth
Along like latest news;
It but a moment shineth,
Like morning's transient dews:
The deep heart never feeleth,
Nor owns its passing power;
But seek the joy that calmeth,
Like evening's thoughtful hour.

Seek not the joy that flasheth
Like a crazy meteor light
Along the dark empyrean
In the solemn dead of night;
But seek the joy that kindleth
Like morning's glowing sky;
That lights the dreary earth beneath—
The glorious heaven on high.

E A S T E R H Y M N I N G S .

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

WELCOME, blessed day! The Saviour, who had lain in the grave, has risen from the dead. The angels beheld him gloriously rise.

He lived a life of severest suffering. He died a death of deepest agony. Then he rested in the grave. Then he perfumed the resting-place of the saints. Then he opened the gate to our Father's house.

O beautiful day. From the night of the grave came forth he who is the life of all beings. He enters upon his eternal princely inheritance, as the heir of all things. Yet still he remains our brother.

Blessing on you, ye reviving fields and gardens. On you I behold the traces of the resurrection power. Every flower that comes forth from the bosom of winter is His—is from Him, and blooms for Him. To-day is my revived and reviving heart glad in Him.

How is my spirit rejoiced to see again my dear Lord who has come forth from the tomb. I will spread palm-branches in his way, as once did Salem's children. He shall move in triumph before me; and my own heart shall feel his victories in new life and joy. He does not, it is true, ride before me as he did before the multitude down the side of Olivet; and I cannot honor him in the same way as they did, yet I see him by faith, exalted to a far higher seat; and I withdraw to-day from the joy of the world, to meditate upon my victorious and exalted Lord. Instead of palm-branches, I lay my heart as an offering at his feet. Receive it, O Saviour, and make it ever more like thine own.

As an Easter gift bestow upon me a pure heart, full of love and peace. Lead me through this life quietly, if it may be; and if not, walk thou on the waves that toss me, and speak thou to the storms that beat upon me.

There yet shall dawn upon me a more lovely Easter day than this! One that shall so bless my heart as not to leave a single wo behind. Through death and the resurrection I shall reach that glorious day—a morning without clouds, a day that will know no setting sun.

Then I shall see thee, my Saviour, in the gladsome groves of Heaven; and all whom I have known and loved on earth, that have also loved thee, shall be gathered around me. Let there be none lost! In thy kingdom alone there is eternal peace; and as thou art exalted, draw us all after thee.

As I look towards thy holy heaven to-day, my heart is enlarged with hope, and grows tender with love. Deep in my spirit I hear a voice, sweet as thine, which seems to say: My peace I leave with you! Hail! glorious Easter. Hail! my risen Lord!

H U M A N L I F E .

How short is human life! The very breath
Which frames my word, accelerates my death.

—HANNAH MOORE.

HOW TO BECOME EDUCATED.

BY J. V. E.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear persons complain of their ignorance. This complaint, although common, is not always made by those only who can scarcely read, write and cypher. The reason why such persons do not in general complain in this way, is because it requires some learning to make us acquainted with our ignorance. It is most frequently made by those who have advanced somewhat in the rudiments. Their eyes have been partly opened to the value of knowledge, and hence they have a longing after more. This is natural: the intellectual vision increases in proportion as the mind becomes active and enlightened. With the increase of such vision, new objects for contemplation are observed, and new branches of the stream of wisdom and truth are discovered, which increases their desire for their exploration. So in the pursuit of one science or art we are brought into contact with another, and as we advance, with still another. All truth, science and art, make up one grand whole truth. The entering into one rivulet of the stream of wisdom, will, if pursued, lead to the fountain head of all wisdom. Hence if we have pushed our inquiries so far as to see faintly what is not yet understood by us, we are in a happy position for advancing farther.

Perhaps there is some young reader of *The Guardian* who has ardent desires for knowledge, and faint glimpses of the light, but how to become educated better is the perplexing question. To such we propose to lend some aid. Will you follow me young friend, sincerely, when I promise to assist you in surmounting the difficulties you imagine stand in your pathway and prevent you from becoming educated. You have the desire, but not the means and opportunity, you think, and hence need not cherish those ardent desires for wisdom which are doomed, as you suppose, to disappointment sooner or later. Only cherish that hope in your breast of becoming wise, and you will yet be able to rejoice in its realization. What are the obstacles in your way of becoming educated? Do you say:

1. You are too poor—you cannot spare the time to study. It is true some persons are apparently in more favorable circumstances than others for the realization of their hopes. Poverty, in some respects, is an almost insurmountable obstacle. But we believe it is much oftener a blessing than a curse. It is a stimulant to industry, which is one of the first qualities necessary in the student. All that makes a person eminent in science and art, is the result of toil. Wisdom is not a gift of nature. Mental labor makes the man of learning, and not birth. Any thing that prompts to this should be looked upon as an especial blessing. Suppose Luther had been the son of very wealthy parents is it very probable that he would have become the resolute, iron-willed reformer? Suppose that Calvin had been raised in ease and affluence, would he have become so eminent in the cause of Christ? Suppose that Bunyan had been the son of a king or nobleman, would his labors have so much cheered the

hearts of Christ's pilgrims? We believe not. Their circumstances urged them to industry. They saw no escape from fulfilling the command, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Having thus a basis formed by necessity for becoming useful, the Lord influenced them in the direction where He wanted their services. Thus God often places persons in limited circumstances to make them industrious, and accustom them to habits of toil, that He may make them useful. An idle, lazy person God does not make eminent. Many eminent and worthy persons in Church and State are such, in part, just because poverty drove them to labor. Believe me, young friend, if you plead your poverty as an excuse for not making effort to become learned, you are making that as an excuse which God designs as a reason to urge you on.

You also say you cannot spare the time for study. I suppose you think if you could have the opportunity to sit down day after day, with your books in your hand, your situation would be the most favorable one for becoming learned. Let me tell you, you are mistaken. It is not always those that spend the most uninterrupted time with books that know the most. The body needs exercise to give life and action to the mind. The mind is a living organism, and not a blank sheet upon which impressions are made. The more strength it gains, by virtue of the health of the body, the more capable it will be of active reflection and thought. Consequently, if bodily exercise is connected with mental labor, the latter can be endured much better and with greater success. So that it is the very best thing for us if our time is equally divided in this way.

To become educated, it is not necessary that a person be always engaged in reading books. He needs much time for the mind to work and act upon what it has gathered through books, observation and practice. The mind, like the stomach, must have time to digest what it has received. Those persons who exercise their mind most in this way are likely to become the most learned. For this reason we should always try to understand rather than learn by rote. By thus exercising the mind we will be able to add some original ideas to the general stock of literature, and not only be the mere echo of others. Have you not time for this? It is easy to take up one or two branches of science at a time, and spend a few hours each day, which every person can command if he will, and thus secure intellectual food for digestion, when at work or business. In this way you cannot fail to become more or less learned. But few persons who have the desire are prevented for want of time from educating themselves. If the time that is spent in idleness, nonsense and wickedness was devoted to study there would be few ignorant people. Many a man has made himself eminent in this way. The leisure time wasted by the majority of people would make up, in a score of years, a sufficient amount to study all the branches taught in our colleges. It is not the want of time, but the want of activity, determination, and effort that prevents most persons from the blessings of an education. Let any young man or lady try the experiment for one or two years, and they will be surprised at the amount of wisdom they will come to possess. The humble writer of this article gathered much of his limited knowledge by making good use of his leisure hours and evenings, and reflecting on it while at secular work.

Do you say, secondly, that because you cannot go to high school or college you cannot become educated? The advantage of a college course, it is true, is a great help. It is to be regretted that so many active, zealous and worthy young men are deprived of the privilege. But that should not be held as a reason for neglecting study. The facilities for educating the mind have become so great, that it might be said that the only difference in the advantages of the college student and the private one is that of the living teacher, in addition to the books, in the case of the former. However great the value of the living teacher as a help, his assistance is not so great that it is altogether impossible to become learned without it. In fact he is often a real injury, especially to lazy students, as his explanations are often depended on as an excuse for diligent study. If we are compelled to climb the mount of science we will become the better nerved for succeeding efforts. The more difficult the path, the greater effort will be required, and with every unassisted triumph we gain new courage. Herein lies the advantage of unaided efforts. Every man is self-made, whether in or out of college; but those who are thus made by unassisted study are often the most resolute, determined and unconquerable scholars.

"They attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;"

believing hopefully—

"That nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Our advice to every young reader of *The Guardian* is: study hopefully, study prayerfully, whether in or out of college. Study with determination, and you will without doubt become educated.

Do you say, thirdly, that you have not the natural genius to make a man of learning? If you conceive this to be your best reason for not endeavoring to educate yourself, you are mistaken. Are you sane?—have you common sense? Then you are naturally prepared for a course of study. That is the principal basis necessary for an education. The difference of men in intellectual qualifications is caused more by their difference in industry than in natural endowments. Show me an idle and careless young man, and I care not how superior his talents, he will never make much until a change takes place in his habits. Tell me a man's habits of study, and I will judge better of his qualifications than by hearing a phrenological description of the faculties of his mind. There is nothing we believe that deceives young men more in this respect than the notion that, unless they have a *big head*, they can never become learned. I tell you, young friends, if you have a desire for an education, go to work. Leave the measurement of brains to others, and work! work! work! That's the secret.

"Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, 'I have been wondering how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, *he was always at work.*' The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Do not trust to genius, young man, if you would rise, but work! work! work!"

UNPRINTED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I trace the tale
To the dim point where records fail."

THERE is a great deal of literature that floats for ages, unwritten and unprinted, in the memories of the people. Sometimes it is, in this form, the possession of whole nations. This is the way in which the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Kalewala* of the Finns, the poems of Ossian, and the most ancient epics and popular songs of many other nations have been preserved for centuries, till they were embodied at last in the recorded literature of these nations. The art of printing has done away with much of this kind of traditionary wisdom; not perhaps without some injury to the popular memory, which is growing too good-naturedly content to leave knowledge to rest undisturbed in books.

Still this traditionary mode of preserving literature has not been entirely done away. There are yet many quiet vallies and neighborhoods where the venerable spirit is not entirely lost; and, in a quiet and modest way, there is still much useful knowledge preserved orally, and in manuscript, which does not aspire to a place among printed wisdom. It is worthy of remark, too, that without any ambition to be known in the world, much of it has really obtained a wider circulation than thousands of huge volumes of learning to which the types have lent their aid. This fact may stand to the praise of modesty, and as a reproof to literary ambition.

In attempting to bring to light some of this unpublished literature, we do not sin against the humble spirit by which it has been produced, seeing that the authors of it are long since beyond the reach of praise. Besides, we have numerous instances in which admiring and grateful disciples, having gathered the thoughts of their teachers and published them posthumously, to the great profit of the world. Thus are men's thoughts, which they themselves modestly withheld from the public, happily preserved in the archives of science. A like work, in an humble way, would we here perform.

We cannot, of course, go over the entire field in one brief article. There are to be found in the sphere of letter-writing alone sentiments and poetical gems, never published, not drawn from books, but orally learned and preserved—enough to fill many pages. There is not, for instance, a passage of sentimental love in Moore, or of heroic love in Byron, that has so often been made the bearer of good tidings from one heart to another, as the familiar traditionary couplet—

"My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail."

To record in print these scraps of literature, belonging to the sacred inner circle, would be an act too much like the sacrilege of that wicked

king who stole the holy vessels from the temple and carried them to Babylon to be profaned in the revelries of that dissipated court, for us to venture further. We will follow another vein, from which may be drawn equally rich treasures. We refer to the classic quotations current in school days, as the same live in many memories, and are found recorded on the blank leaves of school books.

We are of opinion that these sentiments, when properly arranged, do truly exhibit not only the intellectual, but also the moral and religious history of the scholar's mind and heart: even in the same way, and by the same philosophy, as the history of a nation's poetry shows its development. Most popular with the youngest boys, and as a revelation of the earliest feeling, is the following:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows may be your end."

Here is the stern heroic—the spirit of the brave moral epic. In the words "my honest friend," there is a recognition of that primitive faith and truthfulness which characterizes the patriarchal period. It reveals the natural reliableness of the age preceding that degeneracy from honest principles which comes in later through luxury, and is covered by the vain show of a false refinement. The warning, "steal not this book," shows a dawning sense, in the minds of the "smaller scholars," of the danger which this moral degeneracy brings with it, as it already manifests itself in the spirit and habits of the "larger boys," whose innocence, in their state of advancement, is in peril. Even thus, and by a like law of evil, are the honest bonds of faith in patriarchal life broken by the marauding spirit which comes in at a later period.

That this couplet belongs to a primitive period of boyhood is also forcibly indicated by its prominent appeal to the principle of "fear." Also by the terrible character of the punishment threatened:

"For fear the gallows may be your end!"

This stern penalty indicates a period of high moral principle—a spirit of supreme respect for right. It belongs to a time when law is recognized, by an uncorrupted faith, as truly a "terror to evil doers." The abatement, or the entire doing away with stern penalties, belongs to an age already run out into weak sentimentalism—an age that, under a false cultivation, loves to prate about the dignity of human nature, and that begins with the bravery of Self, to advocate progress, which is not based on the old foundations, but progress which would break away from them—progress committed to the guidance of mere natural wisdom and its vain imaginations. How often have the "large boys" laughed at the earnest record of the smaller ones: "For fear the gallows may be your end!" They have treated it as a mere scare-crow! They are old enough to know better than to be frightened by fears and terrors. The "gallows," they think, may be talked of among semi-barbarians; but the progress of refined philanthropy does away with such things! Is not this the very language of boys of a larger growth, under the power of moral degeneracy which they call progress.

That the probable thief is called "honest friend" is significant. He is not yet a thief, but is only in that position where he may properly be

warned against becoming one. Why then should he not be called a "friend" and an "honest" one too. It shows the writer to be uncorrupted himself; for only the guilty will at once suspect others of guilt. Here is innocence regarding the one who takes up the book innocent as himself; and as an innocent, honest friend warns him against wounding and defiling his conscience and entering the road to ruin by the theft of a school book.

There is also a deep philosophy indicated by applying these words honest friend to the reader. It is believed that by a deep and sure law of human nature children are apt to become what they are harshly charged with being. The child that is rudely denounced and scolded in its own hearing as stupid and stubborn is likely to become such. Such rough denunciations cow and crush the spirit; and the child passively yields to be what others are ever telling it that it really is. It is said that persons have actually taken diseases which others represented them as being in danger of, or which they were told had commenced in their system. It is known that the imagination has a powerful influence over the whole person, soul and body. We greatly admire the truly christian philosophy of the expression "my honest friend!" Even the civil law teaches us to regard a man as innocent till he is proved guilty. Shall the christian spirit be less charitable?

The fearful prophecy in the lines quoted cannot be too solemnly weighed and taken to heart. How often has the "gallows been the end" of such as began in a much smaller way than "stealing a book?" Read the confessions which have been made under the gallows, and you will have sufficient proof of this. The stream of evil, like the stream of good, has always a small beginning. The little boy or girl that is a thief in school, is on the broad way of being a thief afterwards. How often, too, and how directly always, does the attempt to steal lead to murder; and murder leads to the gallows. Have not more than one half of those that are hung for murder, murdered to steal and rob. Let not this childish prophecy and warning be lightly regarded. There is, in fact, as in the decalogue, an intimate connection between "thou shalt steal" and "thou shalt not kill."

We are not of those who think that this childish record on the blank leaves of school books has served no purpose. We bear testimony that our memory still retains and hums over the echo of impressions made by it upon our infant mind. We believe there are whole poems which have far less impressed the mind of the world. Experience has taught us things pertaining to a general defection from old-fashioned honesty which lead us to believe that it would be well for every one who wishes to keep his library from being scattered, still to write in each of his books:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend."

It might prove a useful monitor to many an "honest friend" who borrows books and forgets to return them.

We must not forget to mention, that though the form of the couplet on which we have been commenting is beyond doubt the oldest, and therefore the true reading, yet there is another version of it not without considerable antiquity and merit. It runs thus:

"Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it stands the owner's name."

The critical reader will at once see that this is a more modern reading—the fruit of an attempted improvement. But alas! what a coming down! It reminds one of the improvement once suggested by a certain spiritual chorister, to be made in one of Watts' Psalms, so as to read:

“O, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin.”

Examine the improved reading again, and you will recognize at once that it is the creation of a suspicious and degenerate spirit. See the effeminate and washy morality which underlies it. See the self-complacent dignity and courteous indulgence to which it aspires. See how it appeals only to a sense of honor—honor of human nature. No penalty to the thief except the loss of self-respect—“for fear of shame!” No higher fear is brought to confront the thief than “the owner's name!” Here is no reverence for law except the law of self-respect in the thief, and the law of honor which “the owner's name” is to uphold. Such morality is at once put to the rout by the question: Suppose the probable thief has neither fear of shame nor sense of honor? Which thing, moreover, is very likely to be found in the case of any one seriously in danger of becoming a thief.

This last version has evidently been the work of the “larger boys.” We believe an examination will prove that it is generally found in the English Readers, Primary Arithmetics, Geographies and Grammars. It belongs to that age when a certain class of manly boys would feel it to be a “shame” not to fight if “honor” should require it. The word “owner,” shows the dawn of personal importance. The boy is not wholly dependent upon a parent's indulgence for small change. He has some skill in trading; and has discovered independent sources of revenue in apples, calamus, rabbit-skins, and such like. He flourishes a four-bladed knife instead of a plain barlow; wears a coat “out of the store” instead of home-made; and perhaps even carries a watch! When these things are considered, it is easy to see that “the owner's name” carries some dignity and terror with it, to the keeping of which a book may safely be entrusted! Why should such a lad speak of “the gallows,” when his own “name” inspires all the fear needed in the case. What a want of personal honor would it imply, should such bravery call in the aid of a penalty beyond itself, and thus stand upon a level with “the smaller boys.”

Not wishing to be tedious, we must stop here for the present. We will be glad if our earnest young readers will learn more from this article than is written. We hope that it does not only awaken some pleasant memories, but that it contains also some philosophy, and several suggestions in ethics. We, moreover, ask the privilege of continuing the subject next month.

THE DIFFERENCE.—“Never bury hatchet! Scalp, fight! fight, scalp!” was the last command of a dying heathen sachem to his tribe.

“Tell sinners, ‘Repent;’ tell Christians, ‘Love the brethren,’” was the last message of a poor old dying Christian Indian to his people.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XVII.—THE SHITTIM TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The loved and lone Acacia tree.—MOORE.

SHITTIM, sitem, or sittah wood is frequently mentioned in the books of Moses; and also once by the prophet Isaiah, 41, 19. It is the wood of which the sacred vessels, used in the services of the tabernacle, were made, and also the pillars and doors. It is thus one of the most honored, as it is also one of the most interesting trees of the Bible.

Orientalists generally agree that this tree is the same as that which is now known in the East as the black ACACIA, from which our gum arabic is obtained. "The seventy interpreters, says Paxton, generally render it by the term incorruptible. Theodotian, and after him the Vulgate, translate it by Spina, a thorn. The shittim-wood, says Jerome, resembles the white thorn in its color and leaves, but not in its size; for the tree is so large, that it affords very long planks. Hasselquist also says it grows in Upper Egypt, to the size of a large tree. The wood is hard, tough, smooth, without knots, and extremely beautiful. This kind of wood grows only in the deserts of Arabia; but in no other part of the Roman empire. In another place he remarks, it is of an admirable beauty, solidity, strength, and smoothness. It is thought he means the black acacia, the only tree found in the deserts of Arabia. This plant is so hard and solid, as to become almost incorruptible. Its wood has the color of the Lotus tree; and so large, that it furnishes plank twelve cubits long. It is very thorny, and even its bark is covered with very sharp thorns; and hence it had the Hebrew name *shata*, to decline or turn to and fro, from making animals decline or turn aside by the sharpness of its spines. The interpretation now given, seems to be confirmed by the following remark of Dr. Shaw: "The acacia being by much the largest and the most common tree of these deserts, we have some reason to conjecture, that the shittim-wood, of which the several utensils of the tabernacle were made, was the wood of the acacia. This tree abounds with flowers of a globular figure, and of an excellent smell; which is another proof of its being the sittah tree of the scriptures, which, in the prophesies of Isaiah, is joined with the myrtle and other sweet-smelling plants.' Besides, we have no reason to conclude, that the people of Israel possessed any species of wood for making the utensils of the tabernacle, but what they could procure in the desert; but the desert produces none in the quantity required, except the acacia. In one place they found seventy-two palm trees: but the sacred writer distinguishes them by their vulgar name; therefore they could not be the same tree; nor is the palm, which is a soft spongy wood, at all fit for the purpose—for the nature of the utensils, as the ark of the testimony and the mercy-seat, required wood of a fibre the hardest, the most beautiful and

durable which could be found, had it been in their power to make a choice; and these are the very characters of the acacia. To these important qualities may be added, the fragrant odor emitted by this wood, which to Orientals who delight in rich perfumes, must have been a powerful recommendation. But if the acacia was perfectly suited to the purpose of Moses, and if the desert produces no other, as Dr. Shaw declares, the shittim-wood mentioned in the scriptures must be the acacia of the natural historian."

The Arabians call the acacias in the Holy Land, *sunt*. This, we are told by German scholars, is the old Egyptian pronunciation of the Hebrew name shittah, and designates that species of the acacia which does not yield much gum. That part of the valley of Jordan, in which lies the town Shittah, is now known as acacia plain, and called by the Arabs *wadi el sunt*. This seems to be adequate proof that the shittim of scripture is the oriental acacia tree. See also ROBINSON, vol. ii, p. 349.

This beautiful tree is said often to be found quite alone in the midst of the Arabian desert. It must be cheering to the traveler's eye as it rises before him in green and blooming beauty where no other green tree is near. It is on this fact that the touching song is based :

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But oh ! the choice, what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—the Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With the light sound thy loneliness.

THE MEMORY OF SAINTED INFANTS.—The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less when the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

HOME AND MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM ADAMS.

WHEREVER man appears there society appears, simultaneously as it were, and coeval with his existence. Man *as made* was one, it is true, at first, but afterwards, when "the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone," from his flesh and bones was made a partner for him. And since then, man *as born* has always come into society—he has been born into it. And this society made up of a pair, a man and a woman living together—a husband and a wife. This pair, with their offspring, constitute the family. Their dwelling is called home.

Hence result a multitude of relations of persons—of husband to wife—of wife to husband—of parents to children—of children to parents—of brothers to sisters—of sisters to brothers. All these manifestly are relations between persons in society, and that society composed of these persons is the family.

And again, owing to the nature of man, which is a nature in space and time, this society, the family, has a *place of inhabitation*, a dwelling to itself exclusive, in which only the one family dwells, or ought naturally to dwell, the home: and the society therein is, as it were, set apart from the rest of the world by visible and tangible limits; defined by them to be, although composed of many members and many relations naturally, still *one only*. One by exclusion of others from without; one by union of interests and feelings and mutual aid within; one by authority and by love. A oneness of organization with manifoldness of members and relations and affections. There is authority there, in the authority of the father. And there also naturally exists the unity of love, represented in all its possible relations, and flowing, as it were, from one fountain, the mother.

We come now to examine into the nature of this society, and the affections that are in the heart towards it.

And first, the question is, Whence comes it? How was it organized? Whence its laws? This I conceive a question worth noting, but not worth examining. I see the man that was made by the hand of God, by him brought into society—but all men that *are born*, born into a family. The family, I see, by the most ancient of histories—the Bible—to have been instituted of God. I then, as a plain matter of fact, take it for granted that it was so: that for *one man* and *one woman* to live together as husband and wife all their days, that this was the original institution. That those who lived otherwise were not they who *lived as at first*, but they who *broke off and diverged from the original institution*. Heathens may say—

"First men crawled out from the earth, a brute and dumb class of animals, fighting with fists and nails for acorns and wild fruits, then with cudgels, and with arms which necessity invented. Then their rude cries they gradually formed into articulate language; and lawgivers came, who taught them marriage and instructed them in law."

This is the heathen view entirely. The christian is, that marriage was the original state, and language a divine gift, and law a thing natural to man from his own reason and from the nature of society and of God; and that if men were found in a state such as above described, it was because they had sunk voluntarily into it.

But to resume: Men, asked any questions with regard to the family when they are possessed with this Heathen notion, will answer, the law makes it so; taking it for granted unwittingly that the law could make it otherwise.

But with regard to marriage, does not the law enact it? Does it not inflict penalties upon those who shall transgress this enactment? and thereby first cast the family into a precise and definite shape, and then by its action to retain it?

Granting that it does all this—all this will not be *to constitute it*, but only to *protect, guarantee, and define* it, by the consent and legislative power of the nation. If the thing be "*right*," then legislation sanctioning it is good; but if it be not "*right*," then no legislation can make it so.

The foundation, then, of the family and its law, I seek in the nature of man and of society, and in the express law of God. These are they that make and constitute the law of marriage and the law of the family; and human legislation is good so far as it expresses and reflects these.

But when human legislation upon any point opposes these, and says that it shall not be so, but otherwise, then human legislation fails. Mohammed permitted and enacted polygamy—and Nature starts up and says, "Nay, it shall not be: polygamy, the allotment of many wives to one man, cannot be the law of a nation, for only one woman throughout a nation shall be born for one man." And thence throughout the nation that *human law* is wholly inoperative as a law—that is, as an universal rule of life; and the only effect is tolerated licentiousness among the rich and great, and a decay of principle among the poor, and a decrease of happiness and prosperity in the nation.

If law be according to the nature and being of man and according to the law of God, then it is right, and sanctions that which is right; but if it be not "*right*," "*ruled*," that is, according to the eternal measure of immutable and unchangeable morality, then it is not so good. The will of God externally—the nature of man internally—as interpreted by the universal reason in society—these are the measures of all human legislation. And these always and for ever agree.

Having so digressed, we shall, for a while leave the legal consideration of "*Marriage*," the "*Family*," and the "*Home*," and go to the ethical consideration, that which examines not its laws under legislation, but its foundations in the nature of man, and in the law of God.

Now with regard to nature, we find the feelings of the oneness and exclusiveness of the marriage so prevalent among men from the beginning, that it gave rise to many pretty and interesting fables. "The soul of man and woman," says one ancient Greek fable, "was originally one; it was then divided by Jove into two portions, half to one body, and half to the other; and hence the one soul, with instinctive patience, seeks its lost half, and will wander over the world for it, and, if united with it, shall be happy, if not, miserable."

Behold a theory which at one blow accounts for all traveling and emigration, as well as all happiness and unhappiness of the marriage tie, and yet expressing sufficiently the sense the author of it had of the spiritual harmony of marriage.

"Behold," say the Cabalists—those Jewish retailers of absurd philosophy and foolish wisdom—"man was originally one, both soul and body, the 'Ish Kadmon,' or primitive created being, and then God separated them, and man fell!" a most absurd and ridiculous notion, and yet showing the sense these strange philosophers had of the intimate relation of unity which the masculine character bears to the feminine.

Strange fables, these, and yet bearing witness to the natural fact of unity brought about and realized by the marriage tie.

In fact, through all time antecedent to Christ, the fables of all nations, extravagant as they may be, still bear witness to the feeling and persuasions of a union the most intimate between the parties, a union of body, soul, and spirit as effectual as if they had actually become *one body, one soul, one spirit*. And this persuasion and universal sentiment assumes manifold forms, some amusing and ridiculous, and some interesting and even sublime, according to the nature and temper of the narrators.

And in philosophic earnestness and truth, when we examine the nature of man and woman, we shall find that one is, as it were, the complement and counterpart of the other, that which renders it perfect; so that in the natural quest to feel and determine what would be the perfection of humanity, we should have to combine and unite the various attributes and qualities of both minds, the masculine and the feminine, and would find that all qualities of the one nature would, as it were, combine with and perfect those of the other.

For instance, the intellect of man, being intellect, is still a very different thing in nature from the intellect of woman, but so different as to correspond to and complete it. And when we come to imagine the height and perfection of intellect, not barely great intellect, but the utmost degree and topmost summit of all greatness of mental power, then we naturally fall into a combination of both. We unite the tenderness, the grace, the delicacy of the female intellect, with the boldness, and strength, and robustness of the masculine mind; and we find this combination actually to exist in Shakspeare, Dante, Homer, in the men of the highest reach always, but not in men of second-rate powers.

And when we look at these faces of the loftiest genius, then shall we see the tenderness of the female countenance uniting itself with the strength of the masculine; as may easily be seen in the portrait of Dante, of Shakspeare, or even of Milton.

In the same way, if we take the whole nature—the conscience, the reason, the affections, the will, the understanding—in the case of all these, they are the same in both sexes; but in one there is a certain quality we call "masculine," and in the other, a quality we call "feminine," and one is supplementary, as it were, to the other, completes and perfects it. No wonder then that this constitutional adaptedness, this natural agreement of two different natures towards unity of end, should be explained by such extravagant philosophies, existent as that harmony is in all faculties of the whole being.

But the sense of harmony in two towards one purpose, or rather

towards oneness of life, is manifested exceedingly in the ordinations and definitions of legislators. "Nuptiæ sive matrimonium," says the Roman law, "est viri et mulieris conjunctio individuum vitæ consuetudinem constituens." "Marriage is the union of man and woman, constituting a united habitual course of life, *never to be separated*;" and again the same Roman law defines it to be a "Partnership of the whole life—a mutual sharing in all rights, human and divine."

But much as the Roman law acknowledges this natural unity; or rather tendency and adaptedness for unity of life, much further the English Common Law goes, for it actually considers, for all legal purposes, man and wife to be "*one person*."

To quote a modern writer: "The English law goes further, and considers the husband and wife as one person. As the lawyers state it, The very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated in that of her husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover, she performs every thing, and is, therefore, in our law-French, called *feme covert*, and her condition during her marriage is called her *coverture*."

"Hence a man cannot grant any thing to his wife by a legal act, or enter into a covenant with her, for this would be to covenant with himself. The husband is bound by law to provide his wife with the necessaries of life; if she incur debts for such things, he is obliged to pay them. Even if the debts of the wife have been incurred before marriage, the husband is bound to discharge them, for he has espoused her and her circumstances together. If she suffers an injury, she applies for redress in her husband's name, as well as her own. If any one has a claim upon her, the suit must be directed against her husband also. In criminal prosecutions, indeed, the wife may be indicted and prosecuted separately, for the union is only a civil union. But even in such cases, husband and wife are not allowed to be evidence for or against each other, 'justly,' say the lawyers, 'because it is impossible their testimony should be impartial;' but principally because of the union of person. For being thus one person, if they were admitted witnesses *for* each other, they would contradict one maxim of law: 'No one can be a witness in his own cause;' and if against each other, they would contradict another maxim: 'No one is bound to accuse himself.'"

This is the doctrine of that English Common Law, which its ablest advocates have pronounced the "perfection of reason," and which, undoubtedly, from the oldest Saxon times, has been the free element in the constitution of England. This dogma, therefore, that civilly the effect of marriage is the union of the two into one person, is the decision of the Common Law; a decision, we fear not to say, that nearer expresses the truth than any other. For, as we have shown, the natural feeling of the human heart, expressed in many fables, many philosophies, and many legal enactments, is such that it confesses a union of the closest and most intimate kind between the husband and the wife—a union so closely drawn and intimate, that by no other words can we clearly express the fulness of it, than by those of the Anglo-Saxon law—"these two individuals make one person."

So, when we come to the scriptures, we find the same doctrine most plainly held forth. The doctrine that these, being two individuals, "are

one flesh," one humanity—that is, one, not only in union of interest, will, sympathies, and affections, for this is a figurative oneness, but one as no other oneness is: so one, that by Christ's law nothing but death can disunite them; one, so that the unbelieving husband or wife is sanctified by the believer; one, as Christ and his church are one; one "in a mystery"—that is to say, the fact is *to us* impossible and incomprehensible *as a fact*, yet, as being revealed to us by the word of God, is true; while the means whereby it is so, the grounds, the consequences of it, these lie far beyond us, deep hidden in the limitless power and the inscrutable wisdom of the eternal God. This, as may be seen from the words of St. Paul and of our Lord Jesus, is the true doctrine of the scripture and the church concerning the marriage union:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as *unto the Lord*. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be subject to their own husbands in every thing. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. *So ought men to love their wives as their own body. For he that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church; for we are members of his body, his flesh, and his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall become one flesh. This is a great mystery; and this I apply to Christ and the church.*" Eph. 5: 22.

This is the plain doctrine of scripture; a doctrine that says that, in the very being and constitution of man by his creation, there is a mystery in reference to marriage.

A mystery, in the Scripture language, is "a thing declared to us as a fact, and therefore to be received upon the evidence of Almighty God, and yet the reasons and causes of which are hidden from us." So is "the Incarnation," the fact that God was born of a woman and assumed flesh—this is a "mystery," a fact declared and shown, and for which, on natural grounds, the grounds of mere reason, we cannot account.

Thus marriage is a "Mystery," and the Mystery is, that as "Christ and the Church" are actually one, so should the husband and wife be one—that as we, having mortal bodies here upon earth, are united with his Spiritual and Immortal Humanity upon the throne, and are thus one with him, so should two, the Man and the Woman, being two, *become and be one flesh*.

And hence that, as the Church obeys Christ, so should the wife obey the husband: *not through compulsion, but through love*; and so should the husband love the wife, as Christ loved the church, because this is the natural consequence of his position, and because "she is his flesh, and no one hateth his own flesh."

Here is the mystery. The apostle takes it for granted that they are *actually and really one*, and argues therefrom *as it is so*; but the reason of the union that makes it so he does not declare—only that *it is*.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE PARENTAL CHARACTER.

BY RICHARD CECIL.

THE influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Every thing around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great, that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge on us principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper, only to laugh at it. But at length, he had read the same things again and again, so often, that he began to think there must be some truth in them, and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone; but will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be therefore such a mighty influence in every thing around, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention: and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted: but that only proves that contrary currents may arise, and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data—fixed, fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps; but it is impossible.

Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel: but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see "The Minor." He could laugh heartily at mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me, it was none: it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man: it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way.

I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience; and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains at length, such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children who, at night—in their chamber—in the dark—in a storm of thunder—will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They cannot sin like other men. They recollect that **ETERNITY**, which stands in their way. It rises up before them, like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them: it thunders in their ears. After all, they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay: “I **MUST** be religious, one time or other. That is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well! I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme, and then!”

The opinions—the spirit—the conversation—the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of a man he is, such in a great degree, will be the child; unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man—if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such an one, and who married such an one—if he is a sensualist, a low wretch—his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man—his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man—such will be his children. This I speak of as **GENERALLY** the case. It may happen, that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen, that the child may be driven into disgust: the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, every thing seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he casts his bread upon the waters. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete **SELFIST**. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their “family”—and their “family”—they “must provide for their family.” Their family has no place in their **REAL REGARD**. They push for themselves. But God says—“No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you.” The most common of all human complaints is—Parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.

TRUE HAPPINESS.—The greatest happiness a man can enjoy is in doing a good act.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN CALVIN, the great Reformer. Translated from the German of Paul Henry, D. D., Minister and Seminary-Inspector in Berlin, by Henry Stebbing, D. D., F. R. S., in two volumes. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is a full and complete life of one who is, in a wide sense, a representative man. The book is rightly called "Life and Times," for it unfolds to us in nearly one thousand pages the general workings of the Reformation life during more than the first half of the 15th century. This was necessary in order to portray fully the life of the Reformer whose influence was so mighty a factor in the history of the times. Though there have been lives of Calvin before this, yet the theological public is agreed that this is the only work at all adequate to the theme. It is learned, thorough, and drawn from the best sources. The author inspires you with confidence on every page. Its great excellence is its sober dignified tone. It is not dramatical, in the style of De Aubigne, making characters frisk lightly before you, but a picture of earnest men with an earnest age as its background. Dr. Henry brings out the mind of Calvin, not only as it appears in his public acts, but also as it lies in his written works. How much of the true and most earnest life of a man like Calvin, after all, is found preserved as the soul of what he has written. This is frequently overlooked by biographers. There is much brought out in this volume which, if candidly read, will modify the views and feelings of many in regard to Calvin's peculiar theological views; especially in regard to his relation to the melancholy case of Servetus. What gives this indication more force to the reader's mind is the fact that Dr. Henry gives evidence abundantly, as he passes along, that he has not taken up Calvin as a hero, but with a steady hand records his faults as well as his virtues. We earnestly commend this life of Calvin to all who seek true information in regard to this man of history. His deep and strong sacramental spirit, however difficult, perhaps impossible, it may be to reconcile it with his views concerning the divine decrees, is much needed at the present day as a check to Reformers of the Reformation. The Carters', of whose list of theological publications we have frequently spoke in praise, have done a good work in bringing out this excellent Life of Calvin.

ORIGIN AND ANIMUS OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH: A Discourse. By Rev. Geo. B. Russell, A. M., Pittsburg, Pa. Chambersburg: M. Kieffer & Co. 1856.

This treatise may be safely recommended to such as seek correct information in regard to the history and doctrinal spirit of the German Reformed Church. The sketch is necessarily brief, yet it is comprehensive, and breathes a spirit of openness and candor. Mr. Russell handles the pen well; and shows, moreover, in this discourse, that he has studied the deeper elements of modern church history with earnestness and care.

A COLLECTION OF THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, FRENCH, PORTUGUESE AND OTHER IMMIGRANTS IN PENNSYLVANIA; Chronologically arranged from 1727 to 1776. By I. Daniel Rupp. Harrisburg. 1856.

This work is to be issued in monthly numbers till completed at \$1 for the whole work, if paid in advance. A copy will be sent gratis to any one sending \$10 with ten subscribers. Mr. Rupp deserves much praise for this work of patience. It will place in the hands of subscribers the means of tracing their ancestors, which must prove a great satisfaction to all who have not, under a false training, grown indifferent to their own earthly origin. We are among those who believe that any who care not about their earthly origin, care also as little as to anything higher. We are much mistaken if this work will not be much sought for.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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APRIL, 1856.

No. 4.

INJURIOUS LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

BY WM. C. SCOTT.

THERE is a classification of literature which consists of what are termed *works of pleasure and amusement—entertaining but innocent*. Their claim of innocence may, perhaps, be conceded to this extent, that they avoid making a direct assault on any one of the social virtues; but, while yielding this concession, we are compelled to object to faults of another kind, as chargeable on this class of literature. A grand moral error, inseparable from such works, is an undue prominence given to pleasure as an object of pursuit. Connected with this error is another, viz., a fatal mistake as to what constitutes true pleasure. That there is an innocent diversion of mind, no one but a morose ascetic will for a moment deny. But this diversion should be to the mind what relaxation is to the body, an occasional relief from the more severe labors of life. But, if life itself is converted into a holiday; if the mind has no higher aim than pleasure, and the body no other employment than the gratification of its senses, then nature itself, in maintaining such an unnatural system of life, is forced to the necessity of obtaining variety and zest in its enjoyment by adopting artificial, stimulating and destructive ingredients, and pursuing a career of dissipation and profligacy, disastrous alike to the health of the body and the happiness of the mind. Man was not placed in this world merely to be diverted: and he who makes diversion his only aim in life, sacrifices both his duty and his happiness. Pleasure, when innocent, is always subordinate to duty; and he who holds duty supreme, takes the only course to secure real and permanent pleasure.

Here, then, is the grand defect of the class of writers under consideration. They make pleasure the great end of life; and they fail to discriminate between true and false pleasure. They take for granted that pleasure is the chief good—the “one thing needful;” and they do not pause to inquire how it stands related to other interests, or to ask even if there be any interest apart from this. Nor do they deem it incumbent on them to ascertain what qualities are necessary to constitute true

pleasure. This is not their office. They do not aspire to be teachers and guides, that they may instruct mankind what paths to choose and what to avoid. They aim only to be entertaining and amusing companions, to divert the tedium of the journey. It is not their part to correct the tastes and tendencies of the age. They must consult the popular taste, and fall in with the fashionable current, in order to render themselves as agreeable and pleasant as possible. They are well aware, too, what kind of entertainment the public taste demands. They know that in this reading age, most men read, not to be instructed and edified, but to be amused and diverted—that they desire to find in books not a sound, rational, and above all, not a religious entertainment; but wit, humor, novelty and a gay variety of painted scenes and images, passing like a comic panorama before the eye. In furnishing a supply for this public demand, they ply their colors to paint amusing caricatures of truth and nature. If they are admonished that there are other and higher interests, which are sacrificed by this indiscriminate and exclusive devotion to mere amusement; that it is indulged to the neglect of moral duty, and at the expense of rational happiness—inasmuch as it excludes that serious reflection which is indispensable to the knowledge of our duty, and maintains a frivolity of spirit, which is inconsistent with the experience of happiness, they will profess to be unable to discriminate in such subtle casuistry—they will say that a benevolent Creator doubtless designed that man should find enjoyment in life, and that any form of pleasure would be more agreeable to his will than habits of gloom and moping melancholy.

" 'Tis tell such men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work is life misspent;
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
Then mirth is sin and we should always cry;
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit."

With them pleasure is everything or nothing. A proper medium, a due proportion, and a subordinate relation to other interests, are conditions which they cannot conceive in their application to this subject. They see only the two extremes of incessant gaiety and unalleviated gloom; and the whole world to them is divided into but two classes, the devotees of pleasure and the victims of sorrow.

But what are the sources of this vaunted pleasure? Buoyancy of animal spirits, successive scenes of festive mirth, and a uniform frivolity of mind easily diverted and averse to habits of serious thought. This is the sum of all its attributes. How unworthy the character of a rational being! How incapable of satisfying the thirst of an immortal spirit! How entirely opposed to the attainment of that pure and permanent pleasure which christianity proffers to our acceptance! The one awakens the soul to the right exercise of its rational and moral powers, opens its vision on the surrounding scene, enables it to triumph over the evils of life, and draws its light and animation from an unfailing source. The other suspends the powers of the soul, blinds the mind to the inevitable realities of life, assumes a gay delusion which hides the features of truth, and a levity of spirit which shakes off the impressions of duty. The one is an ever-flowing stream, springing from perennial

fountains, sparkling here and there in many a sportive eddy, but still rolling on, spreading fertility and beauty in its course, and growing broader and deeper as it flows on forever. The other is an artificial reservoir, confined in its position, fed by temporary supplies, liable at any moment to escape by a sudden rupture of its embankment; or, if retained, it is only to grow putrid from stagnation, and exhale in deadly vapors under a blasting sun.

Now, these two systems of pleasure are obviously opposed to each other in their very nature. The very habits of mind and traits of character, which these amusing writers encourage and confirm, involve a permanent hostility to that entire scheme of happiness which is founded on rational and christian principles.

Nor is it merely a passive enmity of nature by which this vain system of pleasure stands opposed to christianity. It breaks forth in direct and aggressive hostility. Destitute of resources within itself, it makes predatory incursions on the sacred territory of truth, and converts the most awful solemnities of religion into subjects of mockery and sport. One of the most common instruments employed by these writers is *ridicule*—a weapon most effective in the defence of prejudice, whatever may be its pretended value as a test of truth. This is a mere pretence, however, without a shadow of reason for its support; for it can be maintained only on the supposition that the blind prejudices of the multitude and the reigning fashions of the hour are in every instance identical with truth. For where lies the sense of ridicule? Not in opposition to abstract truth, but in opposition to the existing current of popular sympathy. This imparts oddity to an event, and absurdity to an opinion. This gives authority to a sneer, and a currency to a laugh. What, then, are the conditions of ridicule? Power of fancy to represent an object in a grotesque position; an arrogance of spirit which dares to despise it; and a coincidence of public sentiment which sustains the act and echoes the laugh. Again, to what feeling does ridicule make its appeal, but a feeling of shame? And what occasions shame, but a regard to public sentiment? Then, to make existing public sentiment a test of truth, would render truth a mere chameleon. Instead of being immutable in its nature, it would change its color and form with every change of location. For not only in dress and diet, but in conduct and character, that which is the extreme of absurdity in one community is the sublime of dignity in another.

Such is the nature of the instrument chiefly used by writers of amusement.

They deal extensively in *caricature*. And where do they generally find their materials? What class of subjects do they select for the exercise of their ridicule? Errors that are popular? Vices that are fashionable? The various forms of cant and hypocrisy that prevail in the more polite and polished circles of society? Folly and guilt in any of the high places of the world? Ah, no; *that* would be rather too *serious* an affair! There is influence—patronage—power to affect popularity in such quarters. The founders of fashion, the oracles of taste, the connoisseurs of refinement preside in these departments. The laugh might be turned against us. It would be more prudent to let them alone. So reason these polite authors. They turn to the

christian church, and select the peculiarity of christian character, as the most suitable subjects for satire. Here they find fair game and an open field. Here caricature may paint its distortions, and waggery may twirl its grimace and its attitudes, not only with impunity to themselves, but to the infinite amusement of those gay and polished circles, whose propitious smile is so essential to literary reputation.

Let any one revert in memory to the list of works of fiction which he has read, and then ask himself how many of the specimens of christian character introduced in such works have been faithful likenesses; and how many have been disgusting caricatures. And he will, perhaps, be surprised at the result. The christian name is represented as concealing under a mask of outward devotion, a character of malignity, or worldliness, or sensuality; and even when the outward profession is not made the veil of hypocrisy, it is openly associated with a character of fierce fanaticism, or contracted bigotry, or superstitious credulity, or ignorant stupidity. If a priest or parson be introduced, he is either some dark scheming scoundrel, or some effeminate fop of fashion, or some rubicund and roystering boon companion of the bottle, the card table and the fox chase; or some fanatical stickler for creeds and dogmas; or some devout ignoramus, whose piety, though sincere, excites pity instead of respect. Now, we admit that there are exceptions to this description; but they are so rare, as to be only exceptions to a general rule. The christian name is generally associated with some psalm-singing, sour-visaged, sanctimonious pretender to piety, with a jargon of religious cant, whose character exhibits most unlovely and distorted features, and whose life displays the most vile and contemptible conduct; while men of the world who make no pretension to piety, are set off in contrast with every noble and generous trait of character, and all high-minded and honorable actions of life.

Now, it is true, it may be replied to all this, that such unworthy characters have existed in the christian church; and the apology of Burns for his satires on religion, may be adopted:

"To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee."

But, we ask, why are evil examples *so generally* introduced, and worthy ones *so rarely*? Is there any *caveat* or any intimation implied or expressed, that these examples were intended to represent only "false friends" and insincere pretenders to piety? Is there any thing in the manner in which they are introduced, to show that it was designed "to stigmatize" them, in order to relieve religion from the odium of their example? Or rather, does not the whole spirit of the performance indicate the deliberate purpose to injure the cause of religion by means of their example? At all events, whether intended or not, the practical result of such representations is to bring christian piety into contempt—to identify the sincere devotion of an honest heart, and the straightforward consistency of christian principle, with superstitious cant and sanctimonious hypocrisy; and to induce irreligious men to feel contented and secure in their neglect of the whole subject of religion.

But in many instances, such writers go even beyond the point of ridiculing the christian name and profession. They make the solemn

doctrines of christianity subjects of caricature and profane burlesque. They do this by expressing the truth in the cant phrase of vulgar ignorance, so as to clothe it in an aspect of absurdity, or by associating the truth with some low allusion or ludicrous image; or by extending the limits of the truth to some extreme of evident extravagance, or blending it in association with foreign and opposite ideas; little thinking that this absurd, distorted, fantastic image, which they have conjured up as a phantom of human superstition, is nevertheless but a caricature of a divine reality, which, in a different form, is revealed in direct terms again and again, in that Book which, many of them at least, acknowledge to be the Word of God.

BOOKS BEFORE PRINTING.

WHAT people did without books, or what is the same thing to the mass of people, without printed books, becomes a greater subject of wonder every year, as these beguilers of our leisure hours become more and more numerous. A writer on this subject in *Chambers' Journal* gives us some curious items on the condition of literature prior to the use of printing. What would the Bishop of Durham, mentioned in the following extract, have said, if he had been told that the day would come when clergymen would read fewer books than many classes of laymen; yet that is probably the case now—unless they happen to be editors as well as clergymen—from the very circumstance that the books they do read require so much time and thought.

An old writer, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the "love of books," avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong-side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." It is presumable that he would not have said this if laymen had then been at all in the habit of reading. It is indeed a fact that many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's views of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be entrusted with books than the despised and unlettered laity. In the treatise alluded to, his lordship is not sparing of his reproach in regard to the frequent misuse of books which came under his notice. He reprobates the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers. With a solemn reverence for a book, at which we may now smile, but for which we can hardly help respecting him, he says: "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after the inspection without being duly closed"—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though of course its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.

SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. III.

Do you ask me whence these follies,
 Whence these stories of imposture,
 Whence these silly tricks of Humbug?
 I should answer, I should tell you
 From the downy chins of young men,
 From the naked lips of fast men,
 From the tender brains of sick swains,
 From the hearts of verdant lovers.

—NOT FROM HIAWATHA.

WE have seen, in the last article, how Humbug proposes to cure the body, and what a money-making business it proves itself to be. His wonderful mission, however, is not confined to the bodily ills of human life. Some patients have weak minds as well as weak bodies, and Dr. Humbug is ready to serve them. In this business he also notices the weak side and enters there.

Here is a poor inebriate whose will, by the long habit of drinking, has become too weak to control his appetite and passion for strong drink. He has often wept over his misery. What shall he do? He feels himself to be a poor slave. He would do or give any thing in his power to be released from the fiend that torments him. He has signed the pledge, but under the strong passion and temptation he has broken it again. What shall he do! At this juncture Humbug falls into his way in the shape of the following advertisement, which has been published in thousands of copies over the land:

"A REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The Doctor has in his possession a remedy which effectually destroys all taste for liquor, and prevents a person from acquiring the habit of drinking. In the many thousand cases for which he has used this article, he has the pleasure to say, in not one single case has it ever failed. In towns where it has been used, temperance societies have dissolved and taverns been shut, simply because no one wanted a drink after using this Remedy. He supplied the Remedy to a celebrated temperance lecturer of this place, and he has written to the Doctor that he has made more permanent converts to the cause of temperance in one week than he has done all his life by preaching or example; because, after using this Remedy, all taste for liquor is completely destroyed; and after taking this Remedy, a person who had been in the habit of drinking would as soon think of drinking soapsuds and water as liquor. The discovery of this important Remedy is the greatest addition science has ever had. The effect is instantaneous."

You ask, Will any one respond to this, and be deceived thereby? You suppose that the trickery of it is too plain to allow it to be dangerous. But you must remember how sorely the poor drunkard is sometimes pressed by his woes; and how anxious a poor wife is to have her husband restored to his family. We assure you, innocent reader, that to such long hopeless hearts, the least ray of hope that falls before them

encourages them to try the remedy. The very fact that Humbug can afford to advertise this pretended cure so largely proves that it calls forth many applications. But we can furnish the reader with positive facts in the case. When the police in Philadelphia some time ago arrested one of these impostors, and seized his letters, they found, among thousands of others, one from a poor washer-woman residing near West Chester, Pa., who had sent him \$20, saved out of her hard earnings, praying him to send the remedy that her husband might be cured of drunkenness!

This is one way in which Humbug feeds his pockets by taking advantage of human weakness; but it is not the only way. There are every where to be found young gentlemen whom nature has either neglected, or on whose face it has not displayed its luxuriance of hair as largely as desired. There are few villages and country places where there is not one or several who think that a Spanish look is all that is needed to complete their importance and their happiness. With what inward joy do such swelling youth read in *The New York Tribune*, of January 27, 1855, as follows:

WHISKERS and MUSTACHES produced in six weeks by **GRAHAM'S ONGUENT**. It will not stain or injure the skin. \$1 per bottle. Sent to any part of the country. ———, No. —, Nassau-st.

Do any believe it? Yes; hundreds of simple souls have secretly sent on their \$1, and then in faith and hope anointed their downy chins and upper lips! These wonderful appendages to a man "produced in six weeks"—without "staining the skin"—"sent to any part of the country"—and only "\$1 per bottle." What is one dollar spent in manure for such a soil. Young America never gave a dollar more cheerfully. He feels inwardly glad that he lives in the 19th century and has even heard of "Graham's Onguents."

There are also many to be found among the rising generation, and some among the generation advanced beyond rising years, whose heads and hearts, as well as their chins, are softer than they ought to be. Humbug is ready for them. Such read with joy in the *Lancaster Independent Whig*, of February, 1855:

PERSONAL.—"MAGNETIC LOVE POWDER!" THIS ELECTRICAL Powder will make young Men love young Women, and will also make young Women love young Men. It will make man and wife love each other, and all your enemies as friends. Price 50 cents a package, or three for \$1. This Powder has never failed, nor never will, if used according to my directions. All orders must be pre-paid, and the Powders will be sent by return of mail. Address, ———, Pine Grove, Pa.

Behold, even in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania is this wisdom known. Remember, "all orders must be *pre-paid*." Let it not be supposed that this kind of imposition is located only in country places. The following nonsense is also published in a widely circulated Almanac issued from Philadelphia. It is subjoined to a picture of a bride leaning upon the arm of the happy man who won her by the Powders:

"The Magic effects of Dr. ———'s Magic Love Powders are made apparent in the above cut. The courtship, of which the above is a true copy, had been lingering for seven years, and probably would have continued for seven years more

if had not been for the aid of Dr. ———. His advice was solicited, and he sent one package of his Love Powders, and the result was a happy and speedy union of the above couple. The Doctor has used his Love Powder in more than twenty thousand cases, and has never known it to fail of producing the happiest result; he can send them to you to any part of the world, in letter so securely that the most curious cannot be aware of the contents of the letter. When you write you will please sign your name in a clear style, give the name of your post office, or county, town, and name of the State, and you cannot fail to get the happiest return you have ever had in your life for the small sum of money expended. These Powders are applicable to all sexes and conditions, and will make any person marry you that you wish. All that you have to do is to get one package of Dr. ———'s Love Powder, and you can put such a spell on them that they are no longer free agents."

He must know little of human nature who does not believe that there are thousands of ignorant souls who answer to such advertisements. Persons of whom you would not dream in connection with such folly have bought and fed the "powders"—which was no doubt a little buck-wheat meal, or something of the kind, sent nicely put up with directions for "50 cents a package, or three for \$1." In the same seizure of letters in Philadelphia, to which we have already referred, letters brought to light the fact that a wealthy lady in Reading, Pa., sent \$40 to have the Doctor turn the feelings of a certain gentleman towards her. Another lady of Reading, attached to the same "nice man," without knowing what had been done, wrote, about the same time, to have the Dr. turn his feelings toward her. He wrote back that her "letter came only one day too late!"—he had already fixed this man's love on the other lady; but for \$50 he would change it back again, and turn it to her! Do you believe it?—the \$50 were sent, as the correspondence shows. This young man must have endured singular convulsions in being thus jerked hither and thither in his heart affairs, in so short a time. It is to be hoped that this beautiful man got safely over it.

This dealing with soft heads being a good business, in the money way, it is not to be wondered at that different schemes should be plied. Thus a Dr. Humbug, of New York, sends the whole secret in a book for only \$1. This is better—every one can then make his or her own "powders:"

"MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.

A BOOK OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY PAGES, 32mo.

Printed on fine paper, and beautifully illustrated. By Prof. ———.

Prof. ———, of New York, formerly of Sweden, where he has been the means of bringing about thousands of happy marriages, will send to any address, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, post-paid, plain directions, to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as they may desire. The process is so simple, but so captivating, that all may be married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with the utmost ease and delicacy.

N. B.—This is no humbug, but one of the greatest sciences the world ever produced, which thousands of ladies and gentlemen in the city of New York can attest to. No one will ever regret the price paid for such an invaluable secret, which is contained in a book of one hundred and sixty pages, with all the necessary directions. Bills of any specie-paying bank in the United States or Canada received at par. All that is necessary for you to do is to write a letter in as few words as possible, and inclose the money. Prof. ———, New York."

The same paper, and the most widely circulating journal in this country, contains two other advertisements similar to this. The one

offers the book for 12½ cents. Wonderfully cheap, but "all letters must be *post-paid*." This extensive advertising in papers where terms are high, shows that the business is extensively encouraged. Poor human nature. How easy is it for humbuggery to impose on thousands who have been brought up in ignorance, and especially whose religious education has been neglected. What a fearful darkness and stupidity must becloud the mind of any one who can be deceived by such impositions.

If, however, there are some who are fortunate enough to have personal attractions sufficient to win a suitor without resort to "powders," and have merely a curiosity to know what their future husband or wife looks like, they also can be accommodated by Humbug. Hear how a woman beckons to the verdant in the land, through the columns of *The New York Herald*:

MATRIMONIAL.—**MADemoiselle EMILE VILLETTE**, Professor of Autography (or reading of character by a person's hand writing) and a spiritual writing medium, will, upon the receipt of 25 cents, (or equivalent in postage stamps) and a specimen of hand-writing, send to any person a full delineation of their character, affairs of the heart, success, destiny, &c.; also a description of the one they love or will marry. Address, post-paid, Emile Villette, Broadway P. O. Those residing out of the city can safely transmit through the mail. All communications answered one week after their receipt."

All this is certainly silly enough; and it is enough to make one ashamed of his kind to think that such wicked impositions are practiced, and that there are so many beings, with human faces, who can be caught by such chaff. But half is not told. If a weak-headed man's troubles lie in another direction Dr. Humbug is ready for him. Let him read the following testimonials:

DEBTS OF LONG STANDING COLLECTED BY THE POWER OF GEOMANCY.—It was my good fortune to have an interview with the Astrologer, ———, respecting many persons who owed me money, who were able to pay me, yet had not the disposition. But, by consulting with this gentleman, I have recovered many bills that I had forgotten, and in two months received more money than I ever did in the same time since I have been in business. I would advise all to call, who wish a speedy collection of doubtful accounts, and try his magic, for I am sure they never will regret it. **LEWIS RUSHEART.**

Ho, ye whose books are full of bad debts, try "the power of Geomancy!" Send on the money and the Doctor will give them "the disposition." Where are the soft heads that pay the cost of this advertisement? Somebody pays it, rest assured, and besides this also a handsome dividend into the Doctor's pocket.

The following exhibits a fruitful source of profit to Humbug:

RECOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.—In November, 1849, I had a watch stolen from me, and was advised to call on Dr. ———, the Astrologer, in Locust street, Philadelphia. In a few days, by following his advice, I recovered my watch. I also confess that Dr. ——— stopped me from drinking liquor. In six weeks he effected a cure; and I have not used or desired strong drink since. I believe he can cure the worst cases of drunkenness.

ROBERT McINTIRE, White Marsh, Montgomery Co., Pa.

We have in our possession a letter, in the hand-writing of the lady herself, applying for the power of discovering the thief and securing a return of the property stolen. The hand-writing, as well as the com-

position, shows that the lady has considerable intelligence, showing that this kind of folly is not confined to the ignorant. This letter was among those already referred to as seized by the police of Philadelphia, and fell into our hands through Mr. Geist, of the Lancaster Saturday Evening Express, who had in his possession a large number of these letters, and who published them in an able expose of this kind of imposition. Here is the letter and the reply :

"HOLIDAYSBURG, December 2, 1850.

DEAR SIR: Your letter was received with much pleasure. Mother still thinks that you can bring it back. The girl that was blamed for taking it has gone to Pittsburg. Mother dreamed the other night that the money was in a house in town, and this girl stole it and gave it to the other girl to keep for her. Also, that some one had gave mother power to get it. So that must be you. Every one laughed when she told them that she was a going to send money to you, for you could bring the stolen money back. But she believed so firmly in you, that she did not listen to them. Do you think it is in town? Do please try and get it. Yours, respectfully, ———."

Here is the ignorant scoundrel's reply, verbatim :

"phil'a December 3 '50

I have notice your Remarks ; the money is in your Town ; and your mother will Get them back but in som cases, it takes Longer time than in others.

Res'y ———."

This very impostor, as was ascertained by official inquiry, in the space of a few years, cleared at this business the enormous sum of FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, after paying immense sums besides for advertising. At the time of his capture by the authorities of Philadelphia, he had \$15,000 deposited in one bank. When his letters fell into the hands of the officers, and The Sunday Globe began to publish them as an expose of his impositions, he called on the editors and offered them \$1000 if they would let him alone. They nobly refused. By the authorities and the public papers he was at last driven from Philadelphia; and yet, in the face of this exposure, he settled down afterwards in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and lastly in Cincinnati, and did a large business—riding out in his splendid carriage, and enjoying himself in the highest style, a very king in the "Paradise of fools" which he had gathered around him.

A SACRED MELODY

Be thou, O God, by night, by day,
 My guide, my guard from sin;
 My life, my trust, my light divine,
 To keep me pure within.
 Pure as the air, when day's first light
 A cloudless sky illumines,
 And active as the lark that soars
 Till heaven shines round its plumes.
 So may my soul upon the wings
 Of faith unwearied rise,
 Till at the gate of heaven it sings
 Midst light from Paradise.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XVIII.—THE OAK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Oak has been a sacred tree among many nations. The Greeks, Romans, Germans, Gauls, and Britons, all held it in the greatest veneration. The Druids celebrated their sacred rites under oaks. It is such a noble tree that Cowper could well say,

“It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.”

“We have reason to think,” says one, “that this veneration was brought from the East; and that the Druids did no more than transfer the sentiments their progenitors had received in oriental countries. It would appear that the patriarch Abraham resided under an oak, or a grove of oaks, which our translators render the plains of Mamre; and that he planted a grove of this tree. Gen. 21, 23. In fact, since in hot countries nothing is more desirable, or more refreshing, than the shade of a tree, we may easily suppose the inhabitants would resort for their enjoyment to

“Where’er the oak’s thick branches spread
A deeper, darker shade.”

Oaks, and groves of oaks, were esteemed proper places for religious services. Altars were set up under them: Josh. 24, 26; and probably in the East, as well as in the West, appointments to meet at conspicuous oaks were made, and many affairs transacted, or treated of, under their shade, as we read in Homer, Theocritus, and other poets. The heathen made idols of oak. Is. 44, 14. The oracle of Dodona stood in a grove of oaks, which was sacred to Jupiter. Celebrated in the scriptures are the “Oaks of Bashan.” Is. 2, 13; Zach. 11, 2; Ezek. 27, 6. Orientalists tell us that this is a peculiar kind of oak. The leaves are smaller and the acorns larger than those on our oaks. The acorns and nut-galls of this tree are an important article of exportation in Syria.

The Hebrew word, *ALON*—oak—is sometimes translated *plain* in our English bible. Thus in Judges 10, 37: “The plain of Meonenim,” is in Luther’s translation “The Magic Oak;” supposed to be called the magic or wizard oak, because it was the spot where Jacob had hid the gods of his wives. Gen. 35, 4. So also in 1 Sam. 10, 3: “the plain of Tabor,” is in German “the oak of Tabor.” As these trees lived to a great age they naturally became celebrated as the representatives of the localities in which they stood. It was under an oak that Joshua held solemn assemblies of the people, and there also he erected the stone of testimony to remind the Jews of their covenant with God. Joshua 24, 26. Deborah, Rebekah’s nurse, was buried under an oak. Gen.

35, 8. The angel of the Lord that appeared to Gideon sat under an oak. Judges 6, 2. Prophets were also wont to sit under this tree. 1 Kings 13, 14. Abimelech was made king "by the plain (oak) of the pillar that was in Shechem." Judges 9, 6.

Besides its great age, there is a solemn grandeur about the oak that inspires in us feelings of respect. A friend of ours is wont to take his hat off when he meets a majestic oak. He learned it from the fifth commandment, the spirit of which he piously thinks extends to aged trees. We respect him the more on this account.

What astonishes us most of all when we look thoughtfully at a large oak is, that such a thing of a hundred "mighty arms" should come forth from a small acorn. Verily, if it should spring up at once into such dimensions it would be a miracle, and we should praise the great God because of it! Is it not just as wonderful—and more so—that it should have become what it is through long centuries of slow, silent growth, encountering the frost of many winters and the rage of a thousand hurricanes and storms. Yes it is a miracle to the thoughtful.

Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thy embryo vastness at a gulph.
But God thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil,
Designed thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

A SHADOW FROM THE HEAT.

How oppressive is the weather ! Our blood boils, our lips are parched, our heads ache. We pant for rest, how sweet to recline under some cooling shade ! "Thou hast been a shadow from the heat," says the prophet Isaiah to the God of Israel. And what kind of a shadow is He ? We read in the scripture of the shadow of a cloud, of the shadow of a tree, of the shadow of a rock, of the shadow of a tabernacle from the heat. The shadow of a cloud in harvest is grateful ; but it passes quickly by. The shadow of a tree under which we sit down is grateful, but it covers only a small space, and the rays often pierce through the boughs. The shadow of a great rock is dense and cool, but it befriends only a little way. The shelter which the soul finds in God is far more than they all together. In the shadow of the tabernacle is a cool and refreshing resting-place. No burning heats are there ; no storms of wicked passions are there ; no parching droughts are there ; no harm of any kind can come there. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." "He that dwelleth in the sacred place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Will you not come and dwell under this broad and blessed shadow ?

UNPUBLISHED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reader will please call to mind one thing which we said last month in regard to "scraps of unpublished literature" found on the blank leaves of school books. This, namely: "We are of opinion that these sentiments, when properly arranged, do truly exhibit not only the intellectual, but also the moral and religious history of the scholar's mind and heart: even in the same way, and by the same philosophy as the history of a nation's poetry shows its development." So we now repeat.

We brought our history of unpublished school-boy literature up to the first efforts of the "larger boys." We now proceed to the examination of a specimen which exhibits a certain one-sided development common to boys at a certain period in boyhood:

Bobby Brown, his hand and pen,
He will be good, but dear knows when.

We do not at all like the spirit of these lines. We are sorry that it is so common with boys of a certain age to write them in their school-books. The thoughtful reader will at once recognise in them a certain peculiar bravo spirit which is not at all beautiful in children. We do not like to see him write down his own name, in nick-name style. It is a bad sign when a boy, or a man, receives a nick-name. He ought to avoid giving occasion for it; and if some weakness or wickedness in him draws it upon him he ought to mourn over it in deepest shame. It is a NICK-NAME. The word *nick*, the reader no doubt knows, means in some languages, "the devil"—an evil spirit. A nick-name is a *devil*-name: that is, a name given by some evil-disposed person, and generally occasioned by some evil trait in the one who receives it, of which it is the mark. It ought to be regarded with earnest disapprobation; and it pains us to see the boy adopt it, and record it with his own hand.

You say, perhaps, "Bobby" cannot be properly regarded as a nick-name, because it evidently comes from Robert. Yes, you know it to be so derived; but pray, could you tell it from the words themselves. It is purely a nick-name; and there is no law of language by which it can be derived from Robert. We are sorry to see this boy adopt his nick-name; it sinks him in our estimation.

You think it strange that we should so strongly censure this feature in the couplet. But hear us. The boy received a name in his baptism, Robert. That is his *christian* name. Before that he had only one name, and that was the name of his parents, the name in the flesh, the name in nature; but when he was *christened* he received another name, the name in grace. Every time he or others call him by his christian name, it is to remind him of the new relation he now sustains to Christ of which the name is the symbol and mark. This christian name is Robert; but see now the boy prefers his nick-name, his devil-name to his true christian name. He calls himself by this evil name, which is as much as to say

he does not wish to be regarded as a christian, but names himself after the evil spirit.

Are we not right in disliking, yea in being horrified at the spirit of the boy who can so deny his christian name. Say we not truly that no greater insult can be offered any one than to give him a nick-name. It is indeed to insult and mock his baptism, and deny to him a title to the highest and most honorable name which a mortal can bear.

We say, then, that the boy whose taste falls in with this couplet is developing in an unlovely direction. If he does not change he may yet turn out to be, what is familiarly known as a rowdy. The elements of this character are evidently working in him. We already picture him to ourselves as somewhat rude in his manners and rough in his words. He may not yet fight or swear, but he begins to be uncourteous in some of his intercourse with other boys, and his words begin to show a great deal of the bold sauce-box. His eye and his cheek begin to lose that beautiful modesty which all good people love so much to see in children. He begins to delight in a slouching hat, and a swaggering air. He even sometimes answers rudely when his mother gives him tender and good advice. This, and more too, we expect to find in a boy who has so far lost his christian self-respect as to hear and even write with pleasure his nick-name. Again, we say, we are sorry to see this spirit growing in the boy.

What is thus implied in the first line of the couplet, is fully brought out in the second. See how irreverently he speaks :

He will be good, but dear knows when.

In this line he even makes light of piety. It is only too true, what he here implies, that he is not now good. He acknowledges this, not humbly and sadly, as he ought to do ; but lightly and carelessly. It seems to be the same as if he had said, "he will be good, but cares not when!"

The boy, moreover, seems to have lost the feeling of his true relation to piety or being good. He looks upon it as something to come to him in the future. He forgets his vantage ground as he was placed upon it in the covenant in which he received his christian name. He forgets that he is to grow *in* grace, and vaguely expects some time or other to grow *into* it. God, through his christian name, says to him : You are mine by the covenant of grace, depart not from me. But he virtually says : I am not now God's, but I may become such in the future. Here is the very same spirit of frivolous unbelief and impiety which caused him to prefer his nick-name to his christian name.

Look closely to the words : "He will be good." They contain a seed of serious evil. They are spoken in the spirit of presumption. They imply that his becoming good depends upon his own will—upon what he will choose to do in the future, rather than what has been done for him already. He does not seem to feel and acknowledge gracious influences before and behind him, upon which he is to fall back for strength, and hope, and safety, but in bravo style proposes to dash into his future history on the strength of his own will and resources.

These lines belong evidently to that period which may be called full boyhood. There is not in them, either the innocent simplicity of the earlier, nor yet the earnest consideration of the later stage. They belong

to that period which in ordinary cases of human development lies between ten and fourteen years. A most critical period of boyhood! A time when the mind and heart are receiving a bias which may, and which often does, determine the whole course of after life.

I think I hear one of the young readers of *The Guardian* say: "That is my age—I am in that period." Well, then be careful. Let me give you, my boy, a couplet for your school-book, which I will make myself, and which I have no doubt your mother will say is better than the other. Thus :

Robert Brown, his hand and pen,
May I be good, like all good men.

What think you of that, my boy? It reads smoothly, it rhymes well, and contains good sense. To begin to be a good man, is to begin to be a good boy. The poet has thus truly said—

"The child is father to the man."

You study well what that strange line means. When you once get the true and full idea which it contains, then you will agree with me that the best thing you can do, my noble boy, is to think a great deal of Jesus who also was once a boy, to learn prayers and hymns about him, and long to be so gentle, innocent, as you know he was. Do not think, even if you are twelve years of age, that you are too big to say that beautiful little prayer :

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me a little child,
Pity my simplicity
And make a pious boy of me."

Here we must stop for this time, asking again the privilege of carrying on our history of unpublished literature next month.

LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS IN ROSES.

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of rose leaves were shaken out upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meal times, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities, that a number of them being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubics thick on the floor as the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about this flowery platform.

THE FIRM RESOLVE.

BY GINOSKO.

THIS hour my better years "begin their date,"
 "New era" in my life.—

This crumbling dust, a day of balmy health
 No more shall know: soon the purple tide of life—
 So feeble now—shall cease its ebbing flow.

—But my heart,
 Mysterious chamber of contending spirits!—
 Miniature world of wondrous greatness!—
 Shall better grow, as it feebly casts its
 Treasure forth, and strives, yet vainly strives, to fill
 The sinking rills of life.

A change—
 Decided, firm, unfaltering withal,
 Not unobserved, nor wanting comment from
 Lips that speak no guile, shall mark my future course.

So long by passion tossed at will, and often
 Wrecked among the frowning shoals of life's
 Tempestuous sea: no longer I with folded arms
 Shall stand and gaze and wonder, while the wrathful
 Waves their foaming brows, in fearful tumult,
 Hurl against the bidding rocks.

With resolution strong,
 And energy of soul unfelt before,
 I'll calmly take the arm of Him whose smile is life;
 He'll safely guide this weak, unskilful hand
 To wage successful war against my foes.

Enrobed with armor from on high,
 I shall, by aid of him from whom my weapon comes,
 My selfish heart subdue, and break the subtle
 Tempter's power, and win at last a home among
 The ever-blessed throng.

THE JUST MAN.

THEY are not just because they do no wrong,
 But he who will not wrong me when he may—
 He is truly just. I praise not them
 Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
 But he whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
 When he might plunder and defy surprise:
 His be the praise, who looking down with scorn
 On the false judgment of the partial herd,
 Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
 To BE, not to be THOUGHT, an honest man.

ABUSE OF GENIUS.

BY J. V. B.

By the word genius we understand, in general, a man endowed with uncommon vigor of mind—and in particular, that peculiar structure of mind given by nature to an individual which qualifies him for a particular study, employment, or course of life. Any individual who exhibits an uncommon aptitude of mind or wit in any employment, or upon any subject, is called a genius. But it is generally used with reference to a person's wit, skill, and aptitude in the arts and sciences, and also in mechanics.

One person may be a genius in history, another in art, another in science, another in mechanics, another in trade, and so on. There are many persons who, perhaps, are but little known to the popular world, and yet are real geniuses. They have been raised and they move in rather secluded neighborhoods, pinched perhaps also by poverty, and hence have not come in contact with a stimulus to action or thought, and are consequently out of the reach of circumstances for the cultivation and display of their extraordinary talents. Doubtless for the want of proper circumstances and stimulus, many a bright and noble mind has been left to exercise its powers on unworthy subjects and in uncongenial toils.

A genius mostly reveals himself to the world by his originality. He bursts forth in the scientific or mechanical world unexpected, like a wandering meteor, that startles men of skill and talent. Or he rises, slow and sure, by the power of thought, from the quiet glen, to stand with kings and the honorable. Such are the results of genius when properly directed.

The genius of Franklin drew from the angry tempests, harmlessly, the subtle fluid which bursts forth in the thunderbolt. The genius of Fitch and Fulton enables us to plough the mighty deep at a rate unknown to the world before. The skill of genius has led us into the secret of sending news at lightning speed. It has given us machinery to spin our wool and cotton, to weave our cloth and linsey, to sew our garments, to seed our grain, to reap our harvests, to hull our wheat and shell our corn, to prepare our flour, to traverse the land at almost flying speed, to mount with the eagle into the first heaven, and to do many other wonderful things and works. Indeed every facility we have gained above our ancestors was not the work of dull, stupid minds, but the labor of geniuses—that is, by geniuses not made alone by nature, but made such by deep thought, constant labor, and unconquerable determination.

Superior power and skill of mind has also written our histories, and thus presents before our minds, in panoramic view, the various events of men and nations. It has also perfected science, beautified the fine arts, and rendered mechanical skill more successful and valuable. It has set

on foot great schemes of political, social, moral and religious reform; and has caused the light of civilization and peace to shine to distant and forsaken lands.

But it is to be regretted that eminent abilities have not always been directed to worthy and profitable pursuits. While the genius of man has blessed the world, the abuse of that genius, on the other hand, has been the source of many curses to man. An able writer, in allusion to one of these forms of perverted talent, says: "I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred, it is not attended to at all: that works of imagination are perused for the sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to but endears to us opinions and feelings and habits at war with wisdom and morality, to say nothing of religion. In short, that we admire the polish, the temper of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded, though it is the property of a lunatic or a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue, and at every wheel threatens to inflict a wound that will disfigure some feature, or lop off some member, or with masterly adroitness aims a death-thrust at the heart!"

Again he says: "I know not a more pitiable object than the man who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks around upon the species with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl whatever it lights upon." This was said with reference to one who stood high on the intellectual eminence of the Old World, but is just as applicable to men of high intellectual training and wit in this country. How many who are endowed with a high order of talent by their Creator, delight only in using them as a scourge instead of a blessing to society? They have genius, but they abuse it; they have learning, but they sacrifice it upon unholy altars; they have wit and skill, but they have consecrated them to the god of this world. What a pity. Think, dear reader, for a moment, of the abuse of genius in the case of Lord Byron, Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine, and others! Think of the prolific source of human error which has obtruded itself upon our attention through the learning and abused genius of these men. And think, lastly, of the streams of moral poison that flow in the world, whose fountains were the polluted hearts and unsanctified talents of such gifted men, then you can form a faint idea of the curse of abused genius. Had these men been men of integrity and piety, as they were men of talent and learning, nations and individuals might well have rejoiced over their existence, who now groan and mourn because they lived. They might have stood as high on the mount of God and human honor as Baxter, Bunyan, the Reformers, and others, had it not been for abused genius.

Young reader, are you marked out by the Almighty as one from whom the world may expect much on account of your superior order of mind? Are you looking forward anxiously to the day when you will make your mark in the world, be it on a large or a small scale? If so, we beseech you to not suffer yourself to be modeled after the fashion of men that have abused their skill, sacrificed to unlawful ends their talents, and have written with poisoned pens and spoken with wicked tongues.

JESUS THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS AND OF ALL HEARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON one occasion, when Simon and some others found Jesus in a solitary place praying, they said to him, "All men seek for thee." In so saying they uttered a far deeper and broader truth than they intended. All men do seek for Christ: we do not mean that they do it consciously, and in the true way; they seek something of which they feel a deep need, and which can be found alone in Him. All the seekings of men are impelled by that eternal restlessness of want which can only be satisfied in Christ. Unconsciously, all men seek for Christ.

Men seek wealth, pressed by an inward want which hopes to satisfy itself in this way: but the true riches are in Christ—in Him alone is this desire satisfied. Out of Him it only ever increases! Men seek happiness; but He alone is its fountain. Away from Him, every cup emptied only increases the thirst.

Men seek knowledge; but in Him alone dwells all the fulness of wisdom: away from Him all knowledge is a lie, that disappoints at the last.

Man is restless; he feels that he wants something which he has not, and which will quiet his spirit: he goes seeking he knows not what—he is diverted and allured by various promises which meet him by the way; he tries them and finds them wanting, and goes to seek farther. Now ask such seekers, what do you seek? One will answer truth, knowledge. Another will say, I seek a key to the mystery of my own spirit—the ideal of my desires—rest and peace for my heart—the goal of those longings which consume me. Thus each one will give a different answer, which is however in its ground the same; and each spirit will be seeking in a different way, and in a different direction, that which will answer to its wants and longings. This can only be found in Jesus. Him all hearts unconsciously seek. Such restless hearts may be properly addressed, as Paul addressed the idolators at Athens, "Jesus, whom you ignorantly seek, Him declare I unto you."

This unconscious seeking after Jesus, as the only rest and home of the ever restless heart, has in all ages been strong in the bosom of heathenism. Long before Christ came in the flesh did the sighs and groans of helpless and exhausted humanity gather themselves up in a kind of unconscious hope and prophecy of some coming help. Though they knew not Christ, yet their wants cried after one; and hence, truly, is Jesus called "the desire of all nations." Here in the desires of heathenism we have the first and faintest dawn of the advent of Christ.

The prophet, in speaking of Christ as the desire of all nations, recognizes the fact that humanity, before Christ appeared, and even among those to whom He had not even been announced and promised, felt the need of just such a Saviour as He is, and unconsciously longed for Him, and desired Him.

To this thought we invite attention in this article: Jesus, the true

object of the unconscious hopes and longings of heathenism; Jesus, the true rest and satisfaction of all hearts. The thought is beautifully expressed: Jesus, "the desire of all nations." They did not, of course, *know* him. He was not proclaimed to them, as He was to the Jews, by prophets. He was not urged upon their attention by an outward revelation.

That which they longed for was the projection of their own wants—the incarnation of their own desire. Their IDEAL was not born from above, but He was born from beneath: a helper created out of their own need; but still the dark type of the true.

He was the desire of the nations. What is the cause of desire? A sense of want. This want begat the desire, and this desire created for itself an object, and then longed after it.

God gave over the heathen to themselves. Their progress in their own way, was a progress toward ruin. They sunk deeper and still deeper into misery, until the disease itself, out of stern necessity, thought of the need of a remedy. The remedy must answer to the disease; the wo suggests the want; and thus the wants of the Pagan heart became a true prophet, telling what was needed. Jesus is needed!—every wo in the heart asks for him. He is thus the desire of all nations, though they know him not.

The blind man sees not Jesus; his wants press him; he turns his blind eye-balls in the right direction and cries: "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me." So does the heathen seek what he sees not—Jesus!

It is a remarkable fact, that natural disease, in extreme cases, when skill has done its utmost, sometimes points out its own remedy with wonderful correctness. The system craves just what will meet its wants—the pressure and pain of the disease designates its cure. It is so spiritually. The *desire* of the nations is just what the nations need. The hollow want knows what it needs to fill it—Jesus.

There is, therefore, in heathenism a revelation *in* human nature, as there was in Judaism *one* to it. If we look into heathenism we find, in its wants and woes, in its strivings and struggles, a dark unconscious foreshadowing of the main and central elements involved in Christ's mission into the world. We learn from its desires, what our wretched nature needs. In the desire of all nations we find Jesus our Saviour. We hear the same voice out of the pagan gloom, fainter and feebler, it is true, that was once heard in the wilderness of Judea, cry: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

We find that the heathen always had some dark sense of sin in themselves. To this they traced their misery, and the misery of the race. This is evident from the uneasiness of their consciences, which led them to mortify and afflict themselves in the hope of obtaining rest and peace.

Sin is the violation of a law *in* man's nature. When they sinned, violence was done to this inward law, and the effect was felt in its consequent misery, even though the nature of sin was not understood. Thus being "a law to themselves," they had also the sense of sin in themselves; and this sense of sin being painful, they desired to be freed from it—and so they desired Jesus.

The heathen always felt that the sin and misery, of which they were

conscious, was the result of some fall in their nature. They knew, or dreamed, that it had not been always so. They knew, or dreamed, of a golden age long past—a higher, happier condition, long since lost and left behind. In their deepest misery—and this thought of light made their gloom deeper and darker—they never lost sight of traditionary glimmerings from a bright morning-land of joyful innocence and painless peace. They had fallen, and they deeply felt their fall.

As they knew of a better state, from which they had fallen, so they dreamed also of a better state to which they longed to be restored. As there was a golden age in the past, so there was also one glimmering in the distant future. If they had not the hope, or the knowledge, they had at least the *desire* of redemption. Hence they had their temples, their sacred persons, their sacrifices, and their worship. By these helps they sought what they had not—Jesus.

Thus, with light behind them—lost forever! with light before them—which they could only desire, but dare not even hope for; and with anguish, doubts, fears, within, and gloom around, no wonder they desired, though vaguely, darkly, and with painful uncertainty, that some restorer might appear! No wonder that their desire gave birth to some pleasant dreams, in which they for a moment forgot their misery, and saw as a passing shadow, the “desire of all nations,” in the distant future, and with Him the return of the golden age.

We do not say, of course, that there was any saving substance in paganism. It is from man, fallen man, and not from God. It grows up out of the natural, and does not come down out of the supernatural. It is the mere shadow moving on the earth of the eagle that soars above. It could only reveal want and wo. It could only increase the sense of misery, not relieve it. It could only awaken desire, but neither direct nor satisfy it. It could not even complete that desire by cultivating it into a true hope. It had no promises—no positive revelations, and consequently no hope. It was the mere cry of nature, that was cheered by no response.

Christ was, therefore, not even the *hope* of nations. Hope is the fruit of faith, not of want; and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard. They had no evidence that what they needed and darkly desired, existed for them, or would come to them. In this respect they were not only infinitely behind the Jews, but did not stand on the same ground, or move in the same path. Though their desires cried after just such help as was promised to the Jews, yet they were “without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.”

This desire of the heathen could not improve itself. No inquiry, no wisdom, no seeking could help them. This desire was truest, the more purely it remained mere desire. The sighs of the pagan heart were nearer the truth than the inquiries of their minds.

The more and the longer they reasoned the farther they came to be from the truth. The progress of heathenism was always downward. The oldest is the purest and best. From the worship of the heavenly bodies—of incarnations from heaven down, as in the Eastern world, and deifications from the earth up, as in the Western, they descended to

"images made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things." The more they reasoned—the more they endeavored to improve their religion by the results and conclusions of science, the more they corrupted the comparative purity of ancient traditions, and misled and deceived their own spontaneous desires. It is a remarkable and exceedingly significant fact, that in the politest ages of Greece and Rome they were both most foolish and most skeptical in regard to religion and the future life. Their hearts sighed and desired, but their minds doubted and denied.

How sad the condition of heathenism! How moving are their helpless, unconscious, infant cries, for help and hope. How ought the church to pray that God would shake all nations, that its idols may totter to the ground; and that He, who is the desire of all nations may come, the light in their gloom, the satisfaction of their wants, and their Saviour from despair and death!

What a strong evidence is here furnished of the truth of christianity. We are aware that out of this very subject it has been attempted to form weapons against Christ. Enemies of christianity have endeavored to show, from the sighs and desires of all nations after that which christianity offers as a revelation from heaven, that it is only the fruit of pagan suggestions, a compound of all religions—a cunning device, which has taken up the imaginations and dreams of human nature and cunningly palmed them upon the judgments of men as a revelation from heaven.

The representations now given, do not only fully repel these assaults, but wonderfully confirm the truth of the system which they assail. Christianity does not grow out of wants, sighs and suggestions of paganism; but it comes from heaven to satisfy those wants, and quiet and allay those sighs; and its truth is witnessed by its exact adaptedness to meet what nature calls for and unconsciously seeks.

There is now no stronger argument to be used with sinners, and enemies to christianity, than to show them the helplessness of heathenism as the highest effort of mere nature; and, at the same time, to point them to christianity, as furnishing full satisfaction to the longings of the human heart, and the wants of the race. To show them that Jesus is "the desire of all nations"—the joyful response from heaven to the earnest cries from the depths beneath—the peace of human restlessness—the balm of human woe!

We tell infidels and sinners, who dwell in the midst of the present glorious results of christianity, and from this point of view disparage it, that their opposition is ungrateful and unfair. Shall a child, brought up in the bosom of a good family, turn round and despise the care which has preserved and moulded it, and say it was not needed. Just so little is it fair for a skeptic, whose very light and mercies have their source in the christianity which was before him, and is around him, to say it is not needed! He needs it even in this position; but were it not around him he would need it more.

Not where the christian religion prevails, and where, like the sun from heaven, it shines upon and enlightens even those dark pools of corruption and sin which send up their stench in its face—not here must we judge of the christian religion! No, no. We point to pure hea-

thenism, as the only place where nature has ever had a fair trial—as the only place where it may be fairly seen what nature, left to itself, can do. Its hopeless cries in the gloom are the true voice of nature. Its desires point out the true wants of the heart. Its need is the true need of the race!

This is the mighty argument which the great Apostle uses in Romans. Nature is helpless! See heathenism, he cries: Behold how it has exhausted its resources, and how with its devotees it lies in its own misery and revels in its own shame.

We see from this representation that the religion of Jesus is just what sinners need. As He is the desire of all nations, so He is the true desire of all hearts. As He is what the heathen needed, so He is what all need. Deep in the hearts of sinners, now around us, there is this same unconscious desire and want, struggling and sighing.

In the case of the heathen, there may have been a traditionary light shining upon their spirits, which stirred them; but chiefly these wants were a projection of their own nature. So the deep earnest concern, which gnaws like a restless worm in the hearts of unregenerate men, may be, to some extent, the result of their connection outwardly with christianity: but in a deep sense also is it the cry of their own nature, lifting an imploring voice out of the deeps, which will not be silent till it rests in sweet reconciliation upon the bosom of Him who alone can calm the restless heart as He once did the storm-tossed Galilee.

Sinners themselves constantly betray that this restless want and wo is consuming their peace, and stirring their desires.

Why do men see to dissipate their own serious thoughts; avoid those places and means which confront them with the sad truth of their own spiritual helplessness and misery; regard the approaches of grace as fiend-enemies to their peace, come to torment them before their time; cry out of the very depths and darkness to which sin has chased them, to every ray from heaven that falls on their gloom: "Depart out of our coasts!" Ah, like Adam in the garden, their own hidings from the Lord, before ever His voice is heard, betray that they have sinned, and would hide in their misery.

Why do others resort to theoretic infidelity? Why seek earnestly by science to baptize a lie, and consecrate it as their comforter? Why do some even seek rest in the dreadful and dreary hope of personal annihilation at death? Why thus choose as a refuge and rest for an uneasy heart the strangling of the spirit that cries within them?

Why do others still fall upon the idea of universalism—rejecting Jesus as their Saviour, and yet hoping in him as the Saviour of *all*—flying to the general mercy of God, and repelling the very incarnation of that mercy, putting God against Christ, and trusting to a salvation which does not save them, and by which they are not willing to be saved; acting like a condemned criminal, who should refuse to hear the messenger who comes with authority to pardon, and say, "I trust in the general goodness of him who holds the pardoning power!" Why this hope of absurdities?—why this mad, maniac grasp at an empty consolation? Why but to quiet the harrowing fears of the heart, unblest and unsaved?

And others still: Why do they, remaining in their sin, promise them-

selves a future acceptance of the offers of Christ?—deferring what they feel to be just what they need?

O, in all these ways do they betray a restless heart. They mislead the yearning of their spirits. These are the efforts of the blind, stumbling in a way they know not, to seek Christ—and rest!

PROPHECIES.

BY NELLY RAY.

THE cold North winds in wildness drift
The snow in loose fantastic heaps,
Which th' kisses of the setting sun
In wine-red radiance steep.

Just such deep burning crimson gleams
Will flush the lint-white crocus buds,
(Ere all the snow-wreaths melt away,)—
When over all the spring warmth floods.

Lightly and quietly they'll weave
Pale fairy rings, all through the moss;
Some from the gray rock's heart will spring,
Some, dim, wet, ferny dells emboss.

From out the west the red light dies;
Night closes o'er the waste of snow,
And, gathering forces from their realms,
The cold North winds still louder blow.

The wild, grand music surges by,
As though a mighty harp did stand
'Twixt heaven and earth, with rich-toned strings,
Swept by a great soul-bidden hand.

From out the bosom of the south,
Breathings will come, as soft as sighs,
Fanning the slopes, where violets
Open in bliss their dew-wet eyes.

The unchained murmurous streams will flow
Under the budding vines and trees;
And in the purple clover meads,
Will gather swarms of yellow bees.

Dream—dream while winter's drifts of snow
Glint under winter's fiery stars,
Of Spring's sweet blooms, as lone hearts dream
When fragrance floats through prison bars.

MAN'S FALL.

(From *Lalla Rookh*.)

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

BY R.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born at Plattsburg, in the State of New York, on the 27th of September, 1808. Her father was a lover of science, and her mother a woman of great refinement of feeling. At a very early age her genius became manifest, and was carefully and judiciously fostered by maternal love. Possessing a soul of exquisite sensibility, she ardently devoted her newly awakened powers to the pursuit of knowledge, and, before other children are conscious of mental existence, had drunk largely and deeply from the sacred fount of Poesie. Pure, heaven-born thoughts, springing into life from her virgin intellect, were long allowed to flow forth in silence and in secret, for such was her extreme modesty, that even to her mother they were unknown for years. Not only did she possess such an angel-like spirit, "such a shrinking from the incense of praise," although sanctified by love, and such an elegant and truly classic taste, but her affections were of the highest order. She loved her friends with a tenderness rarely equaled, and her attachment to them bore more resemblance to that of the blest above, than anything to be found on earth. But what sets the seal of perfection upon her character is, that early the fire of true religion was kindled upon the vestal altar of her heart, and continued to burn brighter and brighter, undimmed and unquenched, until she was translated to a holier and a happier clime. Short and brilliant was her career; for this damp, cold, cheerless world could not long contain a spirit so ethereal. She died on the 27th of August, 1825, just a month before her seventeenth birth-day. The clay tabernacle had been gradually dissolving by the fires of genius within, and she might well have said with the most gifted poetess of the age—

"And who will think when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
That life-drops, from the minstrel rung,
Have gushed with every word?
None, none!"

To show in what esteem our author's productions are held, we will quote a passage from her life as contained in the *American Biography*, which every one who has the least relish for the beautiful ought to peruse. "The genius of Lucretia Davidson has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours. The following tribute is from the *London Quarterly Review*—a source whence praise of American productions is as rare as springs in the desert. The notice is by Mr. Southey, and is written with the earnest feeling that characterizes that author, as generous as he is discriminating: 'In these poems [*Amir Klan, &c.*,] there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and the parents of the deceased could have formed.'"

As a specimen of her abilities, take the following extract from a poem on "Spring:"

"As I knelt by the sepulchre, dreary and lone,
Lay the beautiful form in its temple of stone;
I looked for its coming—the warm wind passed by—
I looked for its coming on earth and on high.

The young leaves gleamed brightly around the cold spot;
I looked for the spirit, yet still it came not,
Shall the flower of the valley burst forth to the light,
And man in his beauty be buried in night?

A voice on the waters—a voice in the sky,
A voice from beneath, and a voice from on high,
Proclaims that he shall not; the Spring, in her light,
Shall waken the spirit from darkness and night."

These were singular speculations for a beautiful girl of sixteen. Were there not spirits ministering to her from that world to which she was hastening?

The purity, excellence and simplicity of her poetry disarms criticism. None read it but to praise.

Miss Davidson is, and will ever continue to be, as long as beauty and taste are appreciated, a bright star in our literary hemisphere.

HOMELY WOMEN.

WE like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous ugly, for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are the more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming and sweet tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous and had not a good heart. Made aware in early life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in women, but which are more lasting, and in the eyes of men of sense more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in church, and they are always the same, and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes, and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank heaven that it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty, for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both.

THE ALPS.

"Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and steps are found."

HEMANS.

THE mind of man is so constituted that it unconsciously imbibes from the objects of nature, with which it is familiar, a portion of their character. Hence we find that the dwellers in mountains generally possess souls as noble as that of the eagle, which soars on wide sweeping wing far above the highest summits of the ice-capped peaks—energetic as the wild-dashing torrent, fearless as the chamois, bounding from the dizzy brink of one precipice to that of another; and in all their characteristics grand, lofty, and sublime. Hence, these giant monuments of creation have ever been the refuge of the oppressed, and the nurses of tyrant-quellers. Witness Suli, and thou, Republic of San Marino! perched on thy rock-built citadel, which, amidst the thousand desolations and changes that have swept over Italy, hast remained, during fourteen centuries, firm and unmoved; whilst Genoa, with all her wealth and splendor—Venice, the queen of cities, sitting upon the waters—and even proud Rome, whose mandates made the nations tremble, are numbered with Tyre, Carthage, and Babylon, the glory of Assyria! The voice of Liberty has cried from the fastnesses of Caledonia, where has been her home from time immemorial; it has called from the crags of Asturias, the heights of Tyrol, and may now be heard rolling in thunder from the jagged cliffs of Caucasus; but no where has it declared to the world her hatred of despotism in such emphatic terms as from amid the everlasting Alps. There never has been a time in which the bold spirits were wanting to stand upon their summits and say, "We are free, and who can chain us?" Although leaguered by the mail-clad busts of many a victorious chief, still have its peasants and its shepherds, in the true dignity of human nature, uttered defiance to their enemies, and fought like heroes in defence of their hamlet-hearths, their wives, and their beloved children. Every age has seen them struggling with their titled foes, and in every age the echo of the mountain horn has roused their lion hearts to battle; yet never was there a more glorious triumph than that accomplished by William Tell and his immortal companions. Albert of Austria, the proud and cruel, had poured down upon her his numerous legions of bearded ruffians, who possessed themselves of every stronghold, and were rejoicing over the conquest of a country hitherto deemed unconquerable, when the resistless storm-cloud, which had been silently gathering above, burst in wild fury, and swept them like chaff before it, to the utter dismay and confusion of their haughty sovereign. The Switzers, sent forth and encouraged by their wives, whose bosoms throbbed with feelings the most heroic and patriotic, felt for what they fought, and Morgarten stands to this day, and will forever stand, an imperishable mountain pillar to tell the deeds of valor wrought by champions of liberty. Since then, the most powerful monarchs of Europe have repeatedly endeavored to subjugate the cantons of Switzerland; but as long as the Alps remain as the bulwarks of freedom, the Helvetians will be Helvetians still.

J.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

WE have always regarded stealing the fruits of a man's brain the meanest kind of theft. It is not only mean but also wicked; for the scriptures command us to give honor to those to whom honor belongs. Accordingly we are thankful to Mr. Plumly for setting us right, and we cheerfully set our readers right on the same subject. We were led wrong by others. We saw the exceeding beauty of the poem which we selected, and consequently gave it in *The Guardian*. We now give the letter and poem as corrected, and are sure they will both be read with interest. The beauties of the poem will strike any reader at once; but they lie not all on the surface. Like a true friend "they bear acquaintance."

EDITOR *GUARDIAN*.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 10, 1856.*

DEAR SIR: In the February number of *The Guardian* appeared a poem with the title, "*Lines by Milton in his old age,*" by which, I perceive, you have been led into the prevailing error respecting the authorship of these lines. They were written by Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd Howell—then Miss Lloyd, of this city—about five years ago, and published here. Their extraordinary beauty and fitness attracted much attention to them, and subsequently they were re-published in England, without credit, as is usual with English periodicals, especially if the matter be American; and in frequent republishing them they were announced as having been found among the "first of Milton's posthumous works."

The *Home Journal*, and various papers here, copied them with the above statement from the English journals, and the trip over the sea had thus given to the poem the name and fame of Milton.

I wrote to Mr. Morris of the *Home Journal*, who at once corrected the error, adding "that one who *could* write so as to be taken for Milton on his own soil, should be satisfied with the world's criticism."

Mrs. Howell is a Quakeress, a native of this city—who writes *too* little—of high abilities and ample culture, just now stricken by great sorrow in the loss by death of her husband.

Feeling quite assured that you would prefer to be right as to the authorship, I have taken the liberty to write you, and to send the copy *corrected*. Very respectfully,

B. RUSH PLUMLY.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor of *The Guardian*, Lancaster.

—
LINES ON MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now;
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

—
BY THOMAS MOORE.
—

How oft a cloud with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night.

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs,
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.

THE DEAD BIRD.

FROM the great universe of living things, one little life has ceased. By the wayside, just ere the light of morning woke the whole grove to singing, my bird fell from its accustomed perch upon the lofty tree, and, with a gentle fluttering of its wing, and a gush that thrilled all its frame, closed its weary eyes and moved not again. And the shock that passed through it I felt also in myself, for it was very dear to me.

I stood by the dusty wayside silent, that I might find a consolation in the world.

And many passed by us, the dead bird and its silent watcher, as the light of morning broke, but they saw it not, nor aught, it seemed to me, that I must ever see.

Suddenly one stood by us, other than the rest, his eyes were great blue eyes swimming in light—over his pale forehead masses of brown hair hung waving—his cheek flushed as he looked upon it, and I listened as utterance came to his lips—I heard only musical endings and blendings, words without consolation; when he ceased speaking, he went on with the others, yet a little aloof.

Then came, I saw not whence, a little child, like him in its light blue eyes, like him in their delicate expressings—the sunlight lay upon its forehead like a glory, golden hair fell adown its snowy arms like wings; the child took up the tiny bird and looked on it but a moment, its hands trembled, great tears stood in its eyes, it was lost in grief. But then, even when its grief was deepest—a grief that seemed kindred with my own—a purple and golden-winged butterfly flitted over us: the bird dropped suddenly from the child's hand, and with a wild cry of delight and long prolonged very echoings of joy, pursuer and pursued were gone amid the flowery meads, I saw not whither.

Then with slow steps and eyes reverently looking toward the morning heaven, a grave meek man came near, and gazed on the bird—I heard words measured and slow—"the sparrow falleth not without his notice—blessed be God,"—then holding alway a cruciform symbol, he stood looking upward through the passing clouds.

Came again from out the multitude one having in his hand cunningly devised instruments and stood beside the former, taking up the bird, while I looked mournfully upon it, but might say no word; he cut about its eyes, dissevered its wings and laid bare each vein and muscle; then looking in saw to his seeing every font of life, and scornfully unto the former uttered his words—"so moveth this, and that—and so the creature lives—thus, this and that decays, it ceases to exist—cease then thy dreams of God thou superstitious man;" then to him the other made reply, and they wrangling passed away together and were lost to sight—but their wrangling words, I did not cease to hear.

Others filled their places, some wild and crazed, some cold and careless—laughter and weeping, aimless and measureless.

Then another came, unlike all the rest, distorted with excess of human glory—a forehead loomed out over all the face—the eyes were introverted—passing by he stooped and grasped the bird as it had been stone or bird or any other thing, and solemnly said words—"This is God,"—

then letting fall the bird as carelessly as he had raised it, went his way. Then I would hear no more, wearied with hearing only—I threw myself upon the ground and laid there long—centuries long.

And the great crowd passed on, and the bright wings of the bird were soiled in the dust, and its form was destroyed altogether and lost to sight under the feet of the ever gathering multitude. Then I listened, seeing it was no more that some sweet song of the bird might come to my ear from afar. I heard naught but wailing and wild laughter, harshly intermingled with the ever fading sounds of joy—voices of the living and dying without end—till I grew wearied even unto death, shrieking into the cold earth, “what I have loved is lost to me forever,” and again, lost to myself, in sorrow crying ever into the echoless earth, “the glory of a living thing has ceased to be.”

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

TRUST not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents, by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy popinjays who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject as we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, “such a young lady has married a fortune,” we always tremble for her prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often become a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers and examining the cut of their coat, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves: see if they have that which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand—the splendid form and fine appearance of young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations occupy your thoughts.

JOYS OF YOUTH—HOW FLEETING.

WHISPERING, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night star guides us,
Stolen walks through moonlit shades,
With those we love beside us;
Hearts beating at meeting,
Tears starting, at parting,
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades,
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

GLIMPSSES OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS. By Rev. Octavian Winslow, D. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 273.

We have here eight interesting chapters, the substance of which was originally delivered in sermons by the author on a visit to Scotland. Their publication was earnestly solicited by many pious persons who heard them. The reader will find in this volume much fresh and devout thought, expressed with much force and unction. The subjects are evidently chosen with a view to direct practical results, and we are not surprised that those who heard the discourses delivered had a desire to read them.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED? Or, Meditations on the Beatitudes. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 197.

This book comes to us without a name. The author who has modestly remained incognito, might safely have owned this production before the public. These Meditations, as the author informs us in the preface, were at first presented to the people of his charge from the pulpit, "and he now commits them to the world, with the hope and prayer, that they may not only revive pleasant and profitable reflections in the mind of those who have heard them before, but that they may be instrumental in doing some good in the hands of others." The book shows earnest research and thought, and is animated by a sound christian spirit. Both these works are gotten up in Lindsay & Blakiston's usual good style.

NEW RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.—We have lately been greeted by "The Moravian," a spirited weekly sheet published under the auspices of the Unitas Fratrum, and is issued from Philadelphia; also by "The Missionary," devoted to the interests of the Lutheran church, lately enlarged and now issued weekly, instead of monthly as before, at Pittsburg. Both these papers have an important mission before them.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has just succeeded in obtaining for its library a rare and valuable book, printed in Low Dutch, and published in Regensburg in 1772. It contains specimens of paper from almost every species of fibrous material, and even animal substances, and has accounts of the experiments made in their manufacture. The following materials were employed, and specimens are given in the book: wasps' nests, sawdust, shavings, moss, sea-weed, hop and grape vines, mulberries, aloes, leaves, nettles, seeds, ground moss, straw, cabbage-stems, asbestos, wool, grass, thistle stems, seed wool of thistles, turf or peat, silk plant, fir wood, Indian corn, pine-apples, potatoes, shingles, beans, poplar wood, beech wood, willow, sugar-cane, leaves of horse-chestnuts, tulips, linden, &c., &c. This book is well worth inspection by those interested in paper-making, as well as the scientific investigator.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LABORS.—From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, the number of his publications was 300: from 1527 to 1535, the second decade, the number was 232, and from 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was 183. His first book was published in November, 1517, and he died in February, 1546—an interval of 29 years and four months. In this time he published 715 volumes—an average of more than 25 a year.

AUTOGRAPHS.—James T. Fields, the Boston publisher and author, has presented to the Mercantile Library Association of that city a series of autograph letters of all the Presidents of the United States, handsomely framed in the order of their seniority in office. Among them is a letter by John Adams, dated Philadelphia, April 8th, 1777, addressed to his son, John Quincy Adams, who was then nine years of age.

THE GUARDIAN:

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No. 5.

FAMILY REUNION.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

"Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed to me."

It is pleasant for the children of a family, after years and distance had separated them, to return to the home of childhood, to revisit their aged parents if they are still living—if dead, their graves—and to look again upon all the blest scenes which were familiar to them in earlier life. It is still more pleasant for them all to return at the same time, bringing their children with them, and thus to have all the branches of the aged vine gathered around the parent stem in joyful reunion. How delightful thus to return to the spot whence we went out, after thirty, forty, fifty years have passed, to talk of varied experiences, to recount the history of the family—to rejoice with all the living, and quietly to think of all that are dead.

It was our delightful privilege lately to be present at such a reunion of the BAUSMAN family, the homestead of which is near Lancaster, Pa. We were present, not as a member of the family, but as Pastor; and so interesting was the occasion, and so deeply were we impressed with the feeling that great social and religious good must flow from such reunions, that we desire to give some account of it to our readers. We earnestly hope it may suggest to many families to do likewise.

Before we speak of the festival, we must give some account of the family itself, as the facts were elicited, in connection with this reunion, from the venerable patriarch of the family, who is still living, and whose youth was on that day renewed, as the eagle's, while he moved in the midst of his assembled generations.

Father Bausman was born in 1780, in Freilaubersheim, in the Palatinate, Germany. This village is situated on the west side of the Rhine, a country noted for the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of its scenery. His parents were Henry and Barbara Bausman. At the early age of

thirteen he lost his father. He had one brother and two sisters. The enormities of the French Revolution, towards the close of the last century, and the execution of Louis XIV., occasioned a war between France and Prussia, whose bloody theater was the country around his native village. The province was made the scene of a succession of battles, and underwent all the pillage and plunder which followed in its train. Large numbers of French soldiers were quartered upon the village repeatedly, some families being literally crowded with soldiers, whom they were compelled to board, and bear their insults without a murmur. Whenever the French were defeated and compelled to make a speedy retreat, they would rush upon them from house to house, forcing them to give them money and liquor, and often committing the most cruel outrages. At one time the French fell upon the village in this manner, cruelly extorting gifts, whereupon Mr. Bausman and his brother took their infirm mother and speedily bore her over the wall in the back yard with the aid of a ladder, so as to get her beyond the reach of the cruelty of the French. Finally Prussia ceded part of the Palatinate to the French. Whereupon a regiment of French soldiers marched from village to village, demanding that the oath of allegiance be taken, raising poles surmounted with the French flag, and calling upon the inhabitants to shout *vive le Francais*. Mr. Bausman was led out with the herd, but no army could compel him to shout prosperity to the Godless foes of his fatherland. At length, however, he saw that he would be forced into the French army: having a dislike to a soldier's life in general, and a still greater dislike to fight for the enemies of his nation, he procured his passport and sailed for America in the spring of 1802, before the French authorities were aware of his intention. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was in the ascendant. When he had been five years in this country, he received a letter stating that he had been drawn for the army, and if he did not return forthwith all his property would be confiscated. He refused to obey. The fall of Napoleon, however, left him in possession of his property. The army for which he was drawn was the one that made the ill-fated expedition to Russia. Of all his comrades that served, not one returned! Three years after his arrival in this country he was married, in 1805, to Elizabeth Peters, who died in 1851, in a good old age. Over half a century has passed since this patriarch came alone over the water a young man. He has lived to see around him eight children and twenty-five grand-children, in all thirty-three—only the mother and one son are dead.

The heads of this family have from their youth been regular and consistent members of the church, and God has not been forgetful of his covenant in which he includes parent and children. Of this we were forcibly reminded on this day of happy reunion, when the delightful fact presented itself, that among all the children, and the children's wives and husbands, *there was not one that was not a member of the church!* How many families can rejoice in the same fact. Alas! how are families divided. Must we not fear that there will be comparatively few undivided families at the judgment of the great day!

But, the reader asks, what was done at this reunion, and expects a more particular account. He shall be gratified. Before ten o'clock in the morning the carriages and buggies were already arriving. There

were greetings and welcomings, and inquirings, and joy from the least to the greatest, and from the oldest to the youngest. The forenoon was spent in a general mingling of all, from room to room, inside and outside of the house; the children meanwhile ringing their unrestrained joy around. As the sun rose nearer to its noon, it became every moment more certain that the bodily comforts of the happy company were not to be overlooked. That was no day for fasting; and consequently at the good old orthodox hour of twelve, the company was seated around long and loaded tables. Grace was solemnly said, for it had been said there for more than fifty years, and it was no time now to turn heathen and forget the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift.

After dinner a few hours were again spent in the most delightful social intercourse. At about three o'clock the whole company collected in the entry and the largest room adjoining, all the children being seated in rows with the venerable patriarch at the head. Religious exercises were then commenced with a hymn in German, beginning thus :

“Bis hieher hat mich Gott gebacht
Durch Seine grose Gute;
Bis hieher hat er Tag und Nacht
Bewahrt Hertz und Gemuthe.
Bis hieher hat er mich geleit,
Bis hieher hat er mich erfreut,
Bis hieher mir geholfen.”

After the hymn was sung the Pastor read the promise and covenant made by God to Abraham. Gen. 17: 1-10. Also the account of Jacob's lonely journey, his sleep in the wilderness, his glorious vision of the mystic ladder, God's promises to him, and his own vow of new consecration. Gen. 28: 10-22. Closing with David's joyful thanksgiving, in the one hundred and third Psalm. This was followed by a familiar address in which were remembered the changes of the past as exhibited in the history of the family, God's goodness, faithfulness and love, and the happy influence which christianity excites upon families, life and love, and joy. Then, all kneeling down in prayer, we praised God for his goodness in the past, and implored His protection and guidance for the future, closing with the Apostle's creed and the Lord's Prayer. After prayer all joined again in singing the beautiful German hymn, beginning—

“Bin ich eins deiner Kinderschaar,
O Gott, in deinem Reich,
So sind mir Leiden und Gefahr
Und Glück der Erden gleich.”

After the singing, it was interesting to see the countenances of the little folks, as the venerable patriarch passed from one to the other, dropping a gold dollar into the hand of each one of his grand-children, as a memorial gift. Not merely on this account, but from the impressions made upon their young hearts by the interesting occasion itself, will they remember this joyful day to the last hour of life. After the gifts were distributed, the children were handsomely addressed by the Rev. J. W. Hoffmeier, who was also present on the occasion; and the benediction closed the religious services of this hour—exercises charac-

terized by deepest devotion, and mingled with many tears of sacred joy and love.

What a blessed power—so we mused in our own mind, on the way home at the close of this happy day—what a blessed power is christianity in family life. How it perpetuates its glorious fruits—how it makes parents and children better and happier—how it turns the hearts of parents towards their children, and the hearts of children towards their parents! How dreadful is the thought of a family in which there is no higher power than mere natural affection, pure as it may seem in the eyes of mortals! How awful the thought of a family without a God. How blessed are the words of gracious promise to the families of the Lord. “The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children’s children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.”

We cannot forbear making a few reflections from the history of this family reunion.

I. How impressively does it show us the solemn importance of personal piety. The venerable father of this family over fifty years ago, came as a young man and as a stranger from a distant land. Suppose now he had commenced life here, as many young men do, without religion, casting off its holy restraints, caring only for this world, plunging into a life of flesh, and sense and sin. Is it not almost certain that the wrecks and the ruin, which are the sure results of such a course, would now be found in the families that have sprung from him. The branches would have been as the vines—and in the blood, and in the bodies, and in the souls of children and children’s children would now be madly coursing the poison of the parent’s sin! A thought, the very truth of which makes one’s heart tremble. Are there not hundreds of families in whose history all this dreadful picture is realized. Fifty years ago the parent held the destinies of a numerous offspring in his hands and his heart; as he goes they go, as he breaks loose from God they fall with him, as he chooses the way to hell they move in a flock around him. Young reader, just entering on life, look before you fifty years, ask yourself shall scores of souls gather around you as the heirs of life or the heirs of death. These results, glorious or awful, now hang upon you as grapes hang upon a stem.

“If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.”

II. What serious and everlasting consequences flow from the spirit of family life. Whether piety or worldliness and sin reign in the family is everything to the children. The spirit of the family molds the children, silently but surely for good or for evil. It is a true proverb, “the apple does not fall far from the tree.” Had Abraham remained amid the idolatry of Chaldea, where would have been Isaac and Jacob, and the twelve patriarchs! They would have been idolators, and the pagan spirit would have reigned in all their families. The family spirit is to children what soil is to plants—the growth will be as the soil. If grace be in it, the plants will thrive. If sin be in it, its fruits will be unto sorrow and death. Let home be ever so homely—let the paternal cot

be ever so lowly—let the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be in it, and it is a bosom of powers that shall reign in the earth—a source of harmonies that shall sound down into everlasting ages.

III. How blessed and hallowed is the reign of the church in hearts and families. On the day of this family reunion we could not fail in tracing all the joy back to the church as its gracious mother. In every joyful countenance we saw the heavenly smiles of the church; in every tender word of love we heard her blessed tones. She had blessed the father, and had given him such a heart. She had trained the mother, now glorified in heaven, and made her what she was. She had sprinkled every child with “the water and the blood.” She had nursed this bundle of fellowships, in her own great, holy bosom of life and love for years. This vine, now so fruitful and flourishing—part of which, like the mystic Joseph, has already grown over the wall into the heavenly side—has grown in her soil. Surely within the walls of Zion, the Lord preserves the dwellings of Jacob. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Blessed be the Lord out of Zion!

“Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall His salvation come;
And numerous households met at last,
In one eternal home.”

THEY ALL SAY SO.

BY X. Y. Z.

I saw a little infant babe, all innocence and glee,
Reclining on its mother's breast, sit on its mother's knee,
And on that little infant's face I read the sentence plain:
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a child of riper years, more sportive still than this,
And in its little eyes there beamed an overflowing bliss;
Yet ever and anon it spake in simple, child-like strain:
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a youth of finest form, with spirits strong and high,
Life seemed to him a pleasant dream, a constant flow of joy;
But on his manly brow I traced the mark of sin's domain:
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a yet more lovely maid, with blushing cheeks and fair,
Her eye was full of tend'rest love, her heart as light as air;
Yet she, the sweet and lovely maid, could not the sigh restrain:
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a man of riper age—full thirty years and ten—
Whose visage fair and noble mien gave vigor to my pen;
Yet as I wrote him “HAPPY” down, he cried to me “refrain:
The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw an aged pilgrim now, with silvery locks and gray,
And heard him, leaning on his staff, with deep emotion say,
“Lo! infancy and childhood fair, and youth and age complain:
The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

WHITSUNTIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHITSUNTIDE is the great festival on which the Christian Church celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. It is sometimes called Pentecost, although this name more properly applies to the whole season of holy festivity between Easter and Whitsuntide—the feast of forty days, which is the meaning of the word Pentecost. When our Saviour had risen, He remained yet forty days on earth before His Ascension; and ten days after He ascended He shed forth the spirit of promise, while the disciples were together with one accord “when the day of Pentecost was fully come.”

There is great meaning in the fact that the christian festival which celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost is thus planted upon the Jewish Pentecost, as it is its true fulfilment. Pentecost was the fiftieth day after the Passover; on it the Jews commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. The law is only truly fulfilled in the work of the Holy Spirit; because He takes the law that was only written on tablets of stone, and puts them in our minds, and writes them in our hearts. He makes the law, which was to the Jews an outward code, an inward power, and enables us to keep it by infusing into us the spirit of grace.

On Pentecost also the Jews celebrated the ingathering of the harvest. “A sheaf of barley was waved before the Lord, as an offering of the first fruits of the harvest, in the name of the whole people: a ceremony which was required to be accompanied with a special sacrifice, and it was necessary to *introduce* the harvest of the year.” So, on Whitsuntide, begins the harvest of saints which the church is gathering in under the mission of the Holy Ghost. The ingathering of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2) may be regarded as a presentation to the Lord of the first fruits of the Spirit’s work. Thus did the Holy Spirit introduce the beginning of the great harvest of saints which shall at last fill heaven with the hosts of the redeemed. Thus in our Whitsuntide does the old Pentecost receive its true fulfilment.

The name Whitsuntide is derived from White Sunday. Bingham says “some learned men think it was called White Sunday, partly because of those vast diffusions of light and knowledge which upon this day were shed upon the Apostles, in order to the enlightening of the world; but principally because, this being one of the stated times of baptism in the ancient church, they who were baptized put on white garments, in token of that pure and innocent course of life they had now engaged in.”*

* The Rev. Charles Wheatley, though he approves of this derivation of the word, gives several others, thus: “Mr. Hermon L’Estrange conjectures that it is derived from the French word ‘Huiet,’ which signifies ‘eight,’ and then Whitsunday will be ‘Huiet-Sunday’—i. e., the Eighth-Sunday, viz., from Easter: and to make his opinion more probable, he observes that the octave of any feast is in the Latin called ‘Vitas,’ which he derives from the French word ‘Huictas.’ In a Latin letter I have by me of the famous Gerard Longbrain, I find another account

When we seek for the origin of the commemoration of Whitsuntide, we are led back into the very beginnings of christian history. Some think the beginning of it can be found in the apostolic times. "Epiphanius," says Bingham, "was of opinion that St. Paul meant it in those words, when he said, 'he hastened to be at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, Acts 20: 16. But because interpreters generally take that in another sense, we will lay no stress upon it. However, it is certain this feast was observed in the time of Origin, (born A. C. 185,) for he speaks of it in his books against Celcus; as does also Tertullian before him (born A. D. 160,) and Irenaeus before them both (born A. D. 140) in his book concerning Easter, as the author of the Questions under the name of Justin Martyr informs us, where speaking of the custom of standing at prayers on the Lord's day and Pentecost, he says: 'This custom obtained from the days of the Apostles, as Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons and Martyr, testifies in his book of Easter, where he also makes mention of Pentecost.'"

Anciently, the whole period of fifty days from Easter to Whitsuntide was one continued season of holy festivity and solemn joy, in which the devout hearts of christians were continually recalling the triumphs of the resurrection, and looking forward to the Ascension, and the advent of the Holy Ghost. During this time the Acts of the Apostles were much read, because the miracles wrought by the Apostles, and the wonderful victories gained for christianity by their preaching "Jesus and the resurrection," were regarded as the great confirmations of the Saviour's resurrection from the dead. During this time all fasting was forbidden, because it was a season of joy and lively hope. So, also, there was no kneeling in public worship—they worshipped standing, triumphing in Christ with uplifted head, and singing hallelujahs to God and his Christ. All public games and diversions as well of the theater as of the circus, were strictly prohibited during this season indicating that the joy of the resurrection of Christ, and the hope of ascension with him, is the only joy any christian heart can desire. How true! Who can doubt that if the hearts of christians were always filled with holy joy in Christ and the hope of heaven, all desire after such low pleasures of sense would of themselves drop away like worn-out garments.

It is worthy of note that the natural world, in this season of the year, when this holy festival occurs, is in striking correspondence with the great facts which are commemorated. We are surrounded with instructive analogies which call our hearts to the contemplation of higher things. Nature, that long lay torpid in the cold bosom of winter, has put on its beautiful garments, and has adorned itself to the highest, for this glorious festival. He, the Spirit, who of old moved upon the face of the waters to call forth order, and life, and beauty, is again moving over the earth, and lo! gardens and fields, woods and plains, hills and

of the origin of this word, which he says he met with accidentally in a Bodleian manuscript. He observes from them that it was a custom among our ancestors upon this day, to give all the milk of their ewes and kine to the poor for the love of God, in order to qualify themselves to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost: which milk being then (as it now is in some countries) called White-Meat, &c.; therefore this day, from that custom, took the name of Whitsunday."

vallies smile and sing. Nature is in sympathy with the sacred season and echoes the reigning power of the spirit, with unrestrained joy. "Spring reigns in its fullness," says an eloquent German writer, "and the days of bloom have reached their highest point. The sun's power has triumphed over the cold dead masses on the surface of the earth. True the old power still frets, and shows feeble signs of return; but it is only to be conquered. The clouds would bring back the wintry darkness, with its cold nights and piercing winds, but the birds in the air sing the song of victory, and the blossoms and odors, which already prophecy of the coming fruit, send incense toward heaven. The all-reviving solar power has descended from heaven to earth, made itself a home here, and is now beautifying it. We feel the coming of the spirit of life, and see the effects of its breathings around us. It broods over the fields. There is a spirit in the woods, a spirit in the meadows, a spirit on the plains and upon the waters, a spirit upon the heights and in the depths. Spring is merging into Summer."

It is not accidental that the sacred festival which celebrates the advent of the Holy Spirit, comes at this blooming season of the year. He creates in the spirits of men the virtues and graces which adorn and beautify his life, as flowers do the fields, and which look forward, in the way of sure promise, to the fruit-harvest of everlasting life. It is meet that the world without should reflect the powers and processes of the world within. As the starry heavens are imaged in the lake, so the natural ever responds to the supernatural. Thus the whole world of nature becomes to the devout—who alone can understand it—a glorious parable, if not revealing, yet ever illustrating the mysteries of the kingdom.

It is not fanciful, but scriptural, to trace an intimate connection between the operations of the Holy Spirit and the life, growth, bloom and beauty of the natural world. He evidently was active at first in the creation of all that has life. The world was a dead mass of matter till "the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters." The word which is translated "moved," in the original signifies "a gentle motion, like that of a dove over its nest, to communicate vital heat to its eggs, or to cherish its young. Without him, all was a dead sea; a rude inform chaos; a confused heap covered with darkness: but by the moving of the spirit of God upon it, he communicated a quickning prolific virtue. This is a better account of the original of all things, than is given us by any of the philosophers, ancient or modern."

The scriptures ascribe the sustaining of all life, animal and vegetable, in the sea and upon the land to the Holy Spirit. In him all things live and move and have their being. "Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of nature." Ps. 104: 29, 30. He is the "spirit of life;"

"And where He vital breathes there must be life."

How naturally therefore may we expect that the descending Spirit, as He breathed life upon the disciples, and as His overflowing power awakened from the death of sin "three thousand souls," on the same day, should

now still cause all life to feel His animating power, and proclaim His presence and mission in silent manifestation of life and love, of bloom and beauty.

Lift up your hearts and hands in joy ye who have triumphed with the risen Lord! Let the shout of victory sound over the empty tomb. Hear the glorious victor, as he lays his right hand upon you, and says: "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death!"

Lift up your hearts and hands in joy ye that have risen with Christ. Lo, now is your salvation nearer than when you first believed. Set your affections on things above. Enter into the gates of Zion with thanksgiving: come before him with songs of praise. Let the joyful jubilate ring over the earth. Go forth into the gardens and fields where the flowers burst into bloom, and send their odors to heaven, and where the birds speak to you of ascension, and sing as they rise. Stand upon the highest Olivet and, like the disciples, gaze up into heaven after your ascended Lord, and say: "Whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

SUMMER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE sun has sunk beneath the western hills,
And evening's dews are softly falling round;
The moon's pale beams are sparkling on the rills,
And new-mown crops lie heaped upon the ground.

All Nature sleeps—while o'er her tranquil brow,
Unruffled by the noise and strife of day,
The beauteous eyes of Heaven are smiling now,
In each bright star, that sheds its trembling ray.

No sound is heard—for e'en the gentle breeze
In harmony has lulled itself to rest;
The flocking birds have sought within the trees
Their peaceful slumber, and a sheltering nest.

And now the wearied farmer seeks repose,
With joy he sees his hour of rest now come;
His trusty scythe upon his shoulder throws,
And onward plods to reach his humble home.

And mark his honest look, and sturdy pace,
As through the plenteous fields he wends his way;
And see the smile that lights his happy face—
His mind reflecting on a well spent day.

There is a quiet calm within that breast,
To envy which the proudest heart might deign;
A jewel by that humble man possessed,
Emperors might covet, but could ne'er obtain.

SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. IV.

"In sermon style he bought
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms."

WE must yet remark that the master-stroke of Humbug is when he becomes pious. Our readers will recollect that we gave a specimen of a musical humbug of the devout kind about a year ago—the article made its mark. The great importance of piety to success was understood by Barnum in the Jenny Lind humbug. He knew that he who will be the greatest in this line, must move the Church to swarm! In accomplishing this he succeeded only too well. Now mark with what cunning arts the religious public was caught.

It was duly announced that "she would not sing in theaters." In the very first announcement it was said that "she expressly reserves the right of giving charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper"—that in England she had given to the poor from her private purse more than Barnum had engaged to pay her (\$150,000;) and that her gratuitous concerts for charitable objects had produced "more than ten times that amount!" (\$1,000,000.)—*Barnum's Aub.*, p. 304. Well done, Barnum.

"I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public, her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity in her disposition, I never would have dared make the engagement which I did, as *I felt sure that there were multitudes of individuals in America who would be prompted to attend her concerts by this feeling alone.*"—*Ib.*, p. 397.

The bait took. The religious community was blinded and flocked to the concerts. But towards the end of the harvest Jenny could not only sing in theaters, but also travel on the Sabbath!

But was the whole a humbug? Let Barnum himself speak. After he had made a contract with her, he was passing from Philadelphia to New York. He told "the gentlemanly conductor" that he had engaged Jenny Lind. "Is she a dancer?" asked the conductor. Barnum says, "his question chilled me as if his words were ice." He had intended to keep his arrangements with her secret till near the time of her arrival, but now he says, "I am not sure that six months will be too long a time for me to occupy in enlightening the entire public in regard to her merits."—*Ib.*, p. 303. He went to work to make a tempest out of a tea-pot. "No one can imagine the amount of head-work and hand-work which I performed. I had put innumerable means and appliances into operation for the furtherance of my object, and little did the public see of the hand that indirectly pulled at their heart-strings, preparatory to a relaxation of their purse-strings; and these means and appliances were continued and enlarged throughout the whole of that triumphant musical campaign."—p. 315.

A man at Nashville, who bought four tickets at \$12 a piece, afterwards severely blamed himself. Barnum says in regard to it: "I am not sure that others similarly situated have not experienced a somewhat similar feeling, when they became cool and rational, and the excitement of novelty and competition had died away."—p. 336. Here is an honest confession that he had humbugged the people into an irrational excitement.

But was she not a great singer? No doubt. And by her own talents and powers she would have drawn persons of musical taste and cultivation around her; but such a humming of all classes could never have been produced but by humbug. Thousands were but as dust caught up by the powerful force of the passing whirlwind, who had not the least appreciation of her powers. In Baltimore a whole congregation was thrown into extacies by the whisper that Jenny was in the choir. And indeed they could hear that she was. "Heavenly sounds!" "I never heard the like!" Alas! for their taste, it was only Barnum's daughter; and he says "we have never discovered that my daughter has any extraordinary claims as a vocalist."

A gentleman in New Orleans had a son about twelve years of age who was a real prodigy in the way of music. His father had no taste in that way, but as the son possessed that etherealness of soul which could measure the divine art, he bought two tickets for \$30.

They went. The son was in raptures. He could scarcely speak, so extatic was his frame. Silently they walked away from the door of the theater. The father regarded the \$30 of money as nothing, since it had so raised his ethereal-spirited son into the third heaven of bliss! He almost coveted the gift of such seraphic capacity. As if in dreamland, after the concert, they pass silently on, amid the crowd, the booths, and various shows that were open upon the vacant lots around. At length this ethereal son suddenly awakes. His eye catches a large sign, and he exclaims, "Father, let us go in and see the big hog!"

This we venture to say, in hundreds of cases, is a fair type of the permanency of that sublime, elevating and refining power which was claimed for this sin and sense-dispelling Orpheus. If, to this musical prodigy, it was a show giving him only a stronger taste to see the "big hog," what can be expected from its effects upon less ethereal souls.

It was Jenny Lind *as a show*, more than as a singer, that moved the people. The greatest crowd was always around when she was not to be *heard* but to be *seen*. When she arrived, thousands gathered at the wharf to *see* her. In less than ten minutes after she arrived at the Irving House, there were 10,000 on the ground. In the evening 20,000! Even dignitaries crowded her apartments to *see*. Nor did a crowd of clergymen fail to make fools of themselves!

In Philadelphia the crowd was so violent in calling for her appearance on the balcony, and she too sick to appear, that Barnum had to resort to a little humbug to quell the great one. He took Jenny's bonnet and shawl, put them upon another woman, and led her out to the balcony. The intelligent and musico-ethereal crowd gave her three hearty cheers, and had seen the show! In New Orleans they could not get her out of the boat for the crowd, till Barnum took his daughter by the arm, when the crowd followed him, and were led away like sheep by a shepherd.

In Cincinnati, Barnum took Miss Lind and got some one in the crowd to cry out, "That's no go, Mr. Barnum; you can't pass your daughter off for Jenny Lind this time." So the crowd remained, and the show passed on, no one following, supposing that she was yet on the boat.

Jenny was herself painfully conscious that she was in reality a *show*. She requested Mr. Barnum to make arrangements that she might appear at the various points incognito. Barnum says: "I considered however that the interests of the enterprise depended in a great measure upon these excitements." He tacitly assented to her desire, but secretly gave orders to his agent to telegraph, and make it known. She constantly wondered how so many found out the time of her arrival at various points in their travels. Barnum says *he* was not!

In Charleston the daughter of a wealthy planter paid a servant a sum of money to permit her to put on the servant's cap and white apron, and carry in the tray for Jenny's tea that she might see her. When the circumstance was told her, as an evidence of the lady's great admiration of her, she said, truly: "It is not admiration, it is only *curiosity*!" This is correct, and it might be applied to nineteen-twentieths of those who crowded around her.

While, therefore, we say not a word to the disparagement of her musical talent, we have presented evidence that the campaign itself was a humbug—such a one as could have grown up in no other country—for which the people paid \$712,171 34. Who does not see that the religious cloak had much to do with this success.

We have no time to review the Kossuth humbug; but will only take occasion to remark that, strange as it may seem, none can so easily and effectually humbug the American public as foreigners. The king and the queen in this department were foreigners. When have the American people been made fool of so insultingly as by Dickens and Tupper. The speculators in all kinds of vulgarity in our cities are foreigners. The astrologers are all "late from Europe," "late from Sweden." The humbuggers in the musical line, are they not French and Italians?—look at the bills; there's *Monsieurs Parlevou, Parleblu; Signoras Verona, Bennini, Villette!* No other names on opera bills will take. They must have the foreign ending—it is as necessary to make a singer as "isky" to the end of a name is to make a Polander. So it is in our large cities. In our inland towns our ambition does not reach so far. But still, even with us, he must be from another State. "Late from Boston," or "late from New York"—or, in general, "late from the East"—the bait must have a foreign worm, or the public will not bite.

What a humiliating want of self-respect do we thus betray. We boast of our independence, and of our superiority to oppressed Europe—we profess to pity the ignorance which can bow at the nod of tyrants—we herald our light and glory as an example to all who sit in darkness—and yet what do we? When foreign humbugs appear we open our mouths and gape in wonder—we open our purses and fill theirs! May our own good sense—may our native nationality deliver us from all foreign humbug; and may our own national character, like our Mississippi, like our Niagara, like our lakes, like our mountains, like our Washington, and like our Constitution, stand in its own majesty, original, unrivalled, and in its greatness alone!

We ought to say a few words on the effects of this evil upon individuals, and upon the public spirit of our land. This is a severe task—who can do it justice? The vast amount of money drained from the pockets of the honest and industrious is a small part of the evil. It deranges and confuses the order, the silent earnest progress of regular business life in the community. The calm and rational pleasures of social life are vitiated by the extraordinary nostrums presented by tricksters, showmen, doggerel-mongers, and negro ballad-singers. The taste of the community is rendered morbid. Itinerant quacks, in all professions, break in upon the regular flow of social and business life, interfering imprudently with, and often disparaging, home skill, home art, home industry, and home business—carrying away by large grabs more money than is required to sustain all the useful spheres of home industry, as well as the various necessary benevolent enterprises of the community. They tear into a community like a storm into a forest, to devour and desolate.

Humbug exerts a disastrous influence upon public morals. It promotes a dishonest spirit, and induces the low and the idle to endeavor to live by trickery. It has a tendency to undermine and sap the foundation of confidence between man and man. It acts as a caricature and burlesque upon science, and destroys confidence and respect for it; for in many of the forms of humbug there is such a mixture of the true and the false, as to make the true serve the false to its own dishonor. The true is thus disparaged. The true is modest, humbug is bold and impudent, and hence he throws into the shade and over-tops that which is a true benefit to man. This we see constantly. True skill in musical science is not encouraged; but not so with doggerel ballads and negro songs. True, serious, and useful authorships can scarcely live; but not so with hot-bed novels, morbid vulgarity, or the impudent life of a humbug. True medical skill and science is left far behind by the bold sweep of quackery. In short there is scarcely any department of regular, honest business, that is not forced to unequal competition with the intrusions of some foreign counterfeit in the same line of business.

The spirit of humbug is especially injurious to the young. It fills their minds with strange ambition, and with dangerous fancies. Seduces them to the idea that life is not an earnest, honest struggle, in which worthy action alone is honorable, but a game of chance, offering its best rewards to the grab of trick and cunning. This is the unblushing lesson which Barnum teaches in his Autobiography. Behold the end of his teachings in his own late bankruptcy.

We cannot, without some effort, by which we transfer ourselves back into the innocent age of childhood, form any true idea of the effect produced upon the unsuspecting and credulous minds of children by the mysterious professions of astrologers, and the brazen-faced vulgarities of medical quacks, as exhibited in almost every secular newspaper—and in some religious ones—that enter our families. They believe it all—their visions feed upon it in wonder—and deep in their young minds lies the permanent impression!

Who has not seen the effect of any kind of humbug upon children. For weeks after one has swarmed in a town, you can see mimicings and imitations of their sayings and doings in the boys upon the street.

GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

God's blessing on them!—those old saints,
 Who battled hard and long;
 Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,
 And conquered might and wrong!
 Oh Time! revere their sanctity,
 Nor let their glory cease,
 For by mortal victory
 They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessings on them!—those stout hearts,
 In these advancing days,
 Who seek to guide the progress stride
 From error's countless ways!
 Oh be their track a track of light,
 The onward march of man,
 The wise to shape our steps aright—
 The good to lead the van!

God's blessing on them!—one and all,
 Of every rank and clime,
 Who strive to aid the stern crusade
 Against the growth of crime!
 Oh be their names a rallying cry
 For ages yet to come,
 A word whose echo shall not die
 Till nature's self be dumb!

SUNRISE.

Lo! breaks the morning,
 O'er ocean and isle;
 Light is adorning
 The earth with her smile;
 Dew-drops are gleaming
 On beds of perfume;
 Sunshine is streaming
 O'er Eden-like bloom.

From valley and mountain
 What melodies rise!
 Woodland and fountain
 Send shouts to the skies!
 Bither is ringing
 With notes of delight;
 Sweet birds are singing
 The exit of night!

God of creation!
 Whose matchless control,
 Gives planets their station,
 And systems their roll!
 Night speaks thy glory—
 Day after day
 Re-echoes the story,
 As years pass away.

UNPUBLISHED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have carried our history of unpublished school-boy literature up to that period which may be called full boyhood. We have shown that there is at this time in boy-life danger of a certain kind of unlovely development—a characteristic bravo spirit which is rough, roguish, and rowdyish. We now proceed.

The period which may be called early youth, when the large boy begins to merge into the incipient young man, has its distinctly marked peculiarities. Nick-names no longer please—they are hated. The spirit assumes a sober, yea, even a serious tone. The youth now writes under his name, on the blank leaf of his school-book—

“The grass is green,
The rose is red:
Here stands my name,
When I am dead.”

The boy is satisfied with himself; but the youth no more. He begins to have strange longings. Instincts begin to dawn, which reach forward in the way of the spirit destiny, and he hears the soundings of immortality. The soul begins to turn its reflections in upon itself, and listens to its own prophetic undertones.

“A solemn murmur in the soul,
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.”

That the stanza which the youth now loves to record under his name, is prompted by the instincts of immortality is seen at once in the lines—

“Here stands my name
When I am dead.”

The aspirations of the spirit will leave their record behind. Hence not only on this blank page does the youth seek to leave his name, but in other places also he records it, that his memorial may not perish with him “when he is dead.” Behold the same youth, at this period of life, not only in the school-room cutting his name in the writing desk and bench, but see him also in the rural arbor, and among the smoothed-backed trees, whither his pensive feelings have led him, carving for immortality!

“With knife deface
The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t’ immortalize himself
Beats in the heart of man, that even a few,
Few trans’ent years, won from the abyss abhorr’d
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize.”

The stanza on which we are commenting is most frequently written at the close of school, about the opening of the spring season, when the "grass is green," and the bud of the "red rose" begins to swell. Strange as it may seem to those who seek for the reason of things on the surface, it has long since been observed that the instincts of immortality are strongest in spring-time. They awaken with the revival of nature. It is, moreover, at this season of the year that the soul is most moved by mystic longings. This explains why Solomon, in the Song of Songs, connects with the coming of spring the singing of birds, the blooming of flowers, the inward voice which invites: "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away!" We would suppose this the very time when the heart would most desire to remain, and would feel itself most sweetly at home on earth. But it is not so. It is amid the bloom and beauty of spring that the spirit feels itself most strongly drawn upon by the powers of the infinite. An undefined hope sings in the bosom of youth a song which accords with the prophetic cooings of the dove, waking the same memories and inspiring the same hopes.

Under the influence of these mysterious feelings the youth writes the stanza which we have quoted. How important that this strange seriousness should receive the proper direction! These mystic feelings are no doubt deep yearnings after Christ, as they are after an hereafter. They are a feeling in the dark after the true rest of the soul. They are a warmth and a light slumbering in the embers; a—

"Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised!
Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a mystic light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

The stanza we have quoted, though serious, has still a great deal of hope in it. It belongs, as we have said, to dawning youth. Sometimes, however, the same sentiment is expressed in a more gloomy style:

"When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little verse will show my name
When I am quite forgotten."

This evidently belongs to a later period in youth. It shows that some disappointments have darkened life; hope is no more so spontaneous and firm as it once was, and the heart feels that "there has passed away a glory from earth." There is not so implicit a faith in the perpetuity of friendship. The writer believes that he shall be "quite forgotten" except as this "little verse" shall call him to the mind and memory of his companions. This verse does not please us. It is too cheerless. It sounds even morbid. We fear that the heart of the youth who writes it is not lighted up by the hopes of religion as it ought to be. It seems so much like the sorrow of the world which worketh death.

There is another form in which this same gloomy sentiment is sometimes expressed. Thus:

"When this you see,
Remember me,
Lest I should be forgotten,
When I am dead,
And in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten."

Again we say, we would rather see something more cheerful. Religion is serious, but not gloomy. This stanza seems to us too much like a rose that has a worm at its heart. It has a fragrance, but it is too languid to be breathed from a healthy heart. We would say to such a one, pray for a little more cheerful faith. With that which has more hope in it. It is this that gives freshness and vigor to the heart, and makes youth the happy preparatory stage to a pious, brave, and useful life.

In short, what we recommend is something of the spirit which breathes in another stanza which we find in school books. Thus:

"Wilson Langdon is my name,
Farming is my station:
Iowa is my dwelling place,
And Christ is my salvation."

There is nerve, and faith, and purpose in this! He takes right hold of his secular calling in the hope and spirit of religion. Here is no languid, morbid dreaming about "rotten bones" and being "forgotten." Here is the power which brings resurrection. He has chosen an honorable vocation. He is determined to be a christian farmer; and yet he does not propose to follow this business as an end, only as a means, of life. He intends to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. While his hands rest on the plough, his heart shall rest on Christ as "his salvation." We venture to say that this is just what all young men should learn at school; and this is the spirit in which they should step from the school into the business of life.

THE SCRIPTURES ALWAYS FRESH.—Can this be said of any other book? The venerable Dr. Woods, in addressing the students at Andover, said that when he commenced his duties as Professor of Theology, he feared that the frequency with which he should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture, would abate the interest in his own mind in reading them; but, after more than fifty years of study, it was his experience that with every class his interest increased.

ASCENSION DAY.

BY J. W. NEVIN, D. D.

THE triumph of our Saviour's resurrection drew after it, with necessary consequence, his exaltation at the right hand of God. Having risen from the grave, the conqueror of death and hell, he could not fail to enter into his glory, and to become thus head over all things, in a real way, to his church. The Festival of Easter completes itself in the Festival of the Ascension; as this again opens the way immediately for the Festival of Pentecost. In one view the whole period may be regarded as a single solemnity. The Resurrection finds its proper conclusion, reaches its full significance for the world, only in the coming of the Holy Ghost. This was the great promise of the gospel. All looked to this from the beginning. Christ died that he might rise again; rose again that he might ascend up far above all heavens; ascended up that he might fill all things, and make his power and grace known by the mission of his Spirit.

Thus in the Creed these glorious mysteries are joined together, as inseparable parts of a single whole, or as different stages merely in the progress of one and the same grand fact. To believe one, we must believe all. As something real, and not simply notional and imaginary, each article is conditioned absolutely by the place it holds in connection with the rest. In this way we are furnished with a single and easy test, by which to try how far any part of the Creed is received and held by us with true faith. All depends on the sense we have of its necessary connection with what goes before, and with what follows after. To acknowledge the existence of Christ, without allowing at the same time the full force of the clause, "conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary," would be at once a contradiction, showing that the true mystery of his presence in the world was not really perceived or acknowledged at all. It would be to substitute a mere natural conception or fancy of our own mind for the actual supernatural fact which faith in this case is required to embrace. Equally fatal to any confession of Christ would it be, not to make earnest with the fact of his death, with his descent to hades, and with his resurrection from the dead. And just so again, we cannot really believe in his resurrection without going on to say: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." Nor can our faith stop there; but with the actual progress of the Saviour's life and power, must take in also the revelation of Pentecost, with all its consequent blessings for our fallen race, onward to his second coming. No one can truly believe in Christ's glorification at the right hand of God, who is not prepared to add with the Creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

Two opposite suppositions may be made in regard to our Saviour's resurrection, which are equally at war with all true faith in the historical reality of the fact. One, that it was a return simply to the order of existence he possessed before, a restoration of the common human life which he gave up on the cross. The other, that it involved such a change of existence as fairly brought to an end his previous human life, taking it out of all historical connection with the world, and resolving it altogether into spirit, or rather into a mere object of thought. Both of these conceptions destroy the realness of what Christ was and still is; and make it impossible to believe in him, with the faith which is required by the Creed. The first overthrows the supernatural side of his being, sinks him down to the order of mere nature, makes him to be in truth no more than a common man. The second nullifies his being just as fully on the opposite side; makes his revelation in the flesh a mere temporary appearance or show; converts his whole person at last into a gnostic imagination.

With wonderful effect, the resurrection state of Christ is so represented in the New Testament as to avoid each extreme; and for any one who is prepared to consider the matter properly, the fact that it has done so cannot fail to be felt as one of the strongest arguments for the reality of the mystery itself and for the inspiration of the record in which it is described. We cannot easily conceive indeed of a representation of character and life more difficult to produce, than that which is brought before us, under this view, in the close of the evangelical history. No mere art or skill of man can be considered equal to its successful invention. In the New Testament, however, the conditions and requirements of the problem are met, on all sides, and fully satisfied. Christ is exhibited to us as a risen Saviour, in a form which does no violence to the conception in any direction, but is felt to be in the most simple and perfect harmony with it throughout. All is answerable to the character and state described.

His re-appearance is no coming back properly to the life in which he had been known among men before. This was felt by his disciples, in every case in which he offered himself to their view; and we are made to feel it just as sensibly, through the same scenes and occasions, as they are described to us on the sacred page. They felt, and we are made to feel too, in every case, that with all the evidences they had of the realness of their Master's presence, he was still not with them and among them just as he had been before. There he was, speaking with them and making himself palpable to their senses in every way; and yet it was plain that he had in fact passed into another order of existence. They were not, after all, in the same world with him. He was with regard to them on the *other* side of death; and a strange unearthliness was made to invest his being, to their apprehension, at every point.

On the other hand, however, the representation is just as successful in setting before us the fact of a real resurrection of Christ from the dead, in distinction from every sort of gnostic phantom or dream. The disciples knew that the re-appearance of their Master was no mere *apparition*. And we too are made to feel this in seriously reading the narrative of the New Testament. He comes before us as one not of this mortal life, but as being still in his whole person the real continua-

tion of what he was before. He is on the other side of death, not as a vision only; but in the form of a new higher existence, most real and substantial, in which the whole power of death has been surmounted and brought to an end: "I am the Resurrection and the Life! I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death!"

These appearances of Christ after his resurrection were themselves, at the same time, a preparation only for his full and final transition over into that state, in which his new life was to be advanced to its full perfection and glory, and clothed with its proper lasting power for the salvation of the world. Without being able to understand or explain all the purposes of that "period of forty days," during which he continued to show himself to his disciples previously to his being taken up into heaven, we may easily enough see that it was in its very nature a temporary condition, that served merely to open the way for what was to follow. That was not the true permanent form of Christ's resurrection life. Its meaning and force lay in the fact of its soon afterwards passing over into something far more glorious; just as the morning twilight finds its proper significance only in being taken up by the full light of day. Without this movement on to its own proper consummation, however real it might have seemed for the moment, it must have come to bear in the end a more or less unreal and shadowy character, by no means answerable to the true historical conception of our Saviour's person. By the mystery of the *Ascension*, all is brought into right place and order. The lower manifestation of Christ's resurrection life, with its glimpses of spiritual power and glory, demonstrated to his disciples "by many infallible signs," in the sphere of their worldly experience and observation, gives way with natural course to the higher manifestation of the same life in the sphere of the Spirit. We retain our hold upon the historical realness of Christ's person, our sense of actual continuance in his life under a worthy and suitable form, only as we are enabled to follow him into the heavens, and have power to believe at the same time that he reigns there head over all things to the Church, and true also to his own promise: "Lo, I am with you always, to the end of the world."

Such being the force of the *Ascension* itself, as an article of the Christian Creed, we may see how necessary and important it is for us to cherish a proper regard for the season by which it is commemorated in the progress of the Church Year. It was from no fanciful conceit merely, that the Church ordained, from the earliest times, the great festivals which mark in this way the history of redemption from the birth of Christ onward to the pouring out of the Holy Ghost. The whole order rests upon a deep principle in the religious nature of man, which makes it certain that it can never be disregarded without serious damage and loss for the interests of piety. Want of regard for these holy seasons, necessarily implies a corresponding want of full believing sympathy with the historical reality of the great facts they commemorate. The habit of religiously keeping them in mind, on the other hand, has a direct tendency to keep in us a lively sense of the facts *as facts*, and thus to clothe them with their proper power for our consciences and hearts. We think it not too much to say, without pretending to go any

farther into the subject at this time, that a lively apprehension of the facts of the gospel, as we have them set forth in the Creed and as they entered into the faith of the early Church, can never prevail to any extent, without bringing into exercise the spirit of church festivals, as it showed its force in the first centuries; and so, as the reverse of this, that there can be no reigning indifference to those occasions, allowing them to fall into neglect and disuse, which shall not be attended with a corresponding want of hearty living sympathy with the facts they celebrate, and the habit of turning them unconsciously into mere spiritualistic dreams.

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FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Ethom's barren shore?
 That fire from heav'n which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;
 Once she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne.
 Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long, lov'd olive tree;
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma;
 Then pass'd her glory's ray,
 Like heath, that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reigned as god.

"Go," said the Lord—"ye conquerors
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements;
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter,
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XIV.—THE POMEGRANATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Pomegranate tree is very common in the Holy Land. It is also found growing wild in Syria, in the south of Europe, and in the north of Africa. It is a low tree, and has a straight stem, and reddish bark. Its branches are very thick, bushy and spreading, and some of them are crowned with sharp thorns, and its leaves are narrow, shaped like a spear.

This tree is noted for the large, beautiful and odorous flowers which it bears. They are of an elegant red color, and resemble a rose. On this account it is one of the chief ornaments of oriental gardens. The tree itself, as well when it is in bloom, as when it is laden with ripe fruit, is said to excel all other fruit trees in beauty.

The fruit of this tree is quite round, "of the size of an orange, of a tawny brown, with a thick astringent coat, containing abundance of seeds, each enveloped in a distinct, very juicy, crimson coat, whose flavor in a wild state is a pure and very strong acid; but in the cultivated plant, sweet and highly grateful." Like other summer fruit it has the general qualities of allaying heat and quenching thirst. The color of the fruit is a high scarlet. When it is quite ripe it bursts open, and then the bluish-purple seeds are seen partly imbedded in a juicy flesh, which in color is a mixture of red and yellow.

Dr. Harris, speaking of this tree says: "The high estimation in which it was held by the people of Israel may be inferred from its being one of the three kinds of fruit brought by the spies from Eschol to Moses and the congregation in the wilderness; Numb. 13. 23 : 20. 5 : and from its being specified by that rebellious people as one of the greatest luxuries which they enjoyed in Egypt, the want of which they felt so severely in the sandy desert. The pomegranate, classed by Moses with wheat and barley, vines and figs, oil-olive and honey, was, in his account, one principal recommendation of the promised land. Deut. 8 : 8. The *form* of this fruit was so beautiful as to be honored with a place at the bottom of the high priest's robe; Exod. 28 : 33, and Ecclesiastics 45 : 9; and was the principal ornament of the stately columns of Solomon's temple. A section of the apple gives a fine resemblance of a beautiful cheek. Cantic. 4 : 3. The inside is full of small kernels, replenished with a generous liquor. In short, there is scarcely any part of the pomegranate which doth not delight and recreate the senses."

The pomegranate tree and fruit was held in high estimation among the Jews. "No circumstance," says Paxton, "more clearly proves the value which the orientals put upon this fruit, than the choice which Solomon makes of it to represent certain graces of the church: 'Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks,' chap. 4 : 3;

and in the thirteenth verse, the children of God are compared to an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits." It was a symbol of richest divine blessing. It is even yet so regarded in the East. When Otho, King of Greece, in 1834, came to the pass of Thermopolæ, he was met by an aged, motherly-looking woman, who presented him with a pomegranate, and said: "O King, may your years be as many as the beautiful seeds in this fruit."

Because this fruit was so valued it was regarded as a great calamity and curse from God when the pomegranate failed to bear. Joel 2: 12; Hag. 2: 19.

Solomon celebrates the excellence of "the spiced wine of the juice of the pomegranate." Songs of Sol. 4: 2. "The juice," says Paxton, "especially when expressed from the seeds and interior film, by which the bitter flavor is avoided, is a delicate beverage; and one pomegranate will sometimes fill a basin." He says also that the Syrians, in very hot weather, use a very grateful and cooling drink made of wine mixed with the juice of this fruit. He thinks this the spouse, in the passage just quoted, proposed to make for her beloved. "Or," he adds, "perhaps she means a species of wine made of pomegranate juice, which, we learn from Chardin, is drunk in considerable quantities in the East, and particularly in Persia." There is reason to suppose that the orientals used the juice of this fruit to flavor their drink in the same way as we now use lemons.

OH, FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Oh, fear not thou to die,
 Far rather fear to live—for life
 Has thousand snares thy feet to try
 By peril, pain and strife.
 Brief is the work of death,
 But life—the spirit shrinks to see
 How full, ere Heaven recall the breath,
 The cup of woe may be.

Oh, fear not thou to die:
 No more to suffer, or to sin,
 No snare without thy faith to try,
 No traitor heart within.
 But fear, oh, rather fear,
 The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
 The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
 From Heaven thy heart to win.

Oh, fear not thou to die,
 To die and be that blessed one,
 Who in the bright and beauteous sky
 May feel that never more
 The tear of grief, of shame, shall come
 For thousand wanderings from the Power,
 Who loved and called thee home.

THE LAKE.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY N. S.

ONE day a father and son stood on the bank of a lake. It was quiet, like a child sleeping in a cradle. Flowers and trees were reflected from the quiet water, and the sky above lent to it its pure blue; swans and other water birds swam upon its surface; fishes leaped joyfully from the depths to the light of the sun.

"How peaceful," said the son, "is our lake to-day! The breeze scarcely ruffles its surface, and the sun is reflected back, as if he stood in his own firmament. The whole landscape is seen in the flood, as if the hand of a skilful painter had drawn it in its smallest details. Indeed, it seems to me, as if the landscape lay even more tenderly and beautifully in the image than in nature itself. I would like to compare this picture with some other one; but I cannot bring out the analogy."

"Perhaps, my dear son," said his father, "perhaps you need not search far after it; may be you bear it in your own bosom. Let me try to show it to you."

After they had composed themselves upon grassy seats which were fixed there, the father began thus: "The soul of man, when like yours it is good, pious and innocent, receives every thing that is lovely and fair in heaven and earth into itself as a pure mirror does an image. Passion does not disturb or becloud it, and thus it is the abode of peace and bliss, which is truly divine, because it is the reflection of heaven in the life of man. As the swan belongs to the lake, so does religion belong to man. As the dying swan breathes forth melodies, so in the last hours of life religion cheers us with sounds of charming power, and we dissolve in blessed sighs and joyful tears. Then friendship, love, and all the beautiful virtues glow in us like the stars in heaven—like the sun and moon in the quiet water; now the one, then the other shines in blissful brightness. Thus the lake is like the pure soul of man."

Then the son grasped the hand of his father with intensity of joy, fell upon his bosom and embraced him in blessed rapture. The father understood the meaning of this quiet embrace, and gave his beloved child his best blessing.

Now they left this place to go into a village near by, where the father had some business. The path led them sometimes over hills, and then through grain fields and woods. In a short time they reached the valley in which the village lay. Soon the business was successfully accomplished. As they returned home, they found the sky, where before scarcely a fleeting speck was seen, nearly all covered over with thunder clouds.

"There will be a fierce storm to-day," said the father to the son, "let us hasten home before it overtakes us." The heavens grew darker and blacker; the sun hid his countenance; the herds hastened home; the birds flew chirping and shrieking through the air; and the storm clouds, rising higher, whirled upon mighty wings. Lightning trembled dread-

fully in the thick dark clouds, and the thunder broke with fearful crash upon the mountain. They arrived at the lake.

What a change is here! Where but a few hours before all was peace, there is now uproar and commotion. The clear blue is now changed into the color of death. One wave dashes and breaks upon the other; and the lightnings dart like fiery serpents over the surface of the flood.

"Let us, my dear son, enter yon fisher's hut," said the father, "for the storm will soon fully break upon us." Scarce had they reached it when heavy drops of rain began to fall, and both were glad to have found a shelter.

Now the storm with giant force broke loose from its fetters. The trees bowed quivering before its rage, and grass and flowers whirled in the air. The rain fell in torrents, and with its war mingled lightning and thunder. The little hut shook; the lake swelled and raged, dashing over its accustomed banks, as if it would fall in angry strife upon the rushing floods that roared into it from the mountain side.

"Is not the soul of man, when mastered and swayed by passion, like this raging lake?" said the father. "Ah! then also does the former serenity and pleasant peace fly away, and in the dreadful storm it is no more master over itself. Evil thoughts arise in the heart like poisonous serpents! The spirit breaks over its limits, and the voice of religion is hushed. O son, my beloved son, may heaven protect thee against such an outbreak; for often thus is the bloom of life destroyed forever; and when at last the time for reaping comes, ah! then the poor soul has nothing to gather but bitter tears!"

The storm ceased. The clouds began to disperse, and in the distance stood the bow of peace, raised as a sign of victory in the temple-hall of nature. Father and son were, on their way home, each busy with his own thoughts. At length the father broke the silence thus:

"This sudden transition of storm and peace seems to have awakened you to reflection: so it ought to be, for this is a picture of earthly life! But heaven remains always pure and clear, even through storms. Beneath it vapors of earth may gather and become clouds; storms may rage in dreadful sport over the earth's surface, still the blue heaven above, studded with shining worlds, without restlessness or change, look down to-day in friendly peace as they did a thousand years ago. When the storm has ceased to rage here below, then dawn out again the shining heavens, and the Father of Peace above us plants the colored bow of sweet reconciliation, between heaven and earth. Behold how beautiful it shines in its bright colors! Is it not a charming symbol of compassionate grace? So, in the heart of man, when the storm of passion has cleared is raised the signal of peace. But few take notice of it, and if they do, it has no charm for them. Instead of looking up to Him, who caused the tumult to cease, they rather turn farther away from Him, until more hopelessly than before they fall again under the dark powers of sin and sorrow. Therefore, my son, if in your bosom arise storms and thunders, then, my son, lift your eyes to heaven, seek the former peace, and a cheerful mind will return to you, and you will soon stand forth happy in victorious peace."

As they reached the house, the anxious mother with the remaining

children came to meet them. Soon they were all comfortably and happily together in their own cheerful home.

The son carefully retained the scenes of the day in his heart. He often thought of the lake, and endeavored to make his life, amid many storms from without and struggles within, a continual victory, until it reached at last an eternal triumph of peace in the quiet heavens above, which no storms ever reach.

SIGHINGS AND SEEKINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are all by nature lost! Lost in the dreary wilderness of this world which lies outside of Paradise. Eden, with all its joy, peace, and innocence, was lost by the sin of our first parents. They were driven out from its happy scenes into the cheerless regions of thorns and thistles, and became the sad inheritors of a world lying under the curse of a righteous God. There, in a fallen world, themselves fallen and guilty sinners, they "begat sons and daughters," and we are their sin-stricken posterity.

When we look around us we see at once that we are in the land of the curse. All around us is blighted, has lost its original life and beauty, and passes away while we gaze. The generations before us are lying in tombs around us. Our fathers are gone. We are going. As blooming summer gives place to gloomy autumn, so our youth and beauty are silently but certainly changing into bleak and wintry old age. Death is in the world. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Is it not written upon the heavens and upon the earth, upon the features of our bodies and upon the hopes of our hearts that "we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the winds, do bear us away." Not only does the present life, with all its joys and hopes, fail us, but it is unsatisfying while it lasts.

We need comfort. We feel that we need comfort. The whole creation groans and travails in pain until now, asking, while one hope and help after another dies, "Who shall show us any good?"

Even the heathen, who had nothing but a sense of their own inward wants to guide them, when their hearts were in an earnest frame, always sighed after a thing better than earth could give. They have always manifested a deep and mysterious longing, a kind of lonely home-sickness after some substantial good. Though they did not understand the deep wants of their hearts, they felt them. Experience and observation taught them to some extent the truth so beautifully expressed by the poet of the lonely vein—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."

As a sea-shell is said to moan, in mysterious voices after the ocean-home

from which it has been torn, so the spirit of man, in deep instinctive earnestness, moans after the home of his heart—the home from which he is torn by sin. Though he may not know where that home is to be found, yet in hope that there may be a guide within hearing, he cries in plaintive tones, *Lost! lost! lost!* Man even in pagan darkness cannot fail to see the heavens above are brighter and more serene than the restless and changing earth around; and it is but natural that they should direct their cries heavenward. No wonder, then, that “the whole creation groaneth,” and that a sigh arises from the broad bosom of humanity, “*Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!*”

This same sense of want, which has in all ages manifested itself in the heathen world, if not so heavy and cheerless, is nevertheless more intelligently and more keenly felt in christian lands. All unconverted persons, in their sober and reflective hours, feel this deep want in their souls—an aching, painful void, which they feel that the world can never fill. They see—who that reflects can fail to see?—that all beneath and around them is passing away. Wealth, earthly honor, pleasure, friends, themselves, yea, all cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, fleeth like a shadow and continueth not! Every one who thinks earnestly on himself, his origin, his present position, and his destiny, must feel as though he stood lonely in the midst of earth’s autumnal days, where hopes like leaves are falling around him. This sad scene troubles the spirit, and makes it sigh after something that lives and abides as a source of hope and comfort. There are few hearts that have not at times felt like using the language of the Psalmist as their own: “*I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise. My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. And, I said, oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.*” Ps. 55: 2–9. Comfort, then, is what the heart needs and cries after when it feels its wants.

Where shall true comfort be found? This is the question of all, at one time or other in life. The heart may hover, like a dove, over all the plain of earth—it may fly as far as the wings of a dove could bear it, even into the wilderness, and yet not be at rest. The source of human woes is in the human heart, a heart alienated by God, the true source of joy and peace; and wherever the heart goes it bears its wants and woes with it. No outward scenes can bring it true, lasting peace. The leprosy, which consumes our rest, lies deep within. The lonely desert, the wide and tranquil sea, the rich gardens of the south, the calm twilight of evening, the serene repose of nature, the bright and peaceful heavens, all these lovely scenes in nature can bring no comfort and tranquility to the sinner’s leprous heart. Their very quietude and loveliness do but reveal to him more painfully the tumultuous heavings of his restless heart.

“The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh.”

True comfort is not a plant of natural, early growth. As the natural light which fills the earth with joy, comes from above, so the light which can disperse the gloom of the soul comes from heaven. It has come! God, in Christ, has opened a fountain of life, light, and endless joy.

A GOOD NAME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

WHAT mistakes we all make! We try to make things right which we should have prevented from being made wrong. When one of our fellows has disgraced himself, we go to him, perhaps reproachfully, and say to him: "I knew your course would bring you to this!" Why did we not go to him before and say to him, gently, kindly, earnestly—"a gulf is before you! see how you tread!"

How true it is that a little preventive is better than a great deal of cure. This applies especially to our subject. It is much easier to keep a good name when we have it, than to get it back when it is lost.

We hope to make ourselves useful—especially to the young—by a few observations on a good name. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

The word *name* here is not to be taken in its literal meaning. It does not mean the name by which we are *known*.

It has been the case that these two have been identical. When names were prophetically given, by divine direction and inspiration, the literal name was the correct exponent of the character. Thus we have many instances in scripture, where the name given to the infant, correctly designated, through life, the prominent and prevailing characteristic of the man.

Names are still given to their children by serious persons with a sincere desire that they may prove prophetic—that their character may correspond with the meaning of the name; or, that the child may grow up to become like the person after whom it is named.

There is, however, generally no manner of connection between a person's name and his character—it is a mere arbitrary sign. Yet there is prevalent a deep, steady feeling, that the two should be identical—that a man's name and his character ought to correspond. Hence, in part at least, the origin of what are called *nick-names*—in which case his true name passes out of sight in favor of one which is a true exponent of the person's character. The word *nick* meaning originally an evil spirit; a nick-name exhibits some evil characteristic which manifests itself in his life—so that this name becomes, in a remarkable manner, the true and faithful representative of the person's real character.

The feeling that names and characters ought to correspond manifests itself in another way. We feel that certain names are agreeable and others disagreeable to us—and when we enquire into the reason, we find that our like or dislike results from the fact that these names belonged to some character of our acquaintance, from whom they have received their savor. This shows how closely allied, in our feelings, are name and character.

It is not the name that honors the character, but it is the character that honors his name. As our character is, so is the name. Our name becomes the mark of glory, or of shame, according as we honor or dishonor it. Our name is a mere skeleton—it is our character which clothes it with flesh—and life—and beauty—and power. The letters of the alphabet can be so used as to make a book of wisdom or nonsense, according as they are used. The combination of letters in our own names, will inspire reverence or contempt, according as our own lives give them meaning.

A good name, then, in this sense is everything. It is that by which we are known, remembered, and thought of. It is our strength and crown of glory. It is that which brings us all our respect and influence—which makes whatever else we have valuable to us—which gives sense and substance to our lives—determines our importance, shapes our destiny, and is the only part of us which remains as a power in the world when we are gone!

This—a good name—Solomon praises, and recommends. He tells us, *first*, how good it is; and, *second*, how it is to be obtained.

I. How GOOD it is. It is better than "great riches." He does not contrast it with riches because this is really the next highest good, but because it is generally regarded as the very highest.

The love of wealth does not only influence men more generally but also more mightily than any other human passion. Nothing else so constantly enchains the heart. Nothing so successfully commands men's energies. Not for learning, not for pleasure, not for heaven, will men endure such toils and make such sacrifices.

No class of men are in such danger of forgetting all higher interests. Nothing so absorbs thoughts, feelings, desires, energies. No other passion so fully displaces God—covetousness "is idolatry." Of no other sin is it said: "How hardly shall they enter into the kingdom of God!" Of no other sin is it said that it is "the root of all evil!" It is, therefore, much to say of a good name, it is rather to be chosen than riches—than great riches. Oh, it is much, when one is able to value readily a good name above riches.

He contrasts a good name with riches, and says it is better, because in the majority of cases good names are lost through love of riches. Nothing, perhaps makes a man more mean than a miserly spirit. He may be rich; but show me a miserly man who is respected. He loses his good name through his little meannesses, which result from his love of money. What robs a man more effectually of a good name than dishonesty; and what makes a man so but the love of money?

How are men, occupying high and honorable stations, hurled in a moment into the deepest disgrace by a breach of public trust—by frauds—frauds on the government—frauds upon companies—frauds upon the public. Their very names become a hissing and contemptible by-word from one end of the land to the other—ruined for life; and if their graves are ever known in their own country, they will only be known as blots of shame, as long as it is known what lies beneath.

The same may be said of oppressors—extortioners—thieves. But even in milder forms does the desire for riches interfere with a good name. How many, for instance, suffer themselves to become so absorbed

in business, as to neglect almost entirely the cultivation of their minds, hearts, and manners. In this way the pursuit of gain sets aside and leaves behind all that which properly constitutes character, or a good name.

What is it that makes thousands ignorant, uncultivated, boorish—what is it but that low love of gain which leaves neither time nor taste for anything higher!

He places a good name above riches because there is so strong a disposition to regard riches as a sufficient substitute for a good name. Alas, how common is this vain fancy! How many seem to suppose that if they can only get into the class of the rich they shall be at once and forever respectable. They may be flattered—and they may be treated with consideration; but it is always, not on their own account, but on account of their money. Money is not character—the mere fact of my becoming suddenly or gradually rich, does not put one more idea into my head, one more excellence into my heart, or give one iota of increase in polish and moral worth.

A good name is to be valued above riches. 1. Because it is the ground of real respect—respect resting upon personal worth, and not upon a mere outward appendage. 2. Because it gives him real moral influence. Wealth may give a worldly influence, but not a moral one. 3. Because the fruits of a good name are perpetuated after the individual is dead, as a blessing, not as a curse. What dire effects often flow from wealth entailed! It is not so with a good name.

Oh, we do not feel as we ought, the importance of leaving the legacy of a good name to those who come after us!

II. How a good name is to be obtained. A good name is “to be chosen”—it is to be desired, coveted, aimed at, determined upon. It depends upon choice—he that wills it, wins it. A good name cannot be bought. No amount of money can convince the public that a man's character is good, when it is not. His very attempt to cover his faults, and to blind men's eyes by the glare of his gold increases the public contempt. Let it but once be known that wealth has elevated a man to some post of honor—or that wealth has sheltered him from justice—and his name is branded with infamy forever. A man may buy office, he may buy judges, he may even buy the shouts of a multitude to give *eclat* to an occasion, he may buy for himself a towering monument to stand on his grave, but he cannot buy a good name.

Even “great riches” cannot buy a good name, or hide the blots of a bad character. Let us give an example—Stephen Girard. Let but any one speak of his charities, and his attention will immediately be directed to the following facts from a Philadelphia paper

“GIRARD.—A cotemporary calls public attention to the propriety of having the body of Mrs. Girard interred in the college grounds with those of her husband, remarking, that the remains of Mrs. Franklin were consigned to the same tomb in which rested those of Dr. Franklin, and observing also that the sage councils of the wife may have contributed to the fortune of the founder of the “College for Orphans.” The allusion to Mrs. Girard is every way unfortunate, and can meet with no responsive sympathy from those who admire the social character of her spouse, to whose jealous temper she fell a memorable victim, in the heyday of

his prosperity ; cruel treatment, it is alleged, having alienated her reason, and as a consequence of which she became an inmate of the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in whose grounds she was buried, for the consideration of \$2000, paid that institution by her opulent husband. The books of the Hospital show that Mary Girard was admitted an insane patient on the 21st. August, 1800, where she died on the 13th September, 1815. Mrs. Girard's maiden name was Lum. Seven months after her admission into the Hospital she gave birth to a daughter, who was baptised by the name of Mary, and this was the only child of Girard, who died in its infancy. The deranged mind of the wife was alleged to have been produced by cruel treatment, as witnessed by many of his neighbors. It is certain that slander pursued her to her grave, and that this slander was invariably traced to a jealous husband, who had married one only too beautiful."

We "tell the tale as it is told to us." Taking this as true, suppose that, in addition to an Orphan's College, he had also willed several millions for an Asylum to broken-hearted wives flying from brutish husbands, could its marble columns, its magnificent domes, and its ample provisions cause an indignant world to forget the faded hopes, the dethroned reason, and the alms-house grave of his victimized wife—who lost all that earth can give when she became the wife of a wealthy brute!

A good name cannot be inherited. One who inherits his ancestor's name does not necessarily inherit their honor, their virtues, their intelligence and their moral worth. "Do you know that I am a descendant of the great reformer, Knox," said a young puff of vanity. "What a pity that part of his brains and his piety did not also descend to you," was the cutting reply.

"I am the son of Judge —," said a young drunken rowdy, as they were leading him toward the lock-up. "So much greater the shame!" said the officer, pushing him on still faster. A good name is not conferred by a title. Placing Hon. before a man's name, whose character does not sustain it, is like setting forth a harlequin to introduce the services of a solemn assembly—some will laugh at its ridiculousness, and others will be indignant at the desecration. A title cannot give a name, it can only mark one who has a name. A good name; wealth cannot buy it—inheritance cannot transmit it—title cannot confer it. It must be chosen—it must be acquired by personal acts—it must result from individual excellence of character. It is not an appendage outwardly assumed, or outwardly hung upon us—it grows forth from the substance of the soul. It is based upon inward excellence—it is the halo, the light, the radiance of a noble soul—it is the substance of noble acts—it is the bloom and the savor of a fruitful life. It is that eternal substance and power which remains when wealth is contemptible—when the line of ancestry is broken—when titles have dropped away—when urn, and bust, and monuments have mingled with the dust they cover—it is that which time, and death, and the still more fearful ordeal of the last judgment cannot sever from the spirit which it clothes, and honors, and crowns, and blesses forever.

Have you a good name, cherish it. There is nothing better. It is a crown of life. It is good in youth, manhood and age. It is good at home and abroad. It is good in prosperity and adversity. It is good

to labor by—to live by—to sleep by—to die by. It is a comfort to us, and a joy to our friends. It will be like a pleasant odor around the hearts of those who will think of us when we are dead—a fragrance that time cannot waste.

“Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

If you have not yet a good name—choose it. The choice is before you. God and man are willing that you shall have it—only deserve it—cultivate it—will it—seek it. It need not be a great name. Yes, let it be great—but great and good. If it is good, it is great—goodness is the sublimest greatness.

A BITTER MEMORY.

DREEST as in life, he lay
Like one slumbering in the lap of time;
Not gone, but ready for the radiant clime
Of everlasting day.

A rose-tinge, as of dawn,
Death has not wholly from his cheek erased;
And on the silver coffin-plate were traced
These words—DEAR LITTLE JOHN.

What orator, I ask,
Could utter tenderer words the heart to reach?
To breathe a deeper pathos into speech,
I deem beyond his task.

I thought he would awake—
Not leave our hearth so desolate and lone;
But there is something in a mother's moan
The heart cannot mistake.

His hand, like marble, white,
Held, in its clasp, frail emblematic flowers,
Doomed, like himself, to live a few bright hours—
Then feel a killing blight.

I could not bear the sound
Of shuffling feet when, through the open door
They bore him, ne'er to cross its threshold more,
With infant beauty crowned.

Our heart-strings have been crushed:
I look around, and lo! a household light
I find forever quenched in starless night,
A voice of music hushed.

Bring back, bring back the dead!
Chase from the house this heavy, funeral gloom,
And the gay phantom sitting in the room,
Around his cradle-bed.

Too early rang his knell?
No blood of mine was in his azure veins;
But in my soul an aching sorrow reigns—
Sweet boy! farewell, farewell!

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REV. WILLIAM HENDEL, D. D.*

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BY THE EDITOR.
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[SOURCES.—“Archives of the Lancaster, Tulpehooken and Philadelphia Congregations.” “Pilgerreise zu Wasser und zu Land.” “Letters of Hendel.”—Weekly Mess., Feb. 14, 1838. “Christian Land-Marks,” by Dr. Berg. “The Recollections of the Aged.”]

DR. HENDEL was born in the Palatinate on the Rhine. Our data in regard to his early life are scarce. The Rev. John Christian Stahlschmidt, who became acquainted with him in Tulpehooken, in the year 1773, says of him: “This man is one of the best preachers that I became acquainted with in America. He is a Palatinate by birth, and had come to this country as a minister many years ago. He possesses much science and knowledge, and without any sectarian or party spirit, he is in heart consecrated to the cause of true Godliness.”†

According to this extract we learn two important facts; he was a minister when he came in to this country, and he came in “many years” before 1773.

Dr. Hendel was pastor of the German Reformed congregation in Lancaster from January, 1765, up to September, 1769—four years. During this time he also preached once every four weeks at Pequea, now New Providence, about 10 miles southeast of Lancaster. Traces of his zeal, piety, and faithfulness are seen upon the records at Lancaster, in incidental ways, as well as in the general prosperity of the church.

*From a work in course of preparation by the Editor on the “Lives of the Old Deceased Ministers of the German Reformed Church in America.” Much labor has already been bestowed upon this work; and no pains are spared to have it full and correct. We therefore take this opportunity earnestly to request such as may possess any documents or other information in relation to the subjects of which it treats, kindly to put us in possession of the facts. Let the fathers, through whom many of us have received many of our blessings receive proper honor at our hands.

† “Pilger Reise zu Wasser und zu Land,” p. 291.

From Lancaster he was called to the congregation at Tulpehocken and neighboring congregations. His ministry in this charge began in 1769 and closed in 1782, thirteen years, and included therefore the dark period of the war of the Revolution. When he was visited by Rev. Stahlschmidt in 1773, he was serving nine congregations.

During his ministry at Tulpehocken, Dr. Hendel made frequent missionary excursions to the smaller settlements of Germans in the valleys northward. During the Revolutionary war he often visited Lykens Valley, and preached at what is called "David's Church," about two miles east of the river where Millesburg now is, where a congregation, composed of Reformed members from Manantongo, Armstrong, and Lykens Valleys, had been organized a few years previous.

"It being during the war that these visits to this and other congregations in this section of the country were made, and the Indians being yet numerous, it was necessary for the inhabitants armed with weapons, to meet him at the confines of the valley and guard him to his place of destination. Whilst he preached, the guards stood under and around the door with their rifles, so that they could both keep a look out for their enemies and also listen to the servant of God delivering unto them the glad tidings of salvation. They thus accompanied him from place to place; and when the services were ended, he was guarded in the same manner on his way home till he was out of danger, he being then stationed in Tulpehocken. This was, indeed, a laborious task; but he looked not for the pleasures and comforts of this world, but laid up for himself treasures, where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and he is now reaping his rich reward!"*

In September, 1782, he removed again to Lancaster. He returned with his former learning, eloquence, zeal and piety, only all these had become still more venerable and lovely by age. Though his inward man was ripening more and more, his outward man was declining. The earthly house of his tabernacle on his appearance in Lancaster the second time gave evident signs of decay. The records are made now with a trembling hand, resembling the writing of Mr. Hopkins in the Declaration of Independence. Still, by God's grace, he continued his ministry here till February, 1794; thus his second term in this congregation was twelve years, and they were years of unusual spiritual prosperity to the church.

The last term of Dr. Hendel's ministry in Lancaster is still within reach of the memory of the oldest living members, and we can still learn, from the pious especially, that his holy influence has not died with him, but lives to this day in the piety of the aged who enjoyed his ministry in youth. His name is held in the most grateful and sacred remembrance, and the mention of it sheds over the heart of many aged pilgrims a savor which is as ointment poured forth.

A short time ago we asked an old mother in Israel who was confirmed by him, whether there were any peculiarities about him which she could still remember. The answer she gave was, "Yes, old father Hendel, he was a good man. O, but he was a good man!"† "Yes," said her

*Father Gerhart, in *Weekly Messenger*, February 14, 1838. †"Ja, der alte Vater Hendel, er war ein guter Mann. O, er war aber ein guter Mann!"

daughter, "that is what she often says, and it is about the only thing she says of him." The only peculiarity about him, therefore, was that he was a good man. Every thing about him was subordinate to his piety. A better idea could not possibly be given of this excellent servant of Christ, than is given in these few words from the heart of age and piety.

We asked this old mother, whether he was fond of meetings for prayer in the congregation. "O yes, he was very much for such things. He held a meeting of that kind every Thursday evening in the old church." The records, during this period show that he aimed at the purity of the church, and the advancement of the members in true piety.

Though now old and worn down in body by the toils of a long and laborious ministry, yet he was again invited to transplant himself, and become once more fruitful in a new soil. He received a call from Philadelphia, which also he accepted, and began his labors in his new field February 9, 1794.

This was the good man's last field of labor, and as it became the scene of his heaviest trials, so also it afforded him occasion to witness his best confession. He was not long there when the yellow fever broke out the second time. That was a season of sore trial. It required a giant faith, and Hendel showed himself equal to the terror. Not only such citizens as could do it, but almost all the ministers fled from the city for their lives, leaving the sick and dying to the mercy of God, and the care of those whose faith was strong enough to stand to their duty in the face of death. Countenances struck with terror and overclouded with gloom gazed at each other in the silent street, and in every house reigned the loneliness and the sorrow of death. Hendel was firm at his post. He was at the bedside of the dying, in the house of mourning with the dead, and ministering help with his hands, and consolation with his prayers. If ever the poet's picture of a faithful pastor had its true original it was here :

"Beside the bed of death where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by times dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

At length the dreadful scourge laid hold also of him. He became one of the last victims of the retiring epidemic, and on the 29th of September, 1798, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep, and was gathered unto his fathers." He lies buried by the side of Steiner, Wayberg, and Wynkhaus, in Franklin Square, in Philadelphia. His funeral sermon was preached by his warm and faithful friend Dr. Helmuth, from 2 Sam. 1 : 26—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

Dr. Hendel had a fine personal appearance. He had naturally a strong, loud voice, which from his earnest and deep devotion became peculiarly pleasant and impressive. He was fond of singing ; he was wont to fall in with the hymn in a loud bass voice, and sing with spirit and devotion.

He labored in all his ministry to promote among his members sincere devotion of the heart. His exhortations were warm and moving. He was, besides a good preacher, an unwearied pastor. He paid special attention to the sick and afflicted; they knew him as an angel of mercy, and so awaited and welcomed his visits.

He was a man of prayer. He was particularly known as such by those students whom he prepared for the holy ministry. He seems to have felt communion with God to be such a luxury that he could not deny himself the blessed enjoyment even where circumstances seemed to make it inconvenient to retire. An old gentleman in Philadelphia says, that on one occasion he accompanied him to a meeting of synod; on the way they stopped for dinner, and to feed their horses. After dinner was over Dr. Hendel disappeared. The horses were brought out; all was ready for them to start, but for some time yet he did not come. It was at length incidentally discovered that he was earnestly engaged in prayer in a thicket near by.

Hendel was the St. John of the German Reformed church. There are aged persons yet in Tulpehocken congregation who still remember him as he was and appeared when he came to them on a visit from Philadelphia in his last years. His hair was long and white, his countenance serene and heavenly, and his whole appearance beautifully venerable and saint-like. He could scarcely hold the hymn-book in his trembling hands, but with true unction from above, and with holy earnestness and paternal affection, did the words of life and love fall from his anointed lips.

Dr. Hendel had in a very extraordinary degree what may be called the gift of prayer. His public prayers always melted the hearts of the people. He seemed to bear their hearts into the very presence of God; so that they were overwhelmed with a sense of His nearness, and softened by the power of His mercy and love. Thus he lived, in way of foretaste, as in the presence of God. His prayers have long since been changed into praises; and he lives and worships with the general assembly and church of the first born and the spirits of the just made perfect in Heaven.

ROSES AND THORNS.

THE young child Jesus had a garden
Full of roses, rare and red;
And twice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head!

When they were full-blown in the garden,
He led the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare!

"And now how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns!"
"But you forget," he answered them,
"That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shone,
Were little drops of blood instead!

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

BY NATHAN.

TO ONE who is crossing the Atlantic for the first time, it is somewhat of an event to approach the shores of the Old World. He is about turning a new leaf and opening a new column in the account of his experience. And as he beholds the rough outline of the land of his childhood's visions loom up in the distance, he feels impatient to get on shore and sally forth to see how its inhabitants live, move and have their being. But his impatience will soon be curbed by the necessary preliminaries of custom-house officers.

A few hours after we discovered land, we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, in the preparation of which our steward made a special effort. He seemed to pride himself in his success, as he viewed, with a good-natured smile, the manner in which it was relished. At the close a few of our national airs and "Sweet Home" were sung, in which all joined with heart and voice, until the ladies changed their warbling into weeping. The fact is, I felt a little in that way myself. "Sweet Home" sounds far differently at home from what it does on the coast of Ireland.

When we sailed up the Mersey we passed a steamer having a band on deck who, upon seeing that we were Americans, saluted us with "Yankee Doodle," to which our crew responded with a deafening roar of applause. We had to disembark in the middle of the Mersey on account of the low tide, where we had to pass muster before the custom-house officer. When I saw him pitching into large trunks and running his hands into packages of other men's property, I felt thankful for the prospect of disappointing him with my little hand-bag. Some of the crew looked rather crest-fallen when he took from them American reprints of British authors.

Upon entering a strange country, a person sees many things which present a singular contrast to the customs of his own—things pleasant and painful, ludicrous and grave. Here we were confronted by wretched-looking women leading diminutive donkeys through the streets hitched into large carts, boys running after us offering to black our boots. The waiters in the hotels have all the appearance of learned and eminent divines. Intelligent, dignified, grave-looking gentlemen, all dressed in the finest black with white cravats. A person feels very awkward at first to be waited upon by such superior looking men. It would seem more natural to listen quietly to their counsel than trouble them with the business of meat and drink.

The following day I went to Lancaster, on my way to Edinburg. It is a quaint old town, with narrow, hilly streets, which would not compare very favorably with our Pennsylvania Lancaster. Jenny Lind was there at the time, and had an engagement to sing the following day. I stopped a few hours at Carlisle, a brisk, business-like place, and then was whirled up to Edinburg. On my way thither I became acquainted with a gentleman from this city, who, when he heard that I was from

America, went with me to several hotels to assist me in procuring a comfortable boarding-house. It may have seemed a trifling act to him, but, stranger as I was, it made an impression upon me which will enable me to hold him in most pleasant and grateful remembrance. We passed many busy farmers and their grazing flocks along the road. Singing birds, budding trees, and verdant meadows surround one with the joyous indications of opening spring. Here, like in America, "the winter is past and gone; the time for the singing birds has come, and the flowers appear on the earth again."

Edinburg is the first place since I landed where I have felt comfortably at home. I did so the first hour that I spent here. Its inhabitants are no Mammon worshippers. Its exalted worth and influence consists in their moral and intellectual activity. It is the northern Athens, the monumental city of Great Britain. In addition to its world-renowned University, it has a great many charitable schools and academies, supported by munificent endowments.

The old town of Edinburg has not much to commend it either in appearance or comfort. Its streets are mostly narrow, and its buildings old, some of them from three to four hundred years. But the new town, with its monuments, its streets of parks and palaces, is truly charming. Its monuments exhibit its gratitude for the achievements and learning of great men; its many charitable institutions—schools, hospitals and asylums—exhibit its beneficent energy and activity.

I made the acquaintance of several very agreeable families, the ardor of whose hospitality was truly refreshing. Mr. Clark, member of the Council and baili of the city, showed me much kindness. He went with me the greater part of a cold and rainy day to visit some of the principal public places. And after dining with him I spent the evening with his son, one of the proprietors of the well-known publishing house of T. & T. Clark, in Edinburg. Rev. Mr. Davidson, a minister of the Free Church, and his family were there, with whom we spent the evening very pleasantly.

The first question put to an American here is, "Will we have war with America?" It will not be our fault, for here there is a universal desire for peace." The New York Herald, and papers of like stamp, have created the impression that the United States are impatient for war, and ready to pitch into the British upon the first occasion.

I had expected that Great Britain would be heartily glad to escape from the dilemma in which the late war had involved her. But to my great surprise, even these peace-loving Scotchmen boast of their victory over the Czar, and some even regret that peace has been made, inasmuch as the resources of England could never be brought out until now, and if they could get another chance at him with their new war-fleet, they would humble him completely. After a great deal of boasting of this sort, I incidentally remarked that the general impression on our side was that the victory of the Allies was doubtful; to which one of the ladies tartly replied, "Oh, you need not concern yourselves about us on that score." Seeing that I was treading upon delicate ground, I left them have their own way.

The Scotch understand the art of hospitality. One feels that their friendship is not forced or feigned, but natural and spontaneous. They

throw their hearts and homes open to give vent to their kindness. In parting with some of them they would grasp my hand repeatedly; and one gentleman shook hands with me thrice, and shouted a hearty Scotch good night after me, from the top of the stairway, as I passed out below, in the bargain.

I visited an old grave-yard in this city where Hume, the historian, and Ferguson are buried. A monument has been erected to Hume, consisting of a circular tower, inside of which he and his family lie interred. Within the tower hangs a marble tablet, on which the names of Hume and his family are inscribed, and above these the passage: "I am the resurrection and the life." A singular inscription for a man of his creed. Opposite this is Calton Hill, which commands a view of Edinburg and surrounding country for a great distance. On its summit and side are a number of monuments erected to Lord Nelson, Professor Playfair, Dugalt Steward and Burns. The most splendid and costly monument in the city is that erected to Sir Walter Scott. There is an equestrian statue here of the Duke of Wellington, which struck me as possessing great merit. His face bears the stamp of intense anxiety, yet glowing with calm and intrepid fortitude. He points to the left with his right hand, giving orders to his army, while his steed champs his bit and rears up, with fiery impatience, for action. He teems with life and excitement from every pore. His muscles swell and his veins protrude as if the blood were ready to gush from his body. One only wonders that such a wild, ungovernable animal can be kept on the block.

Holyrood Palace, the abode of royalty, the residence of the Queen whenever she visits the North, is at the extreme end of the city. Its picture gallery is hung round with one hundred reputed kings and queens of Scotland, from the misty times of Fergus I. to the end of the Stuart dynasty. They did not strike me as possessing much merit, except that of Mary Stuart. To the student of history, however, Holyrood Palace is chiefly interesting from having been occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On the first floor are Lord Darnley's apartments, a bed room and two small turret rooms. One of these could be approached by a private stairway, through which the assassins of Riccio were admitted into Darnley's room. Ascending a flight of stairs we got into Mary's apartments. The first is her audience chamber, whose walls are hung with ancient tapestry, the colors of which have almost been obliterated by the hand of time. At one end stands an ancient, moth-eaten bed, over 400 years old, on whose pillows weary royalty has often reposed. Charles I. and Charles II. slept in it; but their bed, like many of their deeds, has poorly stood the test of time. Time and moth have worn it more than kings and princes. In this room Mary had her altercations with John Knox, who thundered from the pulpit against the Papacy in general, and against Mary and her marriage in particular. Here he harangued the Queen so roughly for her creed, that she deplored her fate and wept bitterly. This room opens into her bed room, where stands her identical bed, the decayed hangings of which are of crimson damask, with green silk fringes and tassels. Here is a box of needle-work, wrought by her own hands. The historical and romantic associations that cluster around this room, render it the most interesting apartment in Scotland. This room com-

municates with two small rooms, one of which was her supping room. Here lies the complete armor of Lord Darnley, and a piece of marble from Mary's altar-piece, which Knox destroyed. In this room occurred the assault upon her unfortunate Italian secretary. "About seven in the evening Mary was seated in this little room, at one of those small supper parties, with Riccio and a number of her royal friends. Suddenly the door of the private stairway opened, the assassins rushed in, overthrowing the table and leaving the dagger in the body of Riccio. They dragged him through the other apartments to the head of the larger stairway, where they left him, pierced with fifty-six wounds." The blood is still shown on the floor, whose identity, however, may still be a question. I crept up through the narrow private stairway through which the assassins entered her room, but the little door would not open for me. I had often read this bloody page of Mary's history, but never with such intense interest as when I pondered over it in the halls where it occurred. We cannot help but pity her weakness, but who would deny her the praise due her virtues. I visited her room in Edinburg Castle, where she gave birth to James VI. On the wall is inscribed in gilt letters one of her simple, child-like prayers. And in an adjoining room is exhibited the crown of Scotland, the occasion of her darkest and most distressing calamities.

This Castle is the most ancient and prominent building in the city. The daughters of the Pictish kings were educated within its walls, from which it was called "the Camp of the Maidens." It is built on a rocky eminence, 383 feet above the level of the sea, and is apparently impregnable. During the early period of Scottish history it was successively taken and retaken by hostile parties.

The house of John Knox is regarded as an object of rare curiosity, both for its antiquity and former occupant. It was erected before the discovery of America—1490. I have seen houses not twenty years built, that look worse and more time-worn than this. It is built of stone, but firm enough to stand two thousand years yet. I was shown the window through which Knox was fired at by some assassin, and sat me on his identical chair in his study, where the fiery reformer prepared his fulminous sermons and writings against the Papacy. After the moss of a few more ages will have gathered on its hoary walls, this building may become an interesting relic of Protestant antiquity.

I was very much interested with the Advocates Library, containing about 160,000 volumes of ancient and modern works. I strolled through its avenues and labyrinth of rooms, until I had a difficulty to find my way back. I almost felt like walking along the aisles of a grave-yard, where the gray stones mark the resting-places of those who, though dead, yet speak. There is something appalling in the idea of posthumous influence. If a man sows literary tares, there would be some comfort to know that they would die with his body. But their vitality perpetuates and multiplies itself to an incredible extent. To the champion of truth and righteousness this thought becomes an encouraging stimulus to persevering activity. What an amount of labor, anxiety and weariness must these piles of learning have cost! What waning of the midnight taper, and wading through massive, musty volumes of ancient lore! What aspirations for thousands of applaud-

ing readers, who would gratefully weave for them a coronet of fame! A few lived to receive a sparing reward—many were rewarded with poverty and neglect, and died amid want. Now publishers, made rich by the sweat of the poor author's brow, rear costly monuments to their memory. What a pity that merit is so often the heir of distress, and is so tardily rewarded. Yes, this library is a literary vault, where each work fills the niche of the author, and tells his epitaph, whether he wrought good or ill, or both.

There is a case in the library containing relics of historical interest. Among others the original manuscript of "Waverly," in Walter Scott's own hand-writing. Some words are erased with a scratch of the pen, as a person generally does in revising a manuscript. It is written on every alternate page, the blank pages being used for notes and addenda. It also contains letters of Charles I., one of which I have transcribed, which seems to have been written to his father when he was at school, and reads as follows:

"Sweete Sweete Father i learne to decline substantives and adiectives give me your blessing i thank you for my best man.

"Your louvely Son

YORK."

The library also contains the original confession and protest of the Covenanters, signed in 1580. It contains some very crooked, trembling autographs. Some are said to have written their names with their blood, extracted from their fingers.

I passed through the museum of the University, the most extensive collection of animal and mineral specimens that I have ever seen. As I entered the first floor a huge crocodile, from the Nile, and ferocious-looking lions, tigers, hyenas, bears and wolves were grinning at me with eyes flashing for prey, so that I started back with a shudder. It answers all the purposes of a complete zoological garden, containing hundreds of rare and curious animals, some from species entirely extinct. One of the cases contains an egg of a bird from Madagascar, now extinct, which is said to have been thirteen feet in height. The label says the egg is as large as one hundred and forty-six of a common fowl.

EDINBURG, April 2, 1856.

THANK GOD FOR PLEASANT WEATHER.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

THANK God for pleasant weather!
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank him, teeming valley!
Thank Him, fruitful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God, of good the giver!
Show it, sportive breeze!
Respond, O tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.

Thank Him, bud and birdling!
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving,
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!
Universal Nature
Revels in her birth,
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!

A GOOD NAME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend."

In a former article we endeavored to point out the value of a good name; showing that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." We showed also, in a general way, how a good name is obtained. That it is not hereditary; that it is not conferred by title, and that it cannot be bought with money. That, on the contrary, the surest way to loose a good name is to depend too much upon these; that it must be "chosen;" that, under God, it depends upon ourselves; and that he who wills it, seeks it, deserves it, is sure to win it.

At this stage in the subject we stopped short for want of time to finish. Hence we ask attention once more to this subject—a subject of such central and momentous importance, especially to the young—a good name.

We mentioned that he who would have a good name must choose it, will it, and win it for himself. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that such a pearl of great price is to be secured by a mere effort of will, independent of the use of means and helps. The will itself needs to be backed and animated by a deeper power. This amaranthine plant, like all plants, can only flourish in right soil and in right surroundings. This we desire to illustrate and enforce.

I. A good name must have grace as its soil and its soul. "He that loveth *pureness of heart*, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend."

Here is a man who has the king as his friend. He enjoys a name, a reputation, an influence in high places. He has risen from out the level of the mass of men, has attracted the attention and secured the confidence of the rulers, and now sits in places of power and honor.

What was it that made him known favorably to the king? "The grace of his lips"—the good and seasonable words of wisdom which proceeded from his mouth.

Why was there grace on this man's lips? Why is it not found in all men? What is the still deeper ground of these effects, which the king discovers upon his lips? They are traced at length to "*pureness of heart*"—the inward renovation of grace.

Here is the ground. "Out of the heart are the issues of life"—good or bad!

It is a plain doctrine of God's word, confirmed by reason and all experience, that all outward goodness must rest upon inward goodness. The outward character dare not be a sham—it must not be hollow.

Against this our Saviour protested with unceasing earnestness, as it was exhibited in Pharisaism. It was all their aim to secure to themselves honor and favor by the mere outward assumption of excellence,

while they did not possess it at heart. These outward decorations of worth were only the more hateful inasmuch as they were the coverings of the sepulchres of inward uncleanness.

"O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things."

As no tree, the life of whose trunk and roots is gone, can sustain the crown of a full-orbed top, vigorous branches, fresh leaves, and perfect fruit; so no one can sustain that outward vigor and beauty of character which secures him a good name without the vitality of grace in his heart. It is an axiom of eternal truth, that there is nothing exists that has not the reason and ground of its existence unseen beneath and within. Every thing that awes or charms us, does so because of the secret hidden power which it possesses—that which we see rests, with its one side, in the unseen from which it draws those mysteries before which we bow, and to which we do reverence.

It is thus with a good name. It is not so much that which we see in a man which inspires our reverence, as it is the feeling of the presence of still greater excellences farther back and beneath all that we see—from the mysterious and hidden power of which all that we see has its freshness and force. The great man is not the one which we see, but "the hidden man of the heart."

The only solid foundation for a good name is a good heart; and no heart is truly good without the life of grace. This alone can give it, and the character which it forms, permanent vigor, freshness, and beauty. A willow rail, cut in spring-time, may seem to grow upon the fence and promise fairly to crown itself with the outward decorations of branches and leaves—but how long? No one in midsummer will sit under its extending branches and bless its shade! Why? It has no inner life to sustain its outward pretensions. So it is with outward character that roots in no inward grace.

A *bubble* may seem large and full-orbed; it may seem permanent as the arch and the dome which its shape is mimicing; it may glisten with light, and sparkle with rainbow colors and hues—but it is a bubble! It was created amid the tumult and froth of excited and dashing waters. It is a thing which has existence only on the surface. It will soon break, because it has no within to rest upon—it is hollow!

II. He that would form a good character, and have a good name, must *begin in youth*.

We know there are cases where the mistakes and disgraces of early life have been made to fade into forgetfulness by the long and steady influence of a pious and honorable after life; but as a general thing the blemishes remain, and if not the blemishes the sorrow.

The tree may outgrow the wound which the scion has received, yet the mark remains; and it very often becomes, long after, a weak spot and sore, which still becomes the ruin of the tree before its time. How often do the follies of youth, subdued in manhood, return in old age and assert their former power to disgrace a period of life in which folly receives but little charity.

The habits of the soul can only receive a graceful training and polish

when proper influences mold it in its formative period. It is in morals as it is in manners. One whose early life has been spent boorish and rude, will scarcely ever afterwards attain to true refinement of manner, however favorably he may be situated for making such attainments. So one whose spirit receives spiritually a wrong bias in the formative period of life, will hardly surmount the evil. It will be like changing an old suit into a new fashion—there is the old bent and set which the new fails forever to bring into harmony with itself.

Character is not something to be assumed and put on at a certain period of life, like a suit of clothes. It must grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. If our character is to be natural, harmonious, and symmetrical, it must unfold itself with the regular process of our life; so that in this respect also—

“The child is father to the man”

As those have the best developed physical systems who did not neglect or abuse themselves in early life, so those will present the greatest beauty and harmony of character whose early moral life has been unfolded under holy influences.

There lies a momentous and solemn truth in the lines—

“A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the infant plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever!”

In this view there is a deep and grand significance in the few words upon record concerning our Saviour's youth: “And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.” Here there is a gradual development, from infancy on, toward that “name which is above every name.”

Youth is the spring-time—the seed-time—the formative period—the season of hope and promise.

III. He that would have a good name must subject himself to the right kind of outward educational influences.

It is not enough that a plant be inwardly good, stand in good soil, and be guarded against scars and blemishes; it needs also the prunings, trainings, and supplyings of a careful hand—it needs, in short, the right kind of outward surroundings and appliances. So it is with the spirit.

Take two seeds of the same kind—plant them in the same soil—protect them alike; but withhold from the one all training appliances—and mark the difference. So it is with the spirit.

These educational influences cannot be dispensed with, no more than you can omit weeding in the garden, or training and pruning at the vine. Grow up without it, and you will be a moral monster!

This training is furnished—1. In the family. Prov. 22: 6. 2. In the school. 3. In the church. Ps. 92: 12–14. 4. By the general social atmosphere.

IV. He who would have a good name must study, commune with, and imitate the best models.

By a deep law we become gradually, silently, but more and more like that which we love and admire.

It is a remarkable fact that even all pagan nations become in character like the gods which they worship. If their gods are warlike, revengeful, vicious, so are they. Thus they are gradually molded into the image of their models.

For this reason, no doubt, the scripture is not confined to precepts, but abounds in examples—models. No doubt, also, one great end in view in the Saviour's incarnation in our nature, was to afford us a perfect model, that in all things we might "look unto Jesus." 2 Cor. 3: 18.

Christ our Saviour is of course the most perfect model. As parents call their children after great and good men, with the hope that they will study their characters and imitate them, so we are called *christians*, after Christ, because it is our high aim to become ever more like him. The more we can imitate him, the higher will be the degree in which we shall enjoy a good name.

It is also highly important to study models of human greatness as they appear to our view in the history of the past. This can be done by means of biographies. Here we have living exemplifications of greatness; while we study them they are impressing us, and holding over us a powerful influence for good. There arises within us, as we read, an appropriating, an assimilating power—and we rise toward our model. Ever after all that falls beneath the excellence which we have seen, is more despicable in our eyes than it ever was before. Our hopes of obtaining what others have reached are raised; and we are encouraged to attempt the elevation of our own character.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime"

We must not forget to profit by models of goodness *around* us. He that fixes his mind and heart upon the best models of excellence around him, and sighs in his heart: "O that I were such!"—is better after that than before.

"Set your affections on things above," is an injunction not to be limited. It is good and correct in its widest sense. Always love that which is *above* you—never what is beneath you. So shall you rise, and not sink in the scale of being.

Select your society—choose your associates, for they *will* mold you. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

WEEP NOT FOR BROAD LANDS LOST.

Weep not for broad lands lost;
Weep not for fair hopes crost;
Weep not when limbs wax old;
Weep not when friends grow cold;
Weep not that death must part
Thine and the best loved heart;
Yet weep, weep all thou can—
Weep, weep, because thou art
A sin-defiled man.

HAGAR TO HER CHILD.

BY H. P. WILLIS.

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy;
 I can not see thee die; I can not brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
 And see death settle on my cradle joy.
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue eyes!
 And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying,
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
 Or wearing rosy hours,
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

"O no! and when I watched by thee the while,
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
 How prayed I that my father's land might be
 A heritage for thee!"

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
 And O! my last caress
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
 How can I leave my boy so pillowed there
 Upon his clustering hair!"

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 Then go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'T was pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE;

OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is *no royal road to intellectual eminence*. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, *he* had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'T is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in

the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!

—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, *God!* and *Mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

FOUND DEAD.

Found dead—dead and alone;

There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—

No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye, or a pitying tear.

Found dead—dead and alone,
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,

While wretched and worn he begged for bread,
Tired of life, and longing to lie

Peacefully down with the tired dead.
Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,
Has wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone

On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—
Nobody heard his last faint moan,

Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.
No murmur lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone;

There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,

And find a home for the homeless here.
One, when every human door
Is closed to his children scorned and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portals wide;
Ah! God was near when the outcast died.

SPENDING MONEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

SPENDING money in a careless, thoughtless, useless manner, is getting to be a growing evil. It is a vice to which young men in these days are much exposed; and in which many are laying the foundation of misery for themselves in time to come. It makes no difference whether they have abundance of resources by inheritance from wealthy parents, or whether they are dependent upon their own labor for their means, it is in either case alike evil. Have they much, that much must soon become little, while at the same time the habits of the spendthrift points unerringly to coming want and ruin. Have they only what they earn by their own hands; the same evil habits of free spending will not only keep their resources drained, but will also speedily cause them to become more fond of spending than of earning money. When such a position is once reached, then farewell to virtue and self-respect.

We do not commend penuriousness. We admire as much as any one a liberal and generous spirit in a young man. The useless waste of money is not generosity, but recklessness, which no one of proper cultivation can admire. Those only who avoid useless spending can afford to be generous. It is those who practice a regular economy that can be liberal and free, at the proper time and place.

The evil of which we speak shows itself especially in the extravagant manner in which money is spent for luxuries. How would some young men be surprised if they would count up, at the end of the year, the amount spent for ice-cream, nuts, oysters, drinks of various kinds, and such like. We asked a young man lately, on the morning after a public day, whether he had as much money when he came out of town as when he went in. He answered, "No, not by a good deal." He told us, in further conversation, that he had seven dollars in the morning, and it was all gone in the evening; and for this money he had not bought one single thing of permanent value—nothing beyond nuts, oysters, ice-cream, oranges, and cigars. He said, moreover, that none who were in his company came off any cheaper. Now it took this young man fully a month to save that amount out of his wages beyond necessary expenses for clothing and boarding. Is not such a course in the highest degree thoughtless and foolish? Yet this is only one example among thousands that are similar. What an instructive specimen.

It is not at all uncommon for young men in our cities, larger towns, and villages, to spend in this way from twenty-five to fifty cents in an evening. Let that amount be taken from a journeyman's wages from week to week, and what will he have left beyond his boarding and clothes. In this way he earns and spends. At length he takes a wife, but has nothing with which to begin life; perhaps has to begin on credit. He may now spend less in a foolish way; but his expenses are more. The good harvest time is past—he is on the dead level; and,

like a canal horse, he drags his heavy boat along the rest of his life. He learns by sad experience the truth of the proverb: "Wilful waste makes woful want."

The history of nations shows abundantly that whenever a love of luxuries becomes common the earnest life of the nation is already gone. There are no stern virtues left to give it strength and stability. It is the same with families and individuals. Luxury and effeminacy go together. Nothing great and good is aimed at where these have sway. We have heard of students running up confectionery bills of \$30 to \$50 in a year; but we never heard that those who had this taste took first honors. The young man, be he student or not, who spends more money on luxuries for the palate than he does for books, may as well make up his mind to lick the dust in ignorance through life. If the irregular habits that are sure to be thus cultivated will not cut short his days, and he lives to be old, he will be likely to be short both in money and in good sense.

We have already hinted that these habits of spending money in luxuries and indulging in them, does not only keep the funds low, but what is worse, seriously interfere with health. All physicians tell us that irregular eating and drinking is ruinous to health. The stomach is always oppressed and abused when its appointed work is disturbed, between regular meals, by the lodgment in it of new material to be digested—especially such as comes in the range of what are called luxuries. They tell us that soon after a meal, when digestion properly commences, the food received is enveloped, in a way similar to the yolk of an egg by the white portion which surround it. Any thing now thrown in upon the stomach cannot become part of the process which has already commenced, but only interferes with it, and injuriously disturbs it. When such a course is steadily pursued, health must be gradually undermined. Hence the restlessness and imperfect slumbers which follow luxurious indulgences late in the evening. A strong constitution may bear up under such a course for a length of time; but pay-day comes sooner or later. Often bitter experience teaches the sons of folly the source of their misery when their repentance comes too late. It is easier to keep health and a good constitution by regular habits, than to regain these blessings when they once are lost.

Behold, then, the double folly of spending. It empties the pocket to buy a curse. It sells present prosperity to gain the inheritance of future misery. It teaches the industrious to spend their hard earnings for that which is not meat. What the labor of their hands have gathered during many hours of weary work, is in a few moments given to the winds to procure a momentary gratification for the palate, a life-long wound to the body, and an eternal injury to the soul.

How much wiser it would be to spend the money thus worse than wasted in securing means for the improvement of the mind. There are many young men who spend more money on luxuries than would be required to procure the best review, the best magazine, the best religious and literary paper, together with many books of permanent value. Thus they might have constantly at hand sources of higher and purer pleasure, which would help them at the same time to lay the foundations for usefulness in life.

Consider and lay to heart this advice, young reader of *The Guardian*. Study economy. Avoid the ways of the spendthrift. Make your money, whether you have much or little, contribute to the highest good of yourself and others. Devote it not chiefly to the low gratification of the body. Save it as a proper means; spend it for a proper end. Remember, that a dollar spent on luxuries is gone with the gratification of a moment; a good book bought for a dollar is a blessed possession through life.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY N. S.

On a beautiful morning in May, a father led his son Theodore into the garden of a rich man, whom Theodore had never seen. The garden lay from the city, and was beautifully adorned with all kinds of shrubs, vegetables, flower-beds, shady walks, and fruit trees. A little rivulet flowed in many windings through the middle of the garden, falling at length over high rocks into a large basin. Near by stood the busy, humming mill. In the most pleasant parts of the garden were grassy seats and leafy arbors. Theodore could not satisfy or tire his eyes amid these scenes; he walked by the side of his father, mostly in silence, saying sometimes, "O dear father, how beautiful and lovely is this garden."

His father told him how all this had, twelve years ago, been a desolate and marshy place, and how the owner of it had planted it and arranged every thing so beautiful. Now the boy was still more astonished, and praised the skillful man who wrought this pleasant change. After they had seen many things, and were wearied with walking, the father led the boy through the shrubbery to the water-fall, near the basin, and there they reclined on the slope of a hill. Here they heard the rushing of the water, which fell foaming from the edge of the rock; nightingales were sitting all around in the shrubs, singing to the murmuring stream. Theodore thought that he had never heard the nightingales sing so sweetly.

Whilst they were thus sitting and listening, they heard voices of children and of a man. These were the children of the miller, a boy and a girl, and they led their grandfather, a blind old man, between them, and told him many things concerning the blooming flowers, and the shade trees which were standing along their path, and thus entertained the old man with many pleasant words.

Afterwards they also led him into the arbor where they seated him among the singing nightingales, they kissed him, and ran about in the garden to gather for him flowers and fruits.

The old man smiled, and when he was alone he uncovered his head and prayed with a joyful countenance. Then Theodore and his father were so touched in their hearts that they also began to praise and thank God. Theodore's heart was full of emotion, and he silently wept.

Soon the children returned leaping with joy, bringing flowers and fruits to their blind grandfather. Then Theodore said to his father, as they went home: "O what a beautiful and happy morning this has been."

REACHING UPWARDS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

NEARLY everything I behold around me reaches upward into the air, into freedom, into serene regions, into the light—it lifts its head toward heaven. Its roots are in the earth; by them it is fastened in its bosom, by them it penetrates the ground, that it may draw forth nourishment from it, without which it could not live, could not reach upward. But only with its roots does it hold fast to the earth; and it does this only that it may reach upward. There are but a few plants in which the heavy nature of earth is so powerful that they creep upon the earth, and where they have room, grow downwards. Those of a nobler nature do not suffer themselves, by that which they receive from the earth, to be drawn down upon it; rather they transform the earth into their own substance and raise it up into the light.

My life also is on its earthly side, rooted in the earth, from which I cannot separate it. I must be in connection with the earth, and accept with gratitude that which it furnishes me. It does not furnish merely common food and the delicacies of life; it does not satisfy merely bodily wants; it awakens also in my breast spiritual sensibilities, and inspires higher joys. Thus it is the less proper that I should suffer myself to be chained to it by the senses; what it furnishes of a common kind I must transform into my better nature, and raise it with myself into the light; most of all must this be the effect of its nobler gifts, the spiritual affections which are awakened by it. I may, yea I ought to satisfy the wants of my senses; but never must this absorb my heart; nor must I prefer the pleasures of the senses to those of the spirit. I must always make bodily wants, and enjoyment of the senses, subservient to the elevation of my spiritual life.

Yes, in me also there is a reaching upward—upward to the true, the beautiful, and the good. My spirit ever strives after every human excellence. It would rise to God—into the everlasting light. This upward tendency foretells of my destiny, and my heart must follow in that way.

Not the plant which creeps upon the ground—which bends toward the earth; no, the plant that looks upward, and grows toward the source of light, this is my symbol.

Even the plant that creeps on the earth nevertheless reaches upward as well as it can—something of it looks up, mostly the flower. Only too feeble is its life—too strong is the downward power. Yet in its partial endeavors it puts man to shame, who hangs to the earth with mind and heart.

This plant reminds me how frequently in common natures, whose untoward circumstances make them slaves of earth, the heavenly manifests itself in a beautiful manner, like the upturned flowers upon a plant

prone to earth. This is a moving picture of an excellent, though little cultivated soul, that is in daily warfare with sore poverty and earthly want. O, never call any spirit common when its cultivation has been neglected! In every human bosom I will trace the strivings of something divine; I will honor it, rejoice in it; and, whenever I can, assist it to reach the true, the beautiful, and the good.

The earth gives to the plant earthly nourishment; but without that which comes from above, light, heat, dew and rain, it will never grow upward. Heaven nourishes in it the inward life, and at the same time draws it toward itself. In like manner, it is the mild grace of heaven that draws my heart upward. Like as light and warmth fill the air, and as rain and dew refresh the earth, so does heavenly grace enlighten, warm, and refresh my heart, and under its power it becomes young and joyful. Every feeling that kind heaven sends into my heart, of sorrow and joy, nourish and strengthen in me the heavenly life. I must open my heart to all that comes from above—all that is sent down upon me I must carefully cherish and improve, that the heavenly nature in me may grow joyfully upwards, and be ever more gloriously crowned with celestial light.

The plant grows upward as long as it can. So will I also inwardly aspire to that which is above, as long as there is something still higher for me to reach after.

At length the plant returns again to earth. But only so much of it as is earthly, and has received its nourishment from the earth, returns to its bosom. The creative power which animates it, the life of the plant, lives on, and is reproduced in new forms like its own. What in me is earthly and is nurtured from the earth must return to dust. Then, O yes, this I feel with joyful certainty that which now in me reaches upward will gain a full triumph over the earth. No new earthly form will clothe it again. Upward it will rise into the everlasting light; it apprehends me, it raises me, it bears me on high, and I rejoice in the morning light of life!

Thither points the aspiration in my bosom. It knows no limits and no end. This feeling is the dawning joy of glorification, which often wonderfully, as in a delightful terror, transfuses my being, and saves me by hope.

Why then does many a precious flower bend toward the earth. This is not by the power of a necessity that rests in the earth itself. Does not the beauty of the flower show you the child of heaven. It shines in heavenly colors. Heavenly purity, heavenly truth, and heavenly joy smile from it upon you. But what the earth can give for its preservation is too weak to surmount the downward weight of the rough mass with which its life is bound up. The earth can provide for it nothing more—but a GRAVE. Into this grave it looks—the symbol of a lovely soul, as it sorrows amid the weariness and pains of earth, while the earth can afford nothing wherewith it may be strengthened and comforted. Such an one longs to be received into the motherly bosom of the earth that the spirit may arise into freedom. **THROUGH NIGHT INTO THE LIGHT.** The light of earth must vanish, that the light of heaven may break in. So speak the plant and the flower to thee.

FAITH AND SIGHT.

BY A.

"And Jesus said, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet believed." John 20 : 29.

THE whole history of Thomas forbids us to add to his incredulity the sin of obstinacy. The resurrection of his Master had nothing in it but what was perfectly consonant with his most earnest desires and wishes. Could he have persuaded himself of the truth of it, he would have cheerfully yielded his assent, and have been only so much the happier in his faith. The mode in which he expressed his unbelief did not necessarily exclude conviction; on the contrary, by implication at least, it committed him conditionally in favor of the truth—that is, in case that kind of evidence could be furnished, which he regarded as indispensable. As if to avoid delusion, he refuses to be convinced until every shadow of doubt or uncertainty is dissipated, and he has an evidence which he regards as irresistible—the evidence of sight and touch. His so regarded prudence, apparently so candid, meets, however, with the disapprobation of his Master, and receives his reproof. Had he believed the account of the resurrection without the evidence referred to, Christ would have pronounced him blessed. As it was, the blessing was reserved for others, who should never see him with their natural eyes, but still truly believe in him; while the incredulous disciple is held up as an example of warning to all who in future time should seek a clearer light than that which shines already in the gospel.

At first view the reproof of Christ might seem to censure that prudence and care which every one should exercise in forming his creed. Many strange doctrines are abroad in the land, many new lights, many new-fangled views, that are not only gaudy in their attire, but also possessed of some plausibility. Should we not, then, exercise a sound discretion in receiving the articles of our religious belief? Doubtless we should. Christianity requires of us no such an unreasonable service as belief without examination. It exhorts us to search the scriptures; and the original here implies a diligent, anxious search or scrutiny. It commends the calm spirit of investigation, which the Bereans manifested, and calls them noble on this account. It also tells us to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. The reply of Christ, therefore, when properly understood, will not be found to be inimical to the spirit that seeks earnestly for the evidence of the truth, but on the contrary in harmony with it.

Christ does not reprove his disciple because he wished to be well-rooted and grounded in the faith; it is the manner in which he seeks to silence his scruples that falls under his condemnation. He wishes to see the print of the nails in his hands and his feet, and then to thrust his hand into the wounds before he is willing to believe; he makes this the condition of his faith, and when it is granted he yields a ready assent, and says, "My Lord and my God." In insisting upon this kind of

proof, he puts supreme stress on the evidence of his outward senses, whilst the light afforded by the inward sense—the inward eye is neglected or set entirely aside. He lives so much in the element of visible things, he walks so much by sight, that no room is left for faith, and it is not called into exercise; he does not imagine that as a true disciple, one who knew that the flesh profiteth nothing, he ought to employ a more sure criterion in measuring spiritual things, than that which may be applied to outward, tangible objects. His philosophy was akin to that which is never without its representatives, but which has had its highest development in modern times, according to which *sensation* is made the source and norm of all truth whether in the outward or inward world. According to Hume, one of its ablest representatives, the impressions which we receive of the world around us, are the exemplars of all truths, and at the same time the clearest and the most reliable evidence of truth which we can possess. As these impressions or sensations under the plastic power of the mind are formed into conceptions, images of the imagination, or pure thoughts, they lose much of their distinctness, and it becomes doubtful whether they convey to us the truth any longer. The reverse, however, of this celebrated proposition is true, if there be any such a thing as fixed and immutable truth. Our feelings and impressions in themselves, when not guided and corrected by our judgments, are most uncertain and indistinct. They are the fertile source of error and delusion, as may be seen from the history of false religions, all of which are based on mere feeling or imagination. Instead of being the norm or exemplars of truth, they are at best only the foreshadowings of truth, the rude substance by means of which truth, brighter and clearer than crystal, is elaborated in the soul. Thomas, accordingly, in his professed desire to be assured of the truth, manifests a want of spirituality and ability to grasp the truth. The most lively exhibitions which he had received of it in the life, the miracles and the death of Christ, had not as yet quickened the sensibility of his heart. The Word, by which the worlds were made, falls powerless on his mind. The predictions concerning the resurrection are forgotten, or if remembered, unheeded. He has no faith, which shows him the necessity of the Saviour's sufferings and of his subsequent resurrection and glorification. There was nothing in Christ or his work, which in his view called for either his humiliation or his exaltation. He was to him nothing more than any other extraordinary man, whom he could see and feel. The divinity that enveloped his adorable person, and shone forth in every word and work, were all lost on his dull, sensual mind, for he had scarcely seen a single beam of its heavenly lustre. With the light shining all around him, he asks for light, and because he has not the organ to perceive it, he denies its existence altogether. Most properly the teacher has occasion to chide a pupil, who had been sitting so long under his instructions, but had made so little progress in spiritual discernment.

The spirit of Thomas manifests itself in our days in various ways. It is the same as that wide-spread rationalism, which attempts to set aside the assistance of faith in religion, and throws man back upon his understanding as his only guide in the formation of his religious belief. As the mysteries of redemption cannot be comprehended by our finite un-

derstandings, they are of course discarded one after another until nothing is left but the moral precepts of the gospel, if sacrilegious hands be not even laid upon these. It refuses to admit that man possesses faculties that are higher and superior to those which are active in the study and investigation of the natural world, and of course denies the reality of that communion with Christ and the spiritual world, to which the wisest and the best profess to have attained.

But as Thomas was in the church, and manifested his skepticism even in the presence of the Saviour, so it should not be thought strange, if we should meet with exhibitions of the same spirit in the same place and circumstances, in our days. When strong, primitive, world-conquering faith departs from the church, a cold, dreary rationalism takes its place; the two may be said to be in inverse proportion to each other. It could not be otherwise, for reason is the only light that remains in the soul when the light of faith disappears. As the drowning man catches after straws, so we, when our faith is too weak to retain our hold on the pillars of faith, cleave to that which gives us least support. Tossed upon the billows of infidelity, we wish that we might have lived in the time of Christ, heard him preach, and seen him perform his mighty deeds. Or possibly our desire assumes another form, and we wish to see a vision of some one from the other world, or to hear a voice from the cross with our natural ears. What is this but asking with Thomas to see the scars and to handle the body of the Christ?

As this is the condition of many in, as well as out of the church, it is doubtless owing to the providential care and solicitude of the Saviour, that provision has been made, as in the case of Thomas, by which their incredulity may be overcome. There is a large supply of books adapted to their taste, and indeed called forth by it, in which the external evidences of christianity are made particularly prominent, and in some cases to the detriment of the internal. Works of this kind, though they may not satisfy one who is in Christ, and alive in him, under this view perform nevertheless an important service to the cause of christianity. But blessed still is he who can believe without them, who has no need of Paley's Theology nor the Bridgewater Treatises, not only because he is saved from many misgivings, but because his faith is of a higher character, and his evidence for the truth of divine revelation of the clearest and most satisfactory kind.

A DEW-DROP FALLING.

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

AN EVENING WALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY ELINOR BURRITT.

AND the evening is beautiful ! and the heavens are full of stars, mirroring their silvery faces in the snow ; and the still woods are jeweled with ice-diamonds, and waiting waveless the rising moon. And the Northern Lights, like zephyrs zoned with rainbows, are waltzing on the pearly pavements of the polar sky. And the mountains look like waves of a silver sea, rising heavenward to greet the stars ; and the sky like a sea of molten sapphire, with its golden tresses drooping fondly on the brow of the mountains. It is beautiful—too beautiful to shut out of our sight. Let us all go out doors and read a few paragraphs in the album of the heavens. For this firmament above is the Great Album of the Creator, and the suns are the syllables and the stars are the letters, with which he registers his handiworks. And the first man on the first evening of this new creation, looked up into the same sky-record, and tried to read the illuminated manuscript of his Maker. And the generations before the Flood gazed at these same stars : and men that saw nearly the evenings of a thousand years on the earth, looked up at these same golden eyes of heaven, which now look down on us ; and they called them by name, and by their light they drove their flocks to new pastures in the old world. And when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods came, and a long night of darkness, the good man in the ark remembered the stars that studded the firmament in his boyhood's time, and the names they were called by among the fathers of the human race. And when the deep, black clouds rolled away, they shone out of their old places in the sky upon him, and he felt at home again, though floating over the shoreless waste of waters, without compass, chart or helm. There they were just as they were set in the sky in the morning of creation. The waters, that had washed from the earth every trace of man's existence, had not quenched one of the "lesser lights" of heaven, or moved it a hair from its place. The splendid Orion had not lost a jewel from his belt ; neither the deluge nor the darkness had "loosed his bands." He walked the same king and wielded the same sceptre among the stars this evening, as in the first evening that mantled the earth. The fiery Betelgeuse shone with the same red brilliancy, and the sharp-eyed Rigel glowed in the left foot, a celestial diamond of the first water. There were the little Pleiades, and the great Dog-star, and the long Scorpion, trailing its gems along the southern sky : and the Eleven Stars, that the young Joseph saw in his dream ; and the Seven Stars, which the first-born child of Adam saw in his infancy. These were the *home* stars to Noah ; they were all that was left of the drowned world, that he had seen and loved in his youth. He knew not whither the sailless, unruddered ark had borne him ; the tallest mountain on the earth was buried deep beneath the waters ; everything had been swept away but the stars which he had learned by name, perhaps in the tent of his grandfather Methuselah, who remembered Adam. And he felt himself at home.

Now, young friends, a deluge will never come again to bury out of sight this green, peopled world ; but storms will come, and winds will come, and you may drift far away from the home of your childhood. And what makes that home ? If all your relations and friends should go with you to far-off lands and live with you there, would you not have left behind a great deal of your home ? Yes ; you could not take with you the old *home-stead* ; the elms and the oaks under which you played ; the hills you climbed in summer to see the sun go down in the west, or in winter with your sleds ; the brook that purred through the meadows ; the mountains looming up in the distance like huge cushions of green velvet for the sky ; the fields of alternate green and yellow, and the far-off woods. But begin now to look up into this blue world above ; to make these star-fields a part of your home ; to bring these glorious constellations into the circle of your acquaintance ; to call them by name ; to associate them with all the objects to which your home affections cling, and you may carry your home with you the world over. Orion, Arcturus, Bootes, Virgo, the celestial companions of Job, Noah, and David, will be yours, in every place and every condition ; acquaintances, neighbors to your paternal homes. It may be your lot to see but a little space of the earth's surface ; and to know but little more of the geography of the earth than what you learn from your map. But here you may study the geography of the heavens and see every celestial territory it describes. Without going a mile from your father's door, your eye may travel over worlds that arithmetic cannot compute nor geometry measure. Your eyes can do this, and when you have reached the extreme limit of their vision, your thoughts may go on forever into worlds beyond. Young friends, suppose you spend a half hour every bright evening out in the open air in appropriating these brilliant constellations ; in bringing them within the home-circle of your acquaintance.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !

THE GRASS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

WITH wonderful gladness bounds my heart when I see a beautiful sod. I cannot express how I love the green grass; no plant, no flower do I love so inly, with such true joy of soul, as I do the green grass. There are times when I do not tire beholding it, refreshing my eyes and heart with it; and then I am glad that I live on the earth.

A green, grassy earth around me, and a blue heaven above me—these are my highest natural joy.

I remember how in childhood it made me happy to find grass spoken of in the Bible; and that holy book became the more precious to me when I read how God has there honored the grass. With what delight did I read: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, and the herb yielding seed. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after its kind." Then I felt at home on the earth. How deeply also was my heart impressed by the words of our Saviour: "If God so clothe the grass of the field!" I could scarcely think of God in a more tender way, than as the kind being who clothes the grass of the field. After I felt the sweet force of that passage I could pray to Him with more confidence and love. When I read, in the history of the miraculous feeding of the multitude: "There was much grass in the place"—how this occurrence moved my heart; how I felt that the miraculous had associated itself in the most friendly way with the natural course of the world and entered the sphere of human life! It seemed to me a very important circumstance that where the divine-human Saviour walked among the people and blessed them, there was much grass; and exceedingly pleasant, it seemed to me, it must have been to the thousands who were hungry to sit down on the grass and be fed by the friend of man.

It is not merely the refreshing green, so pleasant to the eye, the color of hope, that I love in the grass. It grows so luxuriantly; and the blessings of heaven are so plainly seen in it. It exists so plentifully. Where nothing else is seen, there is still the grass—a symbol of overflowing goodness, and a pledge of every kindly gift of nature.

More than all do we see the effect upon the grass, when after a long drought, the fruitful showers begin to descend. Before all else it is green in the spring. The first green grass in warm moist places, how it rejoices the heart—this sign of regeneration and of heavenly promise! The pearly dew glistens most richly in the green grass.

The grass clothes so beautifully mother earth; even the grass makes it more maternal. Where grass grows I feel at home, even when separated from all else that is familiar to me—where no grass grows, O how desolate and cheerless! However much art and industry may do to beautify earth, the curse of God seems to rest on those spots where no grass grows. On the soft grass the weary one who has no other place of repose lies down and sinks into refreshing slumbers.

Whatever of beauty the earth possesses, my fancy ever associates

with the green, green grass. In the grass glitter the lovely fountains. Through flowery grass pure and sing the joyful rills; and the loveliest children of nature bloom in the grass.

In youth the grass was my place to play and tumble. In the grass I gathered flowers. Reclining on the grass on a serene summer evening—how often have I been winged in my dreams into the eternal paradise where nothing fades!

The grass also covers the graves of our dead! and O, how precious is it there! Under the green hillock—so our feelings cheer us—it must be peaceful to repose.

At last on my grave—no flowers; only green, green grass—the symbol of life and hope!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in the autumn wind,
Around the dripping eaves;
And where its pinions stop to play,
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow,
Along the pebbly shores
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,
I hear through evening's shade,
And in the low of distant herds,
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones,
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there is music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice
Now in the land of bliss;
A music time may never still—
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear,
In mansions in the skies—
But there is not a sound on earth
Like mother's gentle voice.
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
And nature whispers to my heart—
She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs,
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only, only one!
And brighter will that record grow
Through all the changing years—
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of sorrow's tears.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

WE speak of a youth. He was born in the bosom of a solitary valley and grew up in an humble and quiet hut, under the eye of a venerable father. The son was the joy of his father; the will of the one was also the will of the other, and they lived a joyous, pious, and simple life.

A change came. One evening as the youth sat alone at the door of the hut, he saw how the flaming sun sunk behind the blue mountains, saw how the purple vapor and the glowing red of evening blazed up the sky and gilded the mountain's edge, he felt himself drawn by a great and indescribable longing to follow the sun. He closed not his eyes that night; and as soon as the morning dawned, he came to his father and said: Bless me, my father, and let me go to the land of the setting sun, that I may see where it is that he sinks to his nightly rest. For I rest no more, day nor night, so strongly do my longings draw me towards the dim distant realms of evening.

The father said to him: Go under God's protection, my son; but wherever you may be think of me, and the quiet home of your youth, and of all the instructions I have given you. Then he blessed him, and gave him a mirror, and said: Whenever you look into this glass, you will see this hut, and the face of your father; and then you will think of me, and I will help you when wants and woes overtake you.

The youth departed. Quick and joyful steps bore him from his father's door; and soon the hut and home of youth lay far behind him. As the sun began to set he halted on the top of a hill, and looked back toward the valley which he had left, and with a tender swelling heart he thought of his father. He drew forth his glass, and saw in it—or thought he saw—the pleasant form and countenance of the venerable old man. Then he slept. The stars shed down mild beams upon him, and sweet dreams held festival in the spirit of the youth. When the morning came he sprang to his feet, glad and ready, greeted once more the region of his home, and set his pilgrim staff farther, and still farther; and every morning and every evening he turned toward the rising of the sun, and looked into the glass to see the image of his father.

At length he came into inhabited borders, and into large cities; he saw the ways and doings of men, how they labor with each other and against each other, how they loved and hated one another, and how they rushed after fortune and pleasure, some in one path and some in another. After he looked on for awhile, he was seized with a desire to do likewise; and he mingled in the tumult, rushed with the multitude, and like them reached not what he sought.

Many days now passed in which he never looked toward his home, nor thought of his father; for all his soul was in that which was doing around him, and in the joy that he had in it, or expected to gain. Now it came to pass that he went one day with evil companions, who mal-

treated him, and beat him nigh unto death, and then left him lying upon a lone rock, where no one could hear his voice, and where no wanderer would pass who should have compassion on him. Here he lay lamenting in his distress, looking up toward the mountains, and down into the depths; but no help appeared. Now the sun set, the cool night sunk around him, heavy clouds covered the heavens, and not a single star shone into the deep darkness. No refreshing sleep settled upon the weary eyelids of the sorrowful youth, and no sympathising dream visited his spirit; but the horror of thick darkness encamped around him, and the voices of ominous night-birds sounded from the deep vallies on his affrighted ear. Then the thunder rolled in the mountains, and fearful lightning flashed out between the rent clouds, shaking its forked tongues at him, and hail descended devastating the forest; and even when the morning should have dawned the earth still lay in shadow and cheerless gloom. Sadly and with groans the poor youth raised himself from his hard bed, and labored painfully towards some opening where he might hope to be visited with help; but in vain did he creep down rocky ravines and over deep morasses, while the rain still poured down upon him. His open wounds grew sorer, and a burning thirst consumed him, which the rain, falling upon his extended tongue, could not allay. Often he threw himself upon the ground, but the cold wet earth was no easy bed to him. Hunger also began to torment him; and as he felt about him for nourishment, his hand dropped upon the glass, and now after a long, long time, he once more looked into it. Alas! alas! he saw in it only his own woful form and the scenes of desolation around him; but no more the quiet home in the peaceful valley, nor the refreshing image of his venerable father. He began aloud to weep over his wo, and reproached himself for his forgetfulness, and for his shameless conduct, which was the source of all his present suffering.

In this sad case the poor youth was overwhelmed with a deep sense of shame and of bitter regret; but yet he nearly forgot all his present pains as small compared with the anxiety he felt to find his way back to his loving father, and his beloved home of youth. He now also sighed far more anxiously after the Eternal Home than he had before longed for the wide world and the fancied bliss of the land of the setting sun.

As the youth so labored on in penitential sorrow, and his heart was melted in love and longing, the heavens began to withdraw their heavy cloudy curtain, the pure bright blue sky smiled cheerily in upon him, the birds sang joyfully in the branches, the last light of evening shone through the glistening birch-trees, and the bosom of the wanderer swelled with hope and animating confidence. A valley opened before his astonished vision, and behold! in the mild light of evening lay before him his quiet home, with its familiar trees. As he advanced he saw his venerable father coming toward him with radiant face and open arms. With tears of joy he sank at his father's feet. Tenderly he raised up his returning son, pressed him to his heart, healed his wounds, and he soon forgot all the pains in the joy of his home and his father's love.

DR. JOHNSON has well said that whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasion to forgiveness.

GOOD MORAL HABITS.

LORD John Russell recently delivered an address in Exeter Hall, London, and we make the following extract from the full report of it in the London Times:

Young men in these days, and for aught we know in all ages, expect to have moral and religious progress made not only easy, but pleasurable, triumphant and ingenious—dignified with theories and sweetened with indulgence. They want a royal road to improvement—a wide road, a pleasant road, and not very tedious. So Lord Russell does not hesitate to warn them, and gives them the stern old advice, that the only way is to be found in good habits. Bad habits and vicious inclinations, in one form or another, are the real obstacles to progress, and they are powerful ones. Strong restraint is necessary to subdue them, and that restraint is to be found only in morality and a good teacher. Good moral habits are the very sinews of the frame, whether that be the frame of one mind or of all society. They are the fibres that make the muscles, that forms our solid consistency, that gives us working power, and make us true men. All the talk in the world goes for nothing if it does not end in good moral habits, the want of which is sure to make a clever man a fool, wise reforms nugatory, and a great nation profligate and corrupt.

Let Heaven send good harvests; let our cities resound with the hum of factories and the traffic of streets; let earth be covered with railways, and the ocean with our ships; but let the salt of life be wanting—let luxury spoil the rich and intemperance degrade the poor; let the moral sense be once blunted by bad habits, and then all that should have been for our wealth becomes occasion for failing, and harvests, cities, factories, railways, ships, arts, science, everything on which we were lately boasting ourselves, passes over like a traitor to the camp of destruction, and obstructs that moral and political progress of which it seems to be the chief means. Immorality, whether public or private, is the one source of mischief, and Lord John Russell has read a good lesson to a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation, when he points out that nothing is to be done, and no progress made, without good moral habits. Whether all the young men who heard him, thought this any more than so much sermonizing we know not, but if they live long enough they will find it all true, to their pleasure or their cost.

GOD OF MY MOTHER.

THE Rev. Charles Morgan of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says: An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony: "God of my mother, have mercy on me!" His mother is a devoted Christian, in the State of New York. God of my mother! How much is revealed in that single exclamation! how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impression on his soul, too deep to be obliterated by time and sin.

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MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

—
BY NATHAN.
—

II.

THE frequent complaints of tourists had led me to approach the British sky and climate with suspicion, but I was not prepared to be so completely taken in. It is a weakness of open-hearted, inexperienced natures, to receive the professions of others with credulous sincerity. But experience is a skilful teacher. Dame Nature here plays the coquette most completely. She is so variable and fickle, so disposed to trifle with your sincerity, that it is hard to know when she is in earnest. She will meet your approaches with the smiles and blandishments of pleasant sunshine only to repulse you with a shower or a shiver. Perhaps I have met her in an unpleasant mood, but I have seen and felt heat and cold, cloudy and clear, rain and sunshine, fruitful and barren weather in the course of one hour. The sky does not look dark and lowering when it rains, but pretends all the while to make an effort to clear up. The rays of the sun penetrate the clouds like a thin gauze of mist, so that even the most undisguised rain does not look so very rainy. Sometimes the clouds sunder, the clear blue sky overhead assures you that this time there can be no possible deception. But scarcely has it lured you beyond the reach of roofs and umbrellas before it will pour down, without any preliminary notice, an extemporaneous shower that will send you home, repenting your credulity most bitterly. Sometimes the rain-drops even twinkle in a cloudless sky, like a smile twinkles through a tear trembling on a maiden's cheek. So that with all my mortifying situations I would not willingly have foregone the pleasure it afforded me. For a thing may be physically uncomfortable while it is æsthetically pleasant.

It was on one of those rainy mornings on which no one could mistake the prospects of the weather, that I started for Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. Having fully made up my mind to spend part of the day

in the rain, I was not in danger of being disappointed. Melrose Abbey is supposed to have been built by Robert the Bruce, in the 12th century. It was successively injured and rebuilt again during the Scottish wars, and the misdirected zeal of the Reformation destroyed a great part of it. Cromwell and his army passed along here and made a target of it for their amusement, the marks of which are still visible. Though in ruins, it still remains a magnificent specimen of mediæval art, and the finest relic of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Originally it was about four hundred feet in length, but one hundred feet of it have been razed to the earth by war and Vandalism. The nave of the building has been entirely destroyed. There is a yard beside it where the monks were in the habit of taking exercise; and along the wall there are still stone benches where they used to study in the open air. It contains a large number of stone busts and statues of eminent saints. Some of these are placed along its massive walls, supporting huge heavy pillars, significant symbols of the position of christians in the spiritual temple of Christ. Surmounting the pillars and along the ceiling are sculptured flowers, specimens of the most finished artistic skill. I noticed one of them, surmounting a statue of the Virgin Mary, within whose opening petals a jackdaw had made his dreary domicile. At present these birds are the sole occupants of this remarkable edifice, from whose history poetry and romance have so largely borrowed. A number of the Scottish nobility are buried within its walls, and the grave of the wizard, a prominent character in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was pointed out to me.

From here I went a-foot to Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott. Though raining, it was a delightful walk. The road winds through a narrow glen of fertile farms, verdant with all the freshness of early vegetation. Abbotsford is situated at the winding base of a hill. The side from which I approached it conceals the buildings until one is almost at the entrance. On one side is a meadow bounded by the Tweed, on the other a large hill, dotted with fields and woodland, all belonging to the Abbotsford farm. The scenery all around is just such as a poet would be likely to choose to kindle and fan his inspirations. The different rooms are filled with most curious and rare specimens of antiquity. Swords, armor, and weapons of knights and ancient warriors—a lamp from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, supposed to be 3,000 years old. The clothes of Sir Walter are carefully laid in a case; his blue coat with yellow buttons, and his white hat, just as Washington Irving described them after his visit to Abbotsford, and which are doubtless the same he then wore. His hat is after the fashion of the fur summer hats now worn in America.

Wishing to reach the cars by a nearer route, I did not return to Melrose, but took a different course. I had not proceeded far until the Tweed interposed. Whatever the poetic advantages of bathing in such a classic stream might be, I feared that the experiment would unfit me to enjoy the sentiment, especially as my clothes, dripping with rain, did not increase my desire for a hydropathic operation just at that time. Moreover, I remembered the adventure of Bayard Taylor, who, like myself, being unable to find a boat, waded the Tweed, where his companion came well nigh making a submarine passage or perish in the

attempt. At all events, I have made it a habit not to meddle with things too deep for me, so I wandered up and down the famous Tweed for several miles, until I finally spied in the distance a ferryman and his boat, who soon relieved me from my shivering suspense. He invited me into his lowly cottage, and introduced me to his "guid wife" as "the tallest American he had ever seen." Many an American has he rowed across the Tweed, but they all had been men small in stature. It occurred to me as somewhat amusing that whilst I was making a pilgrimage to noted shrines, and endured all the perplexities of sight-seeing, I could furnish a man, living within sight of Abbotsford, with a sight whose like he had never seen. The kind lady gave me a seat beside her humble fireside; and whilst she entertained me with a jug of milk and a piece of bread—a luxury that could only be appreciated after walking half a day through a cold rain—I tried to entertain her by answering many curious questions about America. He requested me to tell American travelers, and I do proclaim it here and now, to all whom it may concern, that on and after the first day of May, this place will be made a station, so that all who wish to visit Abbotsford, can alight at the Abbotsford ferry, within sight of it. My friend the ferryman will row them across the Tweed, and his ladie will give them a resting place at her hearth and a glass of milk, if they desire it.

After another day spent in Edinburg, I set out for the Highlands. For once I had a clear, pleasant spring day, and I felt sure it would hold out so. It seemed to me I had never passed through more delightful rural scenery, which contrasted painfully with the drudgery of a number of women in the fields hauling and spreading manure. I got a glimpse of Linlithgow Palace as we passed along, where Queen Mary was born. Her father, James V., was at the palace of Falkland at the time, suffering from an injury he had received in a recent battle. When he was told the news of Mary's birth, he said: "It (the crown) came with a lass, and will go with a lass," and then turned his face to the wall and soon after died broken-hearted. We soon after reached Falkirk, where Wallace fought his memorable battle in 1298. Next we reached Sterling Castle, where James V. and Mary were crowned. Here are preserved the pulpit and communion table of John Knox. The country clustering around Falkirk was the principal battle field of Wallace and Bruce. Its soil is rich with the blood of heroes and martyrs, and was the scene of freedom's early trials and triumphs.

At Sterling I branched out through the Highlands for the Lakes. It is a principle taught by all sound philosophy, that we increase our happiness as we reduce our wants; and so I have found it. I left home with a light hand-bag, containing a number of the most necessary articles of apparel. I find now that I do not need even this small wardrobe, and seriously meditate the donation of some of it to those who have still less. It is gratifying to an American's habits of republican independence, that he can go wherever he listeth, without being dependent on cars, cabs or porters. So was it to me. At Sterling I hung the luggage on my staff, flung it over my shoulders, and sallied off for the Highlands with a nimble step. It was the first of May, on which young men and maidens go a-Maying in America. And many a cheerful May-flower greeted me along the heathes and hedges. It

worked admirably until my feet became sore, and at the end of twelve miles my zeal for walking had measurably abated. I limped over the last mile with insupportable tribulation, and then sat me by the way side, trying to invent a plan of escape from my pedestrian defeat. The fact is I had entered upon this expedition somewhat rashly. I overrated my powers of endurance; and now I was three miles from the nearest hotel, and it was a problem of great moment so me, just there and then, how to reach it. Neither lodging nor boarding could be had short of that. I applied for a morsel at a little hut, but the poor woman said they had nothing for themselves. Here, then, I had reached the first trial that was beyond the range of my ordinary experience. Whilst pondering with philosophic composure over my fate, a poor carter came along with a most sorry-looking horse, tottering under a large load of coal. I applied for a passage to the next town, to which he readily consented. It was hard to submit to such a formidable seat, but making a virtue of necessity, I mounted the cart and was soon on my way again to Callander. I never attracted more attention since I landed in Great Britain. Men paused at their toil, women and children ran to the door and stared at me with astonishment. Many curious questions had the carter to answer respecting his extraordinary passenger. For my apparel showed that I had seen better days. I could not help but think of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and our half-starved horse was a worthy representative of Rosmante, whilst my guide treated me with as much ceremony and deference as ever Sancho Panza did his valiant master. These little adventures form episodes in a man's experiences more pleasant to remember than to endure.

A good night's rest restored my usual vigor, and early next morning I was approaching the classic Loch Katrine. I wound my way leisurely through the gorge where the gallant steed of Fitz James stumbled as his rider pursued in eager chase the nimble stag, fell over a rock and was killed. Right here I had the good fortune to chase a deer, which leaped over the crags and cliffs, and then stopped a while to take a view of his pursuer. A fleet horse might have enabled me to realize the poet's dream. I hired two men who rowed me to the upper end of Loch Katrine, a distance of ten miles. Here, then, I am at length floating over the crystal lake, over which the lovely Ellen Douglas steered her skipping bark.

Loch Katrine is from ten to twelve miles in length, four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in some parts five hundred feet deep. I drank copious draughts of its clear, fresh water, which acted as a stimulant to reverie and sentiment. By the way, the Vandal hand of progress is about diverting its sweet waters to the profane purposes of washing and cooking. The city of Glasgow is constructing an aqueduct through mountains, moors and glens for upwards of thirty miles to draw from it a supply of fresh water for its inhabitants. We soon reached "Ellen's Isle," the lovely abode of the "Lady of the Lake." It looks like a colored diamond set in crystal, an enchanting little spot, a veritable Isle of Beauty. The lake is set within the enamel of towering, rugged mountains, as if to shelter this pure oasis from the rude simoon of the world's moral desert. On the opposite side of the island is the spot where Fitz James wandered to the craggy banks of Loch Katrine,

when he had lost his way. In his forlorn solitude, he blew his bugle, saying—

“I am alone, my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train.”

Ellen heard his plaintive notes, and in her little skiff soon reached the shore whence the sound proceeded. The youth concealed himself in the thicket, while he viewed through the branches the lovely maiden. While her face glowed with the lustre of every ennobling virtue—

“One only passion unrevealed
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
O! need I tell that passion's name.”

This island is a monument to the innocence and chastity of pure affection, and on this account is a hallowed shrine around which the pilgrim loves to linger. Her hand would not belie her heart. For she boldly refused the hand of Roderick Dhu:

“Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity—
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard—
An outcast pilgrim will I rove
Than wed the man I cannot love.”

We passed near the birth-place of Rob Roy, the noted freebooter. Near it stands a little dwelling, in which one of my rowers boasted to have lived for many years. Perhaps he was a descendant of the original McGregor clan.

Leaving Loch Katrine I set out on foot for Loch Lomond, a distance of five miles. I was agreeably disappointed in finding such a pleasant road through this rough, untraveled country. As I marched along leisurely, wondering whether I was near the lake, I suddenly found myself standing on the summit of the mountain skirting its eastern border, while the silvery lake was spread out far below, like a sheet of spotless white. When Wallace and his band were on their way to storm Dumbarton Castle, he led them on the brow of this hill, and pointing to these spires of Nature rising heavenward, exclaimed: “Who would not fight for such a country?”

Here I took the steamer for the lower end of the lake, a distance of some twenty miles. Amid the multitude of mountains clustering around these lakes, the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Moor are always seen towering high above the rest. The one is 3,400 and the other 3,600 feet above the level of the sea. At this time their tops were still wrapped in a sheet of snow. They stand among the rest like mighty chiefs among their clans—all are brave, but they the bravest. Each has a tale to tell of some battles fought, some victory won. Every one, both great and small, has been decorated by the drapery of poetry and romance. These mountains have done more for Scottish freedom than any other natural cause. They are the nursery of a hardy independence, and foster generous and noble sentiments. Here the heroes of Albion were taught the alphabet of freedom. Here in these *High-lands*, na-

ture's hieroglyphics of Freedom, where Alpine clans rushed together in dire and deadly conflict—here, where these battlements of nature are but the symbolical mementoes of the earnest struggles of brave hearts—here Scotia has trained her brave men and bards. Going to Glasgow I passed Dumbarton Castle, where Queen Mary was imprisoned, and from whence she escaped to France.

After spending a few days at Glasgow, I left for the birth-place of Burns. Reaching Ayr, I accidentally happened to dine with an old lady who is a second cousin of the "Ayrshire Ploughman." His monument and birth-place are about three miles from town. The latter is a small straw-covered cottage, which at present is devoted to the sale of liquor, a beverage in which poor Burns indulged too freely himself. I rested a while in the cot, and saw the recess in the wall in which he was born. Here the budding mind of the boy Burns received its first impressions, where he lived until he was nine years of age. Proceeding a short distance I reached "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," whose roofless walls stand in dreary loneliness amid the dust of past generations, the old bell still perched in its accustomed place on the point of the gable. Close by is the monument erected to Burns, right in the heart of a garden, beautifully ornamented with evergreens and terraces of flowers, that spread a pleasant fragrance round. In the monument are still preserved the two Bibles which Burns and his "Mary" gave each other at their last parting, as the solemn pledges of their undying affection. Each has inscribed on a blank leaf an appropriate scripture passage, to remind them of the sacredness of their vows, made at that solemn hour on the banks of the Ayr. They met no more, and poor Burns poured out his bleeding heart in his "Address to Mary in Heaven," one of the most touching little poems that ever flowed from mortal pen.

I ascended a flight of stairs, where I had a delightful view. All around me was spread a scene of fields, trees and flowers, and the "Bonnie Doon" rippling carelessly along its base, a prospect that seemed to forbid the intrusion of sadness. Yet I felt sad. Burns was poor. His fine sensibilities often bled from wounds inflicted by poverty and neglect. He was at times reduced to the most uncomfortable straight, and was glad to escape from these by the office of Excisemen. He became gauger, and for the pittance of a meagre living, served his country as a hunter of brandy-smugglers, a fatal privilege to plunge into greater dissipation. Now that he has gone where he can no longer enjoy the bread that perisheth, and the reward due his genius, there is none too great to do him honor. The most magnificent monuments are erected, the fifteenth part of whose cost would have "stored his pantry," and removed from his heart the corroding worm of care.

On a visit to Edinburg, Burns visited the grave of Ferguson, the poet, which was still unmarked by a monument. Poor as he was, he erected an humble tombstone to his "brother in misfortune." When, a few years ago, a critic in one of the Reviews noticed a visit of Queen Victoria to Edinburg, his imagination called up the shades of Burns and Ferguson to witness the scene. Standing on Calton Hill, where Burns has a monument, and opposite which is the old grave-yard where poor Ferguson lies, they viewed with poetic composure the pomp and pageant of royalty. And it came to pass, as they turned away from

this, with Burns' monument and Ferguson's humble grave-stone in view, they spoke of their past and present fortunes and misfortunes. Burns could point to his piles of marble reared by Posterity, to which Ferguson replied, "Rather far let me have yon humble stone, which the hand and heart of Genius raised, than the proudest monuments of an interested and unsympathizing Posterity." Burns himself wrote the following lines under a portrait of Ferguson:

"Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure."

And afterwards asks:

"Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasure?"

Descending from the monument I soon walked along the—

"Banks an' braes o' bounie Doon,"

which led me to "the key-stane o' the bridge," where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost her tail. Tam happened to get on a spree one night in the town of Ayr, as his habit was, and belated himself, so that he had to go home through a thunder storm. The lightning making night more hideous, stirred up the guilty fears of his bad heart. At midnight he started for home, "well mounted on his gray mare Meg." After he had passed the bridge she suddenly stopped, and lo! Tam saw ghosts and spectres grim and ghastly. There is a saying among the common people that evil spirits have no power to follow a person beyond the middle of the next stream. So he wheeled his mare around and made for the keystone of the old bridge, with the whole train of furies after him. Just as the mare approached this stone, hard pressed by these unearthly hob-goblins—

"One spring brought off her master hale
But left behind her own gray tail."

A short distance down the Doon is the new bridge, on which I stood a long while watching the rippling waves that played down the stream. Then I rambled far down the stream along a road running parallel with it at a short distance. All along it was overhung with a bower, formed by venerable trees. It was about sunset. On one side sheep were grazing and bleating, on the other the Doon winded along, its little waterfalls muttering pleasant sounds; above and around were birds warbling their vesper hymns. Seldom have I tasted such unmixed pleasure, as when I roved through this peaceful solitude in undisturbed meditation. It reminds me vividly of my native Conestoga. I passed a little cottage, the abode of an elderly laboring man. Had it been Saturday evening, I think I would have entered to get an illustration of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." And I passed a rosy-cheeked maiden, which I thought must bear a close resemblance to the "Highland Mary." On my return I entered the old grave-yard in which the church of Alloway stands, which was said to be haunted. It was just about twilight, "the true witching time, when spirits hold their wonted walk." I peeped through their iron doors, but all was silent as death.

Having no taste for superstition, my thoughts soon turned to graver themes. The yard is enclosed within an old ivy-covered wall. At the entrance is the grave of Burns' father, "the friend of man, to vice alone a foe." I saw the graves of a number of Wilsons and McClures, names which awakened transatlantic associations. I had a desire to spend the night amid such hallowed scenes at the Burns Hotel, but there was no room in the inn. Now, then—

"Bonny Doon, so sweet at twilight,
Fare thee well before I gang."

This will end my tour in Scotland. Would that the end were not yet. Scotia is a lovely land. I love her history and heroes, her poets and her peasants, her mountains and her moors. Should I live to return to my native land, I will read her bards with greater pleasure, and try to be a better man for having visited the scenery which their genius has embellished and the blood of heroes enriched. In the meanwhile a fond adieu to the—

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountains and the flood."

I took a steamer across the Irish Channel to Belfast, which swung me into a squall of sea-sickness again. It was soon over, but—whew! Commend me to the solid earth. Horace somewhere asks whether a man could ever be brave after he had endured the lash with his hands tied on his back, expecting every moment to be the last. I wonder whether Horace had ever been sea-sick; for no calamity can inflict a more cowardly spirit on a man.

The following morning I went to the northern coast of Ireland to visit the Giant's Causeway. I procured a guide and descended to the base of the cliffs, from three to four hundred feet high. I drank of the water gurgling out at the Giant's Well, pure and fresh. The guide pointed out indistinct columns which seemed to have been melted into a mass, from which some geologists ascribe its formation to the action of fire. In some places the columns precisely resemble a large petrified honeycomb. They have from four to nine sides, and these again bounded by the sides of so many other columns. Sometimes one column is walled in by the sides of nine others. They are so compactly blocked together that some of the joints are impervious to water. The columns above the surface are from ten to forty feet in height, and perhaps a foot in diameter. They are all perpendicular, except one cluster imbedded in a solid rock, called the Giant's Cannon, because they lie horizontally and look like cannon aimed at the sea. How came these to fall over? The columns are all formed by blocks from six inches and upwards in length. Their joints appear in irregular cracks along the outer surface, but within this narrow crust each block has a smoothly-polished convex and concave top and base, always one of each, and these lie so tight in their sockets that no breath of air can penetrate them. A short distance from the base is a circular row of columns, with both ends laid in solid rock, called the Giant's Organ from their resemblance to organ-pipes, and on the top of a tall cliff projecting into the sea is a piece of rock called the Giant's Grandmother. It looks like a trembling old lady

suddenly petrified while sitting at her work. It made me think of Lot's wife.

This is a stupendous geological mystery. Those small blocks with their smooth concave and convex bases, and regular yet diversified sides. And these forming symmetrical columns, morticed together into a columnar pile, and this again supporting a solid mass of rock, on which a smaller series of columns rest, as if nature were endeavoring to make all these columns converge in a Gothic spire pointing to the Great Architect, these are phenomena that fill the beholder with amazing wonder. But what laws of nature, what agents of God, assisted in their erection, and laid those blocks in their places, whether water, flood, or fire, or all, this still remains a matter of doubt and conjecture.

On my return to Belfast the following morning, a young man entered the car at one of the stations, just starting for America. His aged mother and sisters clung to him with moving tenderness, and wept as though the cars were to be his grave. When the train gave the signal for starting, they again rushed to the door of the car, re-embraced him, clasping and wringing their hands in pitiful agony, until the conductor closed the door by force, and the train sped him toward the setting sun. There was something exceedingly affecting in the parting scene of these humble peasants. Perhaps he was the only stay of his aged mother in this poverty-ridden country, and the pride of his sisters. Many were the country comrades that escorted him hither—hale and generous looking youths, who crowded around him in strange confusion to get his parting grasp. As the cars began to move, they shouted him a last farewell with uncovered heads, and his mother and sisters threw up their hands as if to hold the cruel train that tore him from their embrace. Such is life.

DUBLIN, May 10, 1856.

THE FIRESIDE.

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may molder in the halls of the memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart in childhood, defy the rust of years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perhaps, seen an old half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you have seen it fade away, while a brighter and still more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is an apt illustration of youth, and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished for our education.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
 My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
 I feel no symptoms of decay,
 I have no cause to mourn or weep;
 My foes are impotent and shy,
 My friends are neither false nor cold,
 And yet of late, I often sigh—
 I'm growing old.

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy to rhymes,
 My growing love of easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold,
 All tell me in the plainest voice,
 I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
 I'm growing careless in my dress,
 I'm growing frugal of my gold,
 I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
 I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,
 I see it in my changing hair,
 I see it in my growing waist,
 I see it in my growing hair;
 A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
 As plain as truth was ever told,
 That even in my vaunted youth,
 I'm growing old.

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
 The tale in my reluctant ears;
 And every boon the hours bequeath
 But makes me debtor to the years!
 E'en Flattery's honied words declare
 The secret she would fain withhold,
 And tells me in "How young you are!"
 I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight
 My sombre muse too sadly sings;
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light
 That tint the darkness of their wings!
 The light that beams from out the sky,
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
 Where all are blest and none may sigh:
 "I'm growing old."

PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

THE following interesting passages are from a paper read by Mr. Townsend Glover, before the late meeting of the United States Agricultural Society, and published in the *Washington National Intelligencer*:

Here, however, let me change the subject, to put in a plea for mischievous birds, which appear to have been sent to keep the "balance of power" in insect life, which insects would otherwise multiply to such a degree as to be perfectly unbearable, and render the agriculturists' toil entirely useless. A farmer keeps a watch-dog to guard his premises, and cats to kill rats and mice in his granary and barn; yet he suffers an "unfeathered biped" to tear down his rails in order to get a chance shot at a robin, wren, or blue bird, which may be unfortunate enough to be on his premises; and yet these very birds do him more good than either dog or cat, working diligently from morn to dark, and killing and destroying insects injurious to his crops, which, if not thus thinned out, would eventually multiply to such an extent as to leave him scarcely any crop whatsoever.

Birds are accused of eating cherries and other fruits. True; but the poor birds merely take a tithe of the fruit to pay for the tree, which, but for their unceasing efforts, would otherwise probably have been killed in its infancy. To exemplify the utility of birds, I will give one or two instances that have occurred under my own observation. Some years ago, I took a fancy to keep bees; accordingly, hives were procured, and books read upon the subject. One day a king-bird or bee-martin was observed to be very busy about the hives, apparently snapping up every straggling bee he could find. Indignant at such a breach of hospitality, as his nest was on the premises, I hastened to the house to procure a gun to shoot the marauder. When I returned, I perceived a grayish bird on the bushy top of a tree, and thinking it was the robber, I fired, and down dropped a poor, innocent Phœbe bird.

Hoping to find some consolation to my conscience for having committed this most foul murder, I inwardly accused the poor little Phœbe of having also killed the bees; and having determined to ascertain the fact by dissecting the bird, it was opened, when, much to my regret and astonishment, it was found to be full of the striped cucumber bugs, and not one single bee. Here I had killed the very bird that had been working for me the whole season, perfectly innocent of the crime for which it was sacrificed. After the circumstances, I determined never to let a gun be fired on the premises, excepting on special occasions; and at present the place is perfectly crowded during spring, summer and autumn with the feathered songsters, which build their nests even in my very porch, and bring up their young perfectly fearless of mankind; and although cherries, strawberries, &c., do suffer, yet the insects are not a quarter as numerous and troublesome as they were formerly.

In the Southern States I have seen the bee-martin chase and capture a boll-worm moth not ten paces from where I stood, and the mocking-

bird feeding its nearly grown young on the same insect. Even the ugly toad works for the farmer and gardener, as his food consists of insects more or less injurious. The beautiful and lively green and gray lizards of the Southern States, which are seen running on the fence rail, or amidst the green foliage of trees, shrubs and bushes, and from which they can scarcely be distinguished except when in motion, are ever on the watch for insect prey; and I know of one curious case in which even the mice in the green-house were of service, for they had rooted up the earth round several potted peach trees, in order to devour the chrysalis of the peach-tree borer.

STANZAS—A SCENE OF LIFE.

Upon the eastern sky,
Aurora doth with magic fingers trace
Rich streaks of purple, gold and crimson dye,
Which in their soft and glowing tints defy
All human skill and grace.

Bathed in the flood of light
The red sun rises with the opening day,
Parting the shadowy curtain of the night;
And as he onward travels in his might,
The bright clouds fade away.

So in our youthful dreams,
The star of hope that rises at our birth,
At first with such a dazzling radiance gleams
That to the bounding heart almost it seems
Too glorious for earth.

But dreams fade one by one,
E'en as the clouds that in the morning-dawn
Do but reflect the brightness of the sun,
And even while his race is just begun,
The glowing hues are gone.

Yet Hope's sweet star may light
Our way, with radiance clearer than before;
For it shall glow far more serenely bright,
And shine by faith throughout the darkest night,
Increasing more and more.

Till, as at twilight hour,
The setting sun doth calmly pass away,
So may we, strengthened with a heavenly power,
Sink to our rest, as Death's dark shadows lower,
And rise to endless day.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

HANS EHRLICH AND THE ORPHAN.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN wept bitterly when his father died. He was only nine years of age, yet he felt keenly the greatness of his loss. Now he was alone in the world, for his mother was already dead several years.

Christian's father had been a weaver. As a sickly man without means he had often been put to the worst. As he could leave neither gold nor goods to his son, he strove the more earnestly to start him in the path of life with good instruction. He was a pious man, and many words of wholesome advice did he address to his son as he sat resting behind his weaver-loom, and when he lay sick in bed. Thus one day he said to his son: "Be of good cheer—you have two fathers. The one, it is true, is only a poor, weak man, who can be but little help to you; but the other is rich and powerful. Yes, He is a Lord above all lords, who cannot only make you happy here, but blessed hereafter. Read diligently good books, and especially the New Testament, and do what is there commanded; thus you will learn ever better to know your Father. When you arise early in the morning, and in child-like simplicity say your morning prayer, you will feel your Father's presence, and he will smile on you as by the beams of the morning sun; and after your evening prayer He will softly close your eyes to sleep, and cause sweet silence and peace to be around you that you may rest under His protection. As you become more and more active in doing good, and devoted in piety, He will be near you in all that you do, in sorrow and in joy."

Thus kindly and affectionately did the weaver speak to his son Christian. It was the remembrance of this that caused him to weep so bitterly, when the pale and wasted form of the good man lay before him in the coffin, and his fatherly lips were closed forever. He sobbed: "Alas, I am a poor forsaken child! Who now shall befriend and instruct me? Who shall give me bread that I shall not die of hunger?" In his deep sorrow he did not think of that Father yet living, of whom the dying one had told him.

Christian had several uncles in the village. Two of them were rich, and one was a poor laborer. The name of this last was HANS EHRLICH.

Out of respect rather for themselves than the poor weaver, the two rich uncles came also to his funeral; but when the question came up, "Who will now take care of little Christian?" they made all kinds of excuses. Martin, the miller, thought "his two sons were very wild youths, who would have their own way, and would certainly not get along well with Christian. Besides this, a mill would be no proper place for a poor boy who had yet much to learn; the noisy clattering of his three mills would only confuse his head, because he was not accustomed to it."

Hartwich, the farmer, on the other hand assured them "that he would cheerfully take the poor boy to himself, but he had always so much to

do in the fields, which would leave Christian too much opportunity to do mischief at home, and this would be against his conscience."

Then Hans Ehrlich rose from the bench and said: "Well, in God's name! I have, it is true, neither money nor property, but debt resting on my little home from my father's time who could re-build it with difficulty after the fire. I am sometimes hard run; but come on, my poor boy, by the help of God we will get through!"

The venerable Pastor Wahrmuth, who was present in the house of mourning, came forward and extended his hand to Hans Ehrlich, and said: "May God add his blessing! You will never regret what you have now done; for you know well who has said: "That which you have done to the least of these, my brethren, you have done unto me."

Thus Christian, after the funeral, went with Hans Ehrlich to his humble home. At first he wept much. By and by he was comforted; and he showed himself obedient and industrious both at school and at home.

His good foster-father did much heavy work, for he was healthy and had a strong body. There was none in the whole village who could equal him in handling the axe, the saw, the hatchet, the scythe, and the flail. As Christian grew up, his guardian took him along into the woods, the field and the barn. But often had Hans Ehrlich to look on and shake his head when he saw that Christian could make no progress in his work. There were many kinds of work to which he could not accommodate himself; besides he was soon tired out, for he had a tender frame, although he was in all other respects sound and healthy.

Though Hans Ehrlich shook his head significantly when Christian made an effort to use the hatchet, the drawing-knife, the saw, or some other tool, he nodded assent with so much greater pleasure when in the evening the boy read for him from a book, or related to him something that he had read: for he took great delight in books; and when he met with words and expressions which he did not understand, he wrote them down, and asked the school-master to tell him what they meant. This the school-master cheerfully did; for he was much pleased with his scholar. Whenever he asked the children of the school some difficult questions so that all were silent, and there was none that could answer, it generally ended with: "Well, Christian, what do you say?" Christian would arise and answer; and though he was not always right, yet there was always wisdom in his reply. Pastor Wahrmuth often visited his honest neighbor Hans, for he valued him highly for his truth, his industry, and his great skill in all kinds of work. As he nearly always found Christian at his books, he said to him one day: "It is very well to be fond of books; there is much to be learned from them; but there are also many things that can not be learned from books. Those that live only in books are often perplexed when they come to apply what they have learned in real life. Just as a book has many pages to be read, so also the world and human life has also many sides, which must be studied and known. Nature also is a great and glorious book, which lies open before us, of which God himself is the Author. It is a good thing to be able properly to read it."

This was an impressive word to our Christian. Now he began to turn his attention not only to the dead letter, but also to the living lessons in the great book of nature, and he soon found much pleasure in the study.

When he went with his guardian to the fields or into the woods, he gathered all kinds of plants and insects by the way, observed and studied them, to see their similarity and difference, and to admire their variety and manifold beauty. A neighboring gardener took a kind interest in him, told him the names of his plants and animals, and told him also many curious and interesting things in regard to them. In these visits to the gardener Christian heard many Latin names of plants. This awakened in him the desire of learning this excellent language; and the good Pastor Wahrmuth kindly showed his readiness to start him in its rudiments.

Christian's desire to become acquainted with the various objects in nature increased daily; and his ambition did not confine itself to the earth, but extended to the beautiful blue heavens above him. Often in the evening, as he sat by the side of his foster-father who was resting on the bench before the house, he gave expression to all kinds of imaginings in regard to the stars that glimmered so gloriously in the heavens. He soon observed that there was much variety and difference among them, both in their brilliancy and in their size, as also in their relations to one another, and in their movements across the firmament. To the brightest among them he gave special names. Thus, for instance, one of these heavenly lights, on account of its redness, he called the "Golden Star;" two others, which always set together, he called the "Two Brothers;" five bright stars, which shone in the bright street that extends across the whole heaven, he called the "Latin W;" four other splendid stars, between which stand three smaller ones in a line as if they had been located by a compass, he called the "Heavenly Table." Thus he fixed in his mind many stars in connection with these symbolic names, and it gave him great joy, when he could call out to his father: "Behold, father, yonder from behind the mountain come forth the Two Brothers;" or, "My Golden Star now looks down directly upon the church-steeple;" or, "The kind Father in heaven has already set out his Table." He observed that many of the stars did not change their relations to each other, and that others rose sometimes earlier, then later, then not at all, and were ever changing their places; but he could not explain to himself the reason of these variations. Then the school-master told him that those which never changed their relations were *fixed stars*; and the others *planets*. How exactly it comes to pass that of the planets many on some nights appear at the same time, and that in other nights only some were visible, the school-master could not fully explain to the boy, as he himself had not mastered the science of Astronomy.

Christian had passed beyond his fourteenth year, and it was now time earnestly to inquire to what station and what profession it would be proper for him to devote his future life.

On Sunday, after the afternoon service, Hans Ehrlich stood a long time at the church door in earnest conversation with Pastor Wahrmuth; and when he came home he sat for a long time behind the table in deep reflection. Truly he had in hand a solemn subject for meditation, for it had reference to the whole future life of his foster-child, whom he had long since loved as if he were his own son. When at length the good Hans had come to a firm conclusion in his own mind, he called Chris-

tian, who was just then observing the make and ways of a spider which was spinning a web between the joice with wonderful skill. The boy answered quickly to the call, and came reverently to his benefactor to know his will.

"My son," he began, "many thoughts are passing through my mind, and I have also to-day spoken to the Pastor of that which rests upon my heart. True I am well satisfied with you, Christian, for you have always conducted yourself well, and been industrious; but this I must say, that I do not believe that my work is suited to you, and that you are not likely to succeed at it; nor need you be distressed when I say this of you. God has not, as you have lately showed me, made even one leaf exactly like the other; how then should all men be exactly alike in talent and adaptation. There is a variety of stations and professions, and hence every one has been furnished with his own peculiar gifts. One can work well with his hands, another with his head, and one cannot say of another, I have no need of thee. What think you, my son, if on to-morrow we should go to town to the school director, and bring him a letter which the Pastor proposes to give us, in which he will make application to have you received as one of the pupils. As to the necessary support, the Pastor thinks that can be provided for; and he says that a useful man has often been made out of a poor boy!

Christian's face grew red, and for some time he could not answer a word. Then he fell upon the neck of his good guardian and shed tears of joy; and as soon as his full heart permitted him to speak, he uttered only words of gratitude. With the same full and grateful heart he called also on the venerable Pastor, who handed him the promised letter of recommendation, accompanied with a present, and imparted to him his blessing upon his new path of life. Such a fortune our good Christian had never hoped to reach; and the prospect of now devoting himself wholly to study, filled his soul with raptures.

The next morning Hans Ehrlich drew on again his Sunday coat, and started early with Christian through the beautiful fresh woods in which all the birds seemed to hold jubilee, toward the town in the valley.

The school director's countenance glowed with kindness as he read the letter of his old friend Wahrmuth; and when he had cast a closer look upon Christian, and asked him a variety of questions, he became still more friendly. After a short interview he proposed, at once, free of charge, to take the young pupil into his own house. He was also much pleased with Hans Ehrlich, on account of his honesty and good sense, and invited him to dinner, causing him to sit by his side as his honored guest. When evening was coming on the good man emptied his knapsack in which he had some articles of clothing for Christian—secretly wiping away his tears as he laid out one piece after the other. Christian wept too; for they felt their parting. That the new town-pupil could every Saturday every evening walk home to the dear native village, this was a great comfort.

The school director knew how correctly to measure the powers and talents of a youth; he therefore put our Christian into a class corresponding, it is true, with his age, but not with his deficiency in acquirements. "I do not fear for him," said the worthy director, "he will soon work his way up to them." He was not mistaken in this favorable

judgment. Christian was diligent, and every morning found him at work like an ant in Summer. He gathered in the sweet nourishment of his mind like a bee its honey, and was as cheerful at his work as a bird in the grove. First, it is true, some of his fellow scholars smiled at his somewhat awkward efforts; but in a few years matters looked differently; and many a one who had before made merry at his expense, now came to seek counsel and aid from him in difficult studies.

After the labors of the week it was refreshment to him to visit the humble home of Hans Ehrlich and the church of Pastor Wahrmuth. Both of these assisted him according to their means; and, to these, other benefactors were soon added; for industry and good behavior will always and everywhere secure friends. Then, too, that blessing on which all at last depends will not be wanting.

The time came at length when Christian, encouraged and rewarded with the best of testimonials, and as a strong, promising and well trained youth, made his way to the Seminary, to prepare himself for the office of the holy ministry, desiring ardently to become a Pastor after the type of the revered Wahrmuth. It was easy to see how the heart of our good Hans Ehrlich swelled with joy that he was able to say: "My son, the Student!"

The life of a student, when it is of the right kind, is commonly very simple. It is turned mostly upon the inward; the more quiet and meditative the more improving and useful. There is therefore not much to be said of Christian's life during this period; we may soon close his little history with as much simplicity as we began it; and we are glad of this for his sake. For the happiest and most peaceful men are always those in whose life there are not many changes or remarkable surprises of incident.

Six years have passed since Christian entered the high-school; and after he had long left it he did not abate his diligence in preparing himself for his future solemn and responsible station. He retained his great love for natural science. In a strange land, where he had been appointed for a time as family Tutor, and later still when he accompanied his private pupils in long journeys, he found opportunity to increase his stock of knowledge in that department, in which it is so highly important that he should be well at home who expects some day to preach on the words: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

In the little village, where his benefactors, Ehrlich and Wahrmuth lived, not many changes had in the meantime taken place; only both felt that they were silently growing older. Alas! this experience was the more sensibly felt by Hans Ehrlich on account of a particular circumstance. He had some time ago suffered a fracture in his arm, received accidentally while felling trees, the consequences of which at first seemed unimportant, but which gradually became a great hindrance to him in his work. Though the good man in many respects still felt ready and expert, he had nevertheless now to cease from many kinds of labor which formerly he had dispatched with ease. Thus it was that often he was found sitting before his door, leaning his whitening head upon his hands, and sighing: "Alas! if only my Christian were with me!"

One evening as he sat buried in such thought, he had grown some-

what sad in consequence; for since many months he had not heard a word of his foster-child, because he was just at that time on a distant journey. Just then a carriage rolled down the mountain, and suddenly halted not far from Hans Ehrlich's door. He supposed that the honorable gentlemen intended to inquire for a hotel, and he went forth to give them the necessary information. But the carriage door opened and a fine looking elderly man came toward him reaching him his hand in a very friendly manner; and before he had time to ask the man's name, a young man that had followed him out of the carriage, fell upon his neck and embraced him. It was—Christian!

The strange gentleman was the owner of the estate including the garden which Christian used to visit to receive instruction from the gardener in regard to the names and nature of plants. At such times the wealthy man had often observed him with pleasure, and sometimes also talked with the lively and sensible youth. Afterwards—as it often happens with such wealthy men of the world—the youth passed out of his recollection. It happened however that they met again in their travels; and a great service which the young man had rendered him in the snowy Alps, by which he saved his life, filled his heart with gratitude towards him. Now it happened that just about this time the pastorate in the village was vacant; and Christian seemed in every respect to be suited for the place. It was not long till this wealthy man had arranged the matter with the authorities, and his young friend was appointed to that station; and now for the first time he made it known to him. What a happy return home was this to the young Pastor; and what unspeakable joy was awakened in the heart of Hans Ehrlich, when the gentleman heartily shook his head and said:

"Thanks to you, most excellent man! you have raised a noble son, to whom I owe my life. He shall henceforth be my friend and Pastor. You shall live with him and with me, and shall be well cared for in your honorable old age."

It was a long time before Hans Ehrlich could utter a word, overcome with emotions of joy and gratitude. But as soon as he could speak his first words were: "O, if only soon all this could be told to our dear Pastor Wahrmoth!" Even while he spoke Christian was already on the way walking fleetly up church hill towards the dwelling of the good Wahrmoth. The venerable man soon returned with him; and now only was the cup of joy full in the humble dwelling of Hans Ehrlich, for it was now consecrated and sanctified by the blessing of the Pastor.

Thus these excellent men now lived together in blessed peace, and active usefulness. Hans Ehrlich took such oversight on the estate of his wealthy friend as was pleasant to him; the owner himself withdrew from the noise and bustle of the great world, and devoted himself to the highest interests of his dependents; the young minister, beloved of all, preached to his dear people the God of wisdom, power, and love in Christ Jesus, with humility of heart; and became, after some years, the father of a happy family. The aged Wahrmoth was often brought over in the carriage of Christian's wealthy friend to share in the joys of the company, and to make their social intercourse more profitable by his words of long experience and sound sense.

Once, as they sat together in the garden which Christian had visited

in his childhood, and saw how the "Two Brothers" ascended along the heavens, and how the "Latin W" shone so brilliantly, they were all moved with deep and strong emotion. They felt that to the pious even this earth is already a kind of heaven. Especially did Hans Ehrlich feel from the depths of his honest heart, the great blessing which God had so kindly bestowed upon him. Then he said, smiling: "It is true Hans Ehrlich cannot now do without his Christian; but there was also a time when Christian could not get along without Hans Ehrlich." And as the young Pastor was about to break forth in words of gratitude toward his foster-father, the wealthy gentleman, his voice trembling with the emotions of his heart, said: "Only let every one stand in his place, and do the work to which he is called with faithfulness, then he can meet the future with comfort: his reward will come of itself. None of us all who are here together could have gotten along without the other; and, O that every member in our village church would ever so speak to the other. We are members one of another."

The venerable Pastor, Wahrmuth, was more quiet this evening than at other times; for he believed, from many signs, that the time of his departure was near at hand! A tear stole over his mild cheek while he listened to his three friends speaking with one another of the past and the future. As one transfigured, he looked up to the glorious starry heavens, took off his black velvet cap, and with solemn reverence and devotion, as if he stood before the altar, said:

"To God alone be all the glory!"

NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

ALONE I walked on the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 't will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea,
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory and for shame.

REV. JOHN JACOB HOCHREITNER.*

BY THE EDITOR.

[SOURCES.—Hall. Nach. p. 82. Evan. Zeit. der Deutschen Ref. Kirche, vol. 1 no. 11, Nov., 1831. Minutes of Synod, 1817.]

BETWEEN 1746 and 1748, the congregation at Lancaster had been vacant. In this condition they applied to Rev. Mr. Slatter, requesting him to send a call for a minister to Holland, which was done.

In July, 1748, Mr. Slatter received information from Rev. De Bois of New York, that the synod of Holland was sending two ministers in answer to the call, and that they were already on their way to this country. As early as the 13th of August, Mr. Slatter had the pleasure of welcoming them to his house in Philadelphia. The one was Rev. John Jacob Hochreitner, and the other Rev. Dominicus Bartholomæus, who was intended for the congregation at Tulpehocken. We are incidentally informed in the *Hallische Nachrichten*, that Mr. Hochreitner was a Swiss, and that he was sent in from Switzerland, although, as already noticed, he came in under the auspices of the synod of Holland.

After these two newly arrived ministers had rested and refreshed themselves from their sea voyage, for a few days at the house of Mr. Slatter, he accompanied them to various parts of the country to visit vacant charges.

Mr. Hochreitner preached at Lancaster, and some other places with much acceptance, and was immediately called to become their stated pastor, to which he consented, and at the synod in September the call was approved and confirmed. In October, when all the arrangements for his removal had been made, an elder from Lancaster was sent to fetch him from the house of Mr. Slatter in Philadelphia, to his destined home and field of labor. The elder with a horse for him to ride was already at the door in readiness to take him away, but how mysterious are the ways of Providence! He never saw the place which had been assigned him as his field of labor. He had brought with him from Europe a gun, which he had loaded on board the ship under the impression, it seems, that he was about to enter a wild country where he must be prepared for his defense in sudden and dangerous emergencies. Having found from a short residence in the country, and especially from his late visit to Lancaster and other settlements in the country, that his fears were only imaginary, he attempted, before starting with the elder for Lancaster, to extract the load from his gun, when it exploded in his hands, and suddenly laid him low in death!

The written sermon which he intended to preach as his introductory in Lancaster, was found in his pocket, after his sad and sudden death, which, upon the solicitations of many friends, was afterwards printed. Though we have diligently searched and inquired we have not yet been

* From a work in course of preparation by the Editor on the "Lives of the Old Deceased Members of the German Reformed Church in America."

able to obtain a copy. Alas, has time buried the interesting relic; and has this, perhaps the only fruit of his mind and heart which seemed to receive permanent form, met the doom of his own mortal remains: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

Mr. Hochreiter's pilgrimage in the New World was but short. The joy of the congregation which awaited him as their pastor was turned into mourning; and the messenger who was to bring him, only brought the sad intelligence that he had fallen asleep, and had "no more any portion forever in anything that is done under the sun!" Thus are the ways of God hidden. His footsteps are in the deep.

His ashes no doubt repose in Philadelphia, beneath the green sod of Franklin Square. Mr. Slatter speaks in high terms of his work and piety. Rest in peace until the resurrection morning shall dawn, and bring with it the eternal deliverance of the just from death and the grave.

Should any of our readers be in possession of farther information in regard to the subject of this notice, they will confer a favor by communicating it. The sermon referred to is no doubt still extant among the neglected papers of some old families. How interesting it would be to have it brought to light.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

BY H. M. COBB.

Blest is the heart whose every beat
With Heaven's sweet lyre of Love accords;
Which marks its time with labors meet
For his rewards.

A blessing on that heart shall fall,
As sweetly falls the Summer rain;
Its hope, though darkness cover all,
Shall never wane.

And every morn an angel hand
Shall tune anew its thousand strings;
And it shall labor, soothed and fanned
By angel wings.

And blest are they, who, crushed by wrong,
Shall call unto that heart for aid;
Its love, as deathless as its song,
Cannot be stayed.

That heart shall never reckon life
By weary days, and months, and years:
Nor shall it waste in constant strife
With doubts and fears.

No cloud its star of faith shall dim;
For when its mission here began,
Its strings were tuned to praising Him,
Through good to Man.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY EDWIN.

ON the sunny banks of the Potomac, nine miles above Washington city, stands Mount Vernon; and there in the side of a little hill is the tomb of Washington. A small arched excavation with a brick breast-work, overhung with the wild vine and careless shrubbery and an iron-grated door in front, represents the exterior appearance of the old hero's resting-place. In front of it, towards the south, lies a deep woody dell. To the left, along the slope of the hill, is a thicket where the grape-vine and greenbrier, creeping upon the wild-wood make many a shady summer bower. To the north, and round the hill, is the house in which the hero resided. To the east, and far below, the deep blue Potomac murmurs by in tranquil glory; fit scenes are these to embosom the hallowed spot where the father of his country slumbers.

But these scenes, though lovely in themselves, do not long attract the attention of the visitor to Mount Vernon. He looks at the little vault in the side of the hill and feels that there is more than magic there. The marble pannel above the door is probably the first that attracts his attention. No doubt he expects the writing upon it to be some pompous eulogy on his heroic deeds; but is no doubt agreeably disappointed when, instead of it, he reads these impressive lines: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live." While France wrote upon her graveyard gates, "Death is an eternal sleep," Americans are bold in publishing to men and nations from the gates of this tomb that they believe Washington lives.

Next the visitor looks through the iron grate into the silent vault. Here the ground begins to be still more sacred. A deep silence reigns within the charnel; nothing stirs save when the mellowed light of a sunbeam falls through the grate upon the emblems of death within and is chased again by the shadow of the spectator. Even at noon-day there is a gray twilight within which hangs its semi-transparent drapery on every object. After looking, however, for a few moments into the dusky vault, the objects begin to stand out more distinctly. Then appears the sarcophagus or marble coffin from its deep retirement, in which are deposited the remains of Washington. On its lid are sculptured the United States arms and insignia, with a shield and flag of thirteen stripes upon which is perched the American eagle, with open wings, clutching the arrows and olive branch with her talons. Near it, on the lid, towards the foot of the coffin, in bold and deep-sculptured letters is the simple name—WASHINGTON. The spectator feels that there is a world of meaning in that single, modest name, Washington, and yet it seems naked. He asks himself, Why is it not written General Washington?—why did they not write the hero of Yorktown?—why not First President of the United States?—and more than all, why not write "Father of his Country?" He looks again, and concludes that

the one word means all, and more than all the rest. To one who has been taught to prattle long titles before kings and emperors, it may seem naked and unmeaning; but we know what it means. It has been music to us in childhood; we learned its meaning upon a parent's knee, or from some old revolutionary grandfather, who told us with tears in his eyes, of the victories he saw achieved by the good old general. And as we gaze upon that single name upon the lid of his coffin we wish nothing added. It is encircled by a halo of joyful remembrances that can never die. And though that tomb should be despoiled by the hands of tyrants, and the marble slab be left to moulder in loneliness away, yet will the shades of Mount Vernon be a shrine for the pilgrim patriot. There will he sit, though a tyrant should reign over the land where his fathers bled, and feed his grief on that remembered name. To him the winds would have a voice. The zephyrs of evening, though they sighed over ruins, as well as the murmurs of the quiet-rolling Potomac, would whisper—Washington!

“So sleeps the brave who sinks to rest
By all his country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck his hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

“By fairy hands his knell is rung,
By forms unseen his dirge is sung;
His honor comes a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Some may have thought this is a rustic cemetery indeed. No pyramid, no obelisk, no monumental column, no sculptured mausoleum from Italy, no exotic shrubbery, no flowers from the climes of the sun to bloom on his grave. True—neither were his notions on government sculptured and polished by a foreign hand: neither did he learn the *means* of war from Hannibal and Cæsar, who “whelmed nations in blood and wrapt cities in fire.” His sword was not made in the East, and dipped in the poisonous ire of tyrants, nor was it baptized, like that of Alexander: “Conquest and Power.” It was made in the land which it guarded, and baptized: “Our Country and our Homes.” The rural and rustic bushes, then, that hang over the hoary vault at Mount Vernon, are its proper ornament—enough that they grow in Freedom's soil. The only proper tower that can be raised to the memory of Washington must be built of grateful hearts. Such an one has long since been reared, broad as this empire, and high as our thoughts soar when they visit him in bliss.

Every one must ornament his own grave or it will not be ornamented. Every action he performs in his life will be either a flower or a thorn for his tomb. Every one must plant his own laurels and cypresses, and the tears of posterity will water them; and if, when he dies, he has not planted them they cannot be planted by another. Think you that pyramids high as those of the Ptolemies, overhung with ivy, in groves of cypress and willow could ever hallow, the names of Arnold and Burr? No. Traitors and tyrants, though dead, are in the hearts of the people

traitors and tyrants still. And though their monuments should reach the clouds, they would but serve as so many channels to draw the vengeance of heaven and earth upon their unhallowed ashes. On the contrary, when a name is connected by good deeds with history and song—and more than all, if it is embalmed in the affections of the people, no monument is his best monument.

For the tomb of one who has acted well his part in life seek the loneliest spot on earth. Let not the hum of cities intrude on its expressive silence. Let not the tramp of busy feet waken a listless echo where the good man sleeps. Let it be away from the noisy whirl of man's little play. Like that of our hero, in the wildness of nature, by the side of a sunny stream, where twilight falls earliest, where summer lingers longest, and where the eddying sound of the far-off church bell delights to linger. Let the soldier who falls in battle sleep on his battle-ground with his trusty sword beside him. But let the hero whom God preserves return, like one who has run a good race, to take his rest amid the scenes of his home. Here let the same lonely wild-flower which he loved in youth, when like him it first opened to greet the smiles of the joyous world, be an emblem still, and shake its fading petals over the bier.

Such is the tomb of the great father of his country. He rests on the green banks of his own loved river. No pyramid there to kiss the lightning. The small marble slab tells no boisterous tale, yet there is "a spell that holds the passenger forgetful of his way."

Do you ask why we invite you to go to the house of mourning. We answer, if you are a citizen, you go to strengthen your love of country. If you are a politician, you go to learn calm lessons on Government. If you are a soldier, you go to learn the mercies of war; and if you are a traitor, you go to shake and tremble. Lafayette left the bosom of his friends and his country, and fought the battles of freedom for us. Lafayette came also years afterwards to weep at the tomb of Washington.

When a friend whom we have followed and loved through life dies, we love to go to his tomb to meditate, to call to mind his kindness, and sorrow over our conduct if we have injured him. His virtues appear green as the sod that covers him, and though memory should remove the veil from some error that slumbers with him we are content to—

"Weep over it in silence and close it again."

Many a lesson may be learned at the tomb of the departed. In the cities of the dead is the place to learn the language of another world. The very stones teach a deeper lesson than is written upon them. Their language is "dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and the neglected wild-flower that hangs over the bier its lonely head, speaks in language which cannot be misunderstood how soon the glow on beauty's cheek must fade and die. Ossian never breathes such sweet and mellow strains as when he sits sad and unfriended amid the wrecks of his country, and from the tomb of a fallen hero, teaches the note of grief to the silence of Morven.

Mount Vernon is the center point from which the nation's spirit evolves itself. In it is embosomed the nation's patriotism. It receives the voice of the nation and echoes it into the heart of every citizen. The spirit which actuated Washington does not sleep with him. It has become the life of the republic. The fountain at which the genius of Liberty

drinks—the atmosphere in which she soars. The boasted republics of the olden time nourished the genius of their Liberty upon the tripod—feeding it upon the fumes of the Delphic Oracle—which made it rise towards Heaven in fitful starts to fall back more fearfully to earth. But Washington taught the eagle to soar into purer heavens. He found the rock of true freedom, and upon it he plumed the eagle's wing—and it rose successfully. It was not like the sky-lark of the Emerald Isle which had too much of the mists of ignorance on its wing; and when it did attempt its way towards heaven, the lion of England howled, it fell back bleeding to the earth, and again built its humble nest in the shamrock. Not so the eagle, which has its nest at Mount Vernon. Though the strong tower upon which it there had its *erie* lies low, it has others rocks cut from that, for refuge throughout the nation. The lion once howled at New Orleans, unchained by Packingham; but the eagle flew to its *erie* in the Hickory and mocked him. He howled again at Perrysburg and Tippecanoe, joined by the wild war-cry of the Red man, but the eagle perched upon the green Buckeye and was safe. Ever since it hovers for pastime over Mount Vernon; casting ever and anon a glance at the hero's tomb, and then at the people. Let no sneaking sycophant presume on its destruction; by decoying it with wily ruse from its citadel, as long as the Hickory and Buckeye are green on our shores.

Every nation, like an individual, must have a soul—must be a living organism. And though the soul of a nation lives in part in each individual citizen, yet it has a centre of activity from which it continually expresses itself. In a monarchy that centre is the throne and its minions of power. Its first expression is the prompt and pride of kings. The second is that retinue of power which clusters around the court. The third is the aristocracy which are the branches of the kingly tree, spreading themselves over the whole country upon which, lastly, the laboring class is the fruit, subject to be plucked and shaken as the pleasure or wants of their lordly masters may demand. Such is the constitution of a monarchy. Its soul is composed of power built up of the ruins of man's dearest rights; its evolution is the wielding of that power by those to whom it does not belong for their own aggrandizement—and its perfect efflorescence is abject tyranny—a daring attempt to abrogate that eternal law of liberty by which God has constituted each individual within the sphere of his own will, a free and independent spirit.

In a republic like ours there is also a soul; but it lives in a different organism. It has a different centre—a different evolution—and different fruits. Its soul is composed of the proud spirits of Seventy-Six, who have fallen asleep; among whom Washington still wears the diadem, though it be in his lowly bed. True, he sits not on a throne with a kingly sceptre. His spirit sits upon a *viewless* throne at Mount Vernon, and sways, not *one* but millions of sceptres; for he sways one in the heart of every true American. There at the tomb of Washington sits the spirit of Liberty holding its mighty spell. There with mystic hand she touches the thousand strings which make, throughout our Union, between heart and heart, a wondrous harmony. This explains the secret of the astonishing concord between the States. They are like an instrument of many strings played and kept in tune by that same unseen

but powerful hand. South Carolina thought once it could play best upon its own string, but it was countermanded by a voice from—

“The dead, but sceptered sovereign, who still rules
Men’s spirits from his urn.”

No doubt that voice came to many an one during that rebellion in all its power. And as that State had raised its hand to strike the blow which was to sever them from the Union, it was as if Washington himself was calling to them from heaven, like the angel to Abraham on Mount Moriah: Tear not that stripe from the banner upon which it has been painted by the blood of your fathers.

Such is the influence which flows from Mount Vernon into the minds of the people, which shows it to be without a figment the soul of the nation—the patriot’s Mecca, towards which every one who loves his country will direct his eyes. And especially in these days of political darkness and turmoil; when anarchy and misrule are sitting with brazen fronts in high places—when party spirit is shaking our institutions—when the public press, like an adder’s tooth, is transfusing both political and moral poison throughout every avenue of society—when those in whom the nation reposes its most sacred trust are ready for self-interest to betray their sacred trust, and the rights of the people often become, in the trust of their legislators, like sacred incense in the hands of devils—is it not time that we arouse our love of country, and our love for the simple power of truth and honesty, by which Washington steered the ship—

“Not in the sunshine and the smiles of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with storms.”

Let us learn at his tomb a lesson in silence from this great and good man. To make a pilgrimage to his tomb on the anniversary of our country’s freedom, is the best celebration of it. Stand and look upon his sarcophagus. There is the eagle bending over his slumbers with its olive-branch, as if it would beckon to party spirit to cease its rankings lest it should disturb the old hero’s repose. There lies the flag—nobly did he bear it up amid the storms of war—no stripe is soiled, no star is blotted out. There lies the sword—it made tyrants tremble, but never caused a widow or an orphan’s tear; its motto was: “My conscience, my country, and my home.” It has done its work well and lies at rest upon the arm that wielded it.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.”

He sleeps well, the hero-soldier. Should you ever be called to stand between the tyrant and your country in the fearful fight—should ever the drum which you now follow in peace become the tocsin to call you to meet the foe at the cannon’s mouth, it will nerve your arm in peril’s hour to think of the tomb of Washington.

He sleeps well, the Christian. Let the boasting infidel retire and ponder. He who would not bow before British minions did not hesitate to bow before his God. We are informed that when the army was encamped at Valley Forge, the hero was seen to pray in a retired grove. It is known that that was darkest time in all the conflict. The country

lay bleeding under the tyrant's lash; and the army which was to defend it was destitute, starving and mutinous. The stripes and stars seemed fading like blighted innocence; and the eagle which had hovered over the camp seemed ready, like Noah's dove, to take its flight back to its native heaven because it found not where to rest. At this dark and awful crisis Washington leaned upon the God of battles. It is said that a cherub never looks lovelier than when it bends, with veiled face, before the throne on high—and never was the father of his country greater than when he kneeled in the grove of Valley Forge. Think of it when you stand upon his tomb and see if it does not cast a brighter beam of glory on his laurels. Let the skeptic point you triumphantly to the names of Jefferson and Paine; tell him a greater than Jefferson or Paine is here. And when he holds up to you the "Age of Reason," and say this was Paine's creed, you can raise up your Bible and tell him this was Washington's creed. He leaned upon it in life. Upon its promises, in death, he "sleeps well;" and we know that if—

"An angel's arm could not snatch him from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine him there."

L A B O R .

In Life's vast field fulfil the work of duty,
Oh! ye who serve the one great power and true,
For Labor sheds on worth the bloom of beauty,
A flower unfading of celestial hue.

Whether to spread the truth thy sacred mission
Thro' darken'd hearts of ignorance and crime,
Nobly to strengthen faltering indecision,
And lead the erring soul to hopes sublime.

Whether from forge or workshop, echoes ringing
Of that dull music unattun'd by Love—
In all ye yet may hear sweet angels singing
The sacred melodies that float above!

Let your heart to them beat perfect measure,
'Mid hopes of time remembering Life's great aim,
Work, ceaseless work, not for the cankering treasure,
But for laurels of immortal fame.

A fame surpassing that of man's creation,
By angels trumpeted, by God bestowed,
Attends the spirit in its exaltation
With hymns of praise to Heavens unseen abode.

And toil with earnest faith; for faith to labor
Is as the spirits to the outward frame,
It ever vivifies, and prompts its neighbor,
And steadfast stands in storm or calm the same!

Else dead are all our acts; in self beginning,
With loftier purpose they shall never blend;
And whilst true faith the crown of Life is winning,
Unquicken'd deeds in Death eternal end!

PROMPT AND PUNCTUAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

To act always at the proper time and to do it with quick decision is a great virtue. This is something to be desired and sought after by every young man and woman. Begin any particular business promptly—answer letters promptly—answer questions promptly—pay your debts promptly—do your duty promptly. Look around you and think of those men whom you love to meet, and with whom you love to deal—and who are they? Not your slow, sneaking drones who come to you by a process, and leave you by a process; but your frank, open, decided men—those on whom you can rely because you know that they are prompt and punctual. Porches before the house are pleasant, but they are for pleasure and liesure; so long introductions and drawling approaches, may answer when there is nothing else to do, but they are intolerably to earnest men, who do not sit on the porch but serve in the temple.

Be prompt. Do what you say, and do what you intend to do, quickly and with decision; then shall you be known, and called for, and depended upon, because it is known when and where you are to be found. There are few things which go so far to reduce a person in the confidence of others as want of promptness and punctuality. Men will not rely readily and with pleasure on their word or on them. There are hundreds in business, and social life, in church and in state, who have lost all their influence by a want of these virtues. A little item of business has been committed to them, and they have neglected it—or put it off to the last moment, and then attended to it hastily and only half; and if they are unfaithful in that which is least, how shall men commit to them that which is great.

He that lacks in promptness keeps others in continual suspense, and subjects them to delay and disappointment in their work. Thus time is lost, and a great deal of vexation caused. He has an appointment with one or more others to transact certain business. The rest, or some of them, have made their arrangements so as to be able to spare only that time and no more; but Droney comes not at all, or comes half an hour after the time. They wait with impatience, and when their time is up, and another appointment is pressing them, behold he comes dragging himself along like a wounded snail. Perhaps part of the business has been dispatched; but now the whole matter gone over must be reviewed so that Droney may be posted up. What moral right, we earnestly ask, has any man to rob one or three, or half-dozen men of half an hour while they are waiting on him? What is the difference, in morals, between stealing a pen-knife and stealing a half hour, which is worth more than a pen-knife to him. Who has not seen a body of ten or more men waiting over an hour on one Droney to make a quorum? Here are ten hours of valuable time gone to waste, through the want of promptness of one man. Can one who is in the habit of doing this keep up respect for himself in the estimation of others? Never. The first offense, will cause

doubt of him, the second will awaken disgust for him, and the third will place him among drones where it will require a long effort till he gets himself into credit again.

Not only does this vice derange the business of others; but it fatally interferes with Droney's own business. He gets his affairs into endless confusion. In a well ordered life the duties of a day or week are strung together, and dependent on one another like cars in a train; if one runs off the track all will feel the jolt. The whole train will be delayed; and as in rail-roading, those who fail to make time are ordered off the road, so are drones soon pushed out of the line of business. It has been amusingly, but truly said, that some persons seem to have been born half an hour too late, and are never able to make it up, hence they are always just *almost* up to their business but never reach it. Now if all Dronies could be transferred into a world of their own, a world-moving half an hour behind ours, it would work well enough. The trouble comes from their being mixed in the established order of *this* world. Here they are an intolerable drawback, hanging like a loose shoe-sole to the feet of the diligent.

We propose—no—we give up all hopes of getting this wrong thing right. They will never catch up. Still we propose this, namely, that our young readers of the Guardian never fall into this inexcusable vice.

We commend to the attention of our young readers the anecdote of Washington and his Secretary. The Father of his country was distinguished for his promptness and punctuality, and he expected the same virtue in all who held office under him. On one occasion his Secretary came a few minutes after time to an appointment. Washington chided him. The Secretary excused himself by saying that his watch was a little out of time. Washington said: "You must either have a new watch, or I must have a new Secretary." So little allowance did this great man make for a want of punctuality.

It is moreover said that Washington never waited beyond the fixed time in an appointment with others. If they were not on the ground he immediately left. This example is as much to his credit, as it is a reproof of all those time-pirates who by their tardiness steal the precious life of others by inches.

STANZAS.

[Impromptu in an omnibus while riding with a party up the side of a ravine along the Susquehanna. Fencible down by a Lady.]

On the river
Sunbeams quiver
Bright and pure and fair;
Just so brightly,
Just so sprightly,
Opening joys of childhood are.

From the mountains
Sparkling fountains
Leap and laugh along;

Just so sweetly,
Just so fleetly,
Glides our childhood's song.

Clouds are flying,
Always hieing
From the earth away;
So the wildwood
Hopes of childhood,
Are a fleeting lay.

THE STUGGLES OF DEATH AND LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

REPENTANCE in its true sense moves hand in hand with conversion; they have one ground in regeneration, work together towards a holy life—having as their end the entire renewing of the outward and inward man into the spirit and image of Christ.

This process of renewal consists in two things: “The mortification of the old, and the quickening of the new man.”

This conversion involves two things because it lies in the very nature of a *change*, or conversion, that it is *from* one thing to another. As turning from sin is not yet a conversion; it also requires a positive turning to Christ. So also a turning to Christ necessarily pre-supposes a turning from sin. These God has joined together, let no one put them asunder.

The scriptures speak of the *natural* man—by which they mean man in his state of depravity, man dead in sin, and at enmity with God. 1 Cor. 2: 14. This is the same as the *old* man. Eph. 4: 22; Rom. 4: 6. The scriptures also speak of the *outward* man. 2 Cor. 4: 16. By this is meant his mortal body, including also those evils which most naturally exercise themselves by means of the body.

This is one side of the christian man. Now we have corresponding expressions, designating the other side. Thus we have mentioned the *inward* man, (Rom. 7: 22; Eph. 3: 16,) by which is meant the new life of grace in the soul. This is same as the *new* man. Eph. 4: 24; Col. 3: 10. This again is the same as the *hidden* man. 1 Pet. 3: 4.

According to the teaching of the scriptures all men are born in this natural, old, outward state—depravity pervades man entirely, and sin reigns. In order, therefore, to be saved, he must be born anew. This is not done by a mere reforming of the old, but by the death of the old. This is done by generating in him a new life, or a new man, which under cover of the old unfolds itself; and by unfolding itself it kills the old nature.

There has no greater, no more sublime mystery, ever transpired before the eyes of men—except the incarnation of the divine in the human in Christ—than this blessed and glorious generation and evolution of a new creature amid the corruptions and death struggles of the old nature. How wonderful this life in the midst of death! This life out of death! This life triumphing over death! This life born of a birth, the pains and pangs of which are the groans and dying agonies of the old man! As this double process is mysterious, it can only be seen by us in its effects, and can only be represented by figures and symbols as is done in the scriptures.

Let us see now how this double process of the dying of the old and the quickening of the new life is exhibited and illustrated in the holy scripture. It is done by processes seen in lower spheres—in the kingdom of nature. It is well known to careful students of the sacred writers that they continually make the lower world of nature utter pro-

phacies of the higher world of spirit and grace. On this fact are based all our Saviour's parables.

I. If we begin with the lower—the vegetable kingdom—we find some passages in which the unfolding of the new man in and under the old is presented under figure of a seed in the earth.

The new life in the heart is as the germ of the seed: the old nature is as the outer and grosser substance which covers the germ. "All seeds are composed of two parts: the germ, which contains the rudiments of the future plant, and the lobes, or body of the seed, which, by their decomposition in the ground, become the first nourishment to the extremely fine and delicate roots of the embryo plant. The body dies that the germ may live." (Clark on Rom. 6: 6.) The new life of the plant is not quickened except the old die; and it is only quickened *as fast* as the old dies. The new also is quickened under cover of the old and in connection with it, till, at a certain stage of the process, the old entirely disappears. "So is the kingdom of God, as if the man should cast seed in the ground; and should sleep, and should rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Mark 4: 26-28. The kingdom of grace, in the world and in the heart, works in this way. Christian life has been lodged as the germ of a seed into the bosom of the corrupt world—it has laid hold on what surrounds it in the way of growth. It does not at once destroy the old, but begins to renovate it. Hence it works under and in the old forms. Its movements are in secret. It cometh not by observation, and yet it comes renovating and triumphing. In the individual man, where this kingdom also dwells, it works by the same laws.

II. If we ascend into the sphere of animal nature we have the same mystery referred to. There are a number of passages in which there is evidently an allusion to a similar fact in animal life. Though there is no direct reference to the transformations of animal existence in its lower forms, yet there is a direct reference to the animal life of man: and this in a way which shows that the conception has been suggested by what is familiarly known from lower grades of animal life.

There are some insects which begin their being in a larva or chrysalis state. In this state their life is covered by a rough and vile exterior: under cover of which the beautiful insect which at length emerges from it is undergoing a transition. Its life, at first feeble and scarcely conscious, becomes ever stronger. It appropriates to its growth what can be so assumed from its larva or covering. Thus in one sense, and to a certain extent, it renews the larva itself by assuming of it to itself, and penetrating and pervading it with its own life. There is, however, part of the larva which the life cannot use except as the rough covering under which it is protected in its own grand evolution. This it casts off at length and escapes from it.

In like manner the old, natural, outward man, is the covering of a new creature mysteriously begotten in Christ Jesus. This new being unfolds his powers under the larva of the old; till the time comes when the "body of death" is entirely cast off. Now the perfected and emancipated man mounts away to heaven; while the power of renovation, in

due time completes itself by changing even the "vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." Phil. 3: 21.

With this figure in mind many passages become at once plain. "Al-ways bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." 2 Cor. 4: 10, 11, 16. "Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. 4: 22-24.

III. The same double process is represented as manifesting itself in the higher life of the mind or soul and spirit.

All the faculties and affections are brought under the power of a new and higher life, by which they are elevated and glorified. The natural affections become spiritual—the natural understanding becomes spiritual,—the natural will, reason, conscience are all glorified in a higher life. In short the inner loses the old by its being taken up in the new. Thus Paul: "For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God." Gal. 2: 19, 20.

IV. Indeed we have this double process imaged forth to us in the life, death, and glorification of Christ himself. His life reigned in him under a servant-form: it was lost at last to outward view in the grave, where it was for a space buried. But from death came life. From the bosom of the grave burst forth immortality. The eternal life triumphed over death and was openly glorified. In the buried seed was the germ of a glorious resurrection. To this our Saviour himself alluded: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12: 24. That this is the type of what awaits all the saints is plainly asserted: "We are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in the newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Rom. 6: 4-7. Rom. 7: 5-6.

What forcible illustrations are all these of that mysterious process going forward in every one in whom the life of grace has begun. The old is given over to death more and more: The new is quickened more and more. The resistance of the old life draws out the strength of the new. The corruption and decay of the old, feeds, and at the same time stimulates the new to rise out of it. The tears of penitence which are caused by a discovery of the old and evil still living in us, are like refreshing dews to the energies of the new man, giving the new nature an impulse by which it rises towards its liberty and perfection.

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MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

III.

BY NATHAN.

"To see the wonders of the world abroad," and to read of them in books are things which differ very materially. Travels can be read as a pleasant diversion during the apathy consequent upon a good dinner, or to relieve the fatigue of mental labor. They always serve as a welcome dessert after the strong dishes have been despatched. But they are *made* with a far more solid relish, where the strong dishes and dessert, the shade and shine, are served up together. And a very happy arrangement this is, for it gives variety and stimulus to the feast.

I went to Ireland with the determination to visit Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Its lovely shadow still lingers about one hundred miles west of Dublin. All that remains of "sweet Auburn" are a few dilapidated walls. The few huts in the vicinity are of more modern origin. About thirty yards from the road are the gloomy, roofless relics of "the village preacher's modest mansion." Here Goldsmith's brother lived, of whom we have such a glowing description in the "Deserted Village." In front of it "still many a garden flower grows wild"—a few of which I plucked to send across the Atlantic, freighted with good wishes for my friends.

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill"

is still seen from the old parsonage, several miles off on the distant hill top. It was remodelled fifteen years ago, and is still devoted to its original sacred purpose. A shorter distance, in the same direction, is "the never failing brook." "The busy mill" is busy no longer. The old wheel has become insensible to the water dripping on its paddles. The building bears its age very well, a thatched stone edifice that promises to survive all its former contemporaries. About an eighth of a mile from the parsonage, over a small hill, is "the three jolly pigeons,"

"The house where nut-brown draughts inspired."

Every thing is gone except the moldering walls. None of its original ornaments remain, except "the hearth," over whose chimney broken tea-cups were ranged and "wisely kept for show." The "white washed wall" has been soiled by time and rain. Opposite from this a vacant spot is shown where stood "the hawthorn bush." One can easily discover the vestiges of faded beauty in this once lovely plain. But a shade of sadness has settled upon it. Its glades confess the tyrant's power. Its forlorn desolation is a sad monument of the tyranny of land owners in Ireland.

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen
And desolation saddens all the green,
One only master grasps the whole domain
And half a tillage stints the smiling plain."

I rambled through this melancholy solitude until evening's close, when I sat down on the moldering wall to listen to "the village murmur." Though there were only a few straggling peasant huts near me, it was at an hour when the life of Nature was all astir. The geese gabbled, the dogs barked, the cattle lowed, the children whooped and shouted, so that with the help of my imagination I could easily picture to myself the scene of sweet confusion in Auburn's palmiest days. Goldsmith used to say that he had received nothing from Ireland but his blunders and his brogue. He should have given her credit for furnishing the occasion and spot of the "Deserted Village."

Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place and home of Shakspeare, is less deserted. But even this seems to be on the decline. The villagers say they could not live were it not for Shakspeare and the farmers. His house is very old and will not bear the burden of time much longer without crutches. The walls of the room in which he was born are covered two and three times over with the autographs of visitors. The church in which the poet lies buried, on the banks of the Avon, is an ancient edifice but in a good state of preservation. It is somewhat remarkable that the remains have never been removed to Westminster Abbey. The dreadful imprecation on his tomb has doubtless secured undisturbed repose to his dust. Shakspeare has a singular epitaph for so great a man. It is strange that England's greatest poet had no more encouraging sentiment for his race to place over his grave than the following lines:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares this stone,
And curst be he that moves these bones."

It is exceedingly interesting to visit some parts of northern Europe during the month of May, when it is customary for the Romish church to decorate her chapels and cathedrals with flowers. Some of the churches in Brussels and Antwerp were ornamented in a style irresistibly impressive. The buildings are imposing models of the later Gothic style of architecture, hung with the most celebrated paintings of the Dutch school; their altars surrounded with large pyramids of living flowers—flowers pendent from the ceiling, pulpit and the organ—all these combined to produce a very pleasant effect. It is certainly not wrong, nay it is right, to make Nature and Art tributary to the interests

of Religion. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Antwerp, is one of the most beautiful churches in the Netherlands. It is said to have taken eighty-four years to finish it. It contains the master-piece of Rubens—"Christ's Descent from the Cross." The steeple is four hundred and three feet in height, and contains a set of chimes composed of forty bells. The largest weighs fifteen tons and requires sixteen men to ring it. I tried to ascend to the top, but found it hard for flesh and blood to rise so high above the attractions of earth around a narrow cylinder. I reached the height of three hundred feet, which was high enough for all practical purposes. From here I had a view of a large district of Belgian country, intersected by the crooked windings of "the lazy Scheld."

Holland has become justly celebrated for its school of painting, and its prominent activity in the cause of Protestantism. The building in which the famous Synod of Dort, was held is still preserved, but has been degraded into a misery-brewing public house. The peculiarities and social habits of Holland are often made a subject of ridicule by those who have less that merits the serious respect of mankind. The geography of a country has much to do in forming its manners. In consequence of the omnipresent abundance of water in Holland, its inhabitants, especially the female portion, have become fastidiously cleanly. But after enduring the nausea and disgust of filth, the most punctilious cleanliness is a grateful fault. It is not agreeable to come within the reach of its concomitant influence, but as a finished fact it is always pleasant. It is not always safe to venture into the streets of a Dutch city or village in the mornings, while showers of scrubbing-water rain from upper stories; but all that is needed is to keep away until the clouds disperse. Within doors every thing is arranged with faultless precision, and notwithstanding the tumbling and huddling, the dashing and splashing attending these scrubbing evolutions, order is the first law of nature in the domestic economy of Holland. A person will naturally partake of the element in which he moves; and so the Dutch, living among such vast quantities of water, and addicted to these scrubbing and scouring habits, cannot always make the purity of their garments correspond with that of their dwellings. On this account Goldsmith, in a letter from Holland while living there, said that a Dutchman's house reminded him of a temple dedicated to an ox. This, however, is a very unfair comparison in fact; for the Dutch ladies look like all other ladies while they are scrubbing, but when that is over their dress is as faultless as their dwelling. In Holland, where there are so many stagnant waters emitting noxious vapors, cleanliness has become an absolute necessity. The women must either scrub or suffer pestilence.

To see cleanliness carried to its greatest possible perfection, I visited Brock, several miles from Amsterdam. This is celebrated as the cleanest village in the world, and I believe not without reason. The streets are all too narrow for either cart or carriage to pass through. Not a speck is seen on these polished pavements. It is said there is a board at the end of the village forbidding strangers to smoke without stoppers on their pipes, so as not to spill the ashes, and to dismount and lead their horses through the streets at a foot pace. The streets look desolate, because the front rooms are never occupied save at weddings and

funerals. At other times no person is admitted. Even the Emperor of Russia was refused admission on a visit there. Yet they receive their weekly scrubbing. At almost every door you find a lot of shoes, belonging to visitors within, who are required to pull them off before entering, so as not to defile the dwelling. Desirous of getting an inside view, I lunched at a restaurant. The nicely sanded floor, streaked with figures, looked as if it were covered with a matted carpet. The furniture was disposed in the most precise manner, and so clean that I feared lest by a slight touch I might vitiate its purity. The villagers, as usual, were busy at scouring. This, indeed, seems to be their daily labor morning, noon and evening, from year to year.

On my return from Brock I had the privilege of seeing a Dutch dairy. By the purchase of a few glasses of milk, I procured an admission. It is rather out of taste to take the reader through a stable, but I can not get him into the house without it, for the front doors are always locked, and the back doors lead through this apartment. The building was a large square brick edifice, with a tiled semi-octagonal roof. The cow stable extended around three sides, and the fourth was occupied as a dwelling. The cows were placed around the outside wall in spacious stalls painted red and green. Where these stood, under their feet, were boards as clean as the pales in which they were milked, and under their bodies sloping pavements covered with white sand, printed in mosaic. Pulleys were fixed to the ceiling, over which lines were drawn, with a weight at one end and the other fastened to their tails to prevent them from being polluted by dipping into the gutter behind. This gutter is depressed below the pavement so as to keep their beds perfectly dry and clean. Adjoining this was a broad pavement with a matted carpet covering its middle passage, and this ended in a long room in which was a bed, chairs and dairy furniture. I could scarcely believe that these apartments had ever been occupied by cattle. I must say that they really looked cleaner than their attendants.

Reader, have you ever suddenly been tumbled from the downy bed of a pleasant dream into the dismal streets of an unknown city, whose hotels were hid by midnight darkness, and whose police you had been taught to regard as so many harpies, ready to pluck you to pieces? If you have, you will agree with me that it places a man in a most uncomfortable predicament. Coming up the Rhine on a steamer, I was roused about midnight by the cry of "Dusseldorf" out of one of those pleasant dreams which we would gladly receive as a reality, and hurried ashore with scarcely time enough to get rightly awake. I felt my way through the uninviting streets, and vainly tried to read signs which darkness had made invisible. After much fruitless wandering I concluded to sit down quietly till dawn, when I spied one of the police, who assisted me in procuring lodgings, than which a more welcome kindness I have seldom received. After seeing the sights of Dusseldorf and the surrounding country I proceeded to Cologne, the fountain head of "Cologne-water." But like many other places that once were the sources of pleasant things, Cologne has lost its original fragrance. Some of its streets are sluices of filth, emitting the most offensive odor.

The Rhine is unquestionably the most interesting river in the world. "As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile

regions, into the sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of neighboring nations." Along its banks repose the bones of emperors, and on its crags are the crumbling remains of their castles. Each of its mountain peaks has an unwritten history, dating back to remote elemental wars in nature. Its ruins have descended from the days of Rivalry and Chivalry; its fortresses show the power and weakness of Love and Hate. The ruins and picturesque scenery of the Rhine are principally between Bonn and Mayence. I passed along here in the month of June, when the mountains were covered with spring verdure and busy vine-dressers. To appreciate the scenery it must be seen. It would be interesting to know how the Rhine could ever work a channel through such barriers. Sometime the mountains recede from the river and form a large fertile basin, then they close up again and form a long vista at the end of which they seem to meet, but when you get there you find that the river worms and winds its course in zigzag style around the most threatening precipices. In some places the mountains form a succession of defiles into large valleys that recede into the country, and finally terminate on the top of another mountain. And then almost every crag is crowned with a ruin, whose mossy, moldering walls form a striking contrast to the sprightly verdure of the surrounding scenery, while far below, just where the feudal lords lived and fought on its banks,

"The river nobly foams and flows
The chasm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round."

The hills on the east bank of the Rhine are mostly covered with vineyards. These consist of a succession of walls forming terraces. The hills in many places are so steep that the breadth of terraces is little more than the height of the walls. Many of them are bare rocks covered with soil which the vintagers carried up on their shoulders, and every particle of manure must be borne up in this way. Passing along here you can see men and women clambering up fearful precipices with heavy burdens on their backs, sometimes hanging seemingly from projecting rocks one thousand feet above you. A single shower will often sweep their precarious possessions into the Rhine, which years of patient toil had acquired. These pendant little terraces are their little all—when these are gone they are poor indeed.

A few miles above Bonn the hills of the Rhine commence with a group called the Siebengebirge. The most interesting of these is the Drachenfels. The Cave of the Dragon is still shown, which the horned hero of the Niebelungen Lied is said to have slain. The ruins on the summit were once the abode of a warlike race now extinct. It commands a view down the Rhine beyond Cologne, twenty miles distant. Higher up is Hammerstein Castle, the refuge of Henry IV. of Germany, and further on the Castle of Marksburg, where he was imprisoned. A singular fatality attended this unfortunate monarch, which throws a veil of uncertainty over his subsequent history and his death. I saw a large iron coffin in the Cathedral of Chester, in England, which tradition says

contains his remains, and where it is said he died as a hermit. Ehrenbrestein is no longer a ruin. It has been repaired by Prussia and made the strongest fortification on the Rhine. Opposite this is Coblenz, where the grandsons of Charlemagne met in 743 to divide the Roman empire. Above Coblenz two castles crown the brow of a hill, called the twin castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein. The legend says their owners were two brothers who happened to fall in love with the same fair maiden, and settled their rivalry with the sword, which terminated in their death. Every ruin has its legend, a species of literature in which the Middle Ages were prolific. The castles still show their confused clashing energies, and the insecurity of property and life in these massive, moldering walls. Every village must have its wall of protection, and a fortress on a neighboring hill from which to repel invading foes. All these are monuments of the turbulence, perfidy and social chaos of feudal times, in which too we gratefully discern the germs of principles to which Freedom and Civilization are immeasurably indebted.

The Germans regard the Rhine with a sort of religious reverence. It is to them almost what the Nile is to the Egyptians. It was the boundary of the old Roman Empire, and is now the burden of a hundred songs, which have floated down on the stream of an eventful Past, gradually incorporating in themselves the sympathies and hopes of a great people. These form their stirring *Volkslieder*, which, like the *Marseillaise Hymn* with the French, inspires them with an intrepidity and patriotism which fear neither foe nor defeat. At Caub, a village between Coblenz and Bingen, the place is still pointed out where Blucher's army crossed the Rhine in the beginning of January, 1814, on their return from the battle field where they had delivered the Netherlands from the dominion of its foes. As they reached the top of the hill, the Rhine suddenly burst upon their view, when they fell on their knees and shouted with a torrent of grateful enthusiasm, in the stirring poetry of Claudius—

“Am Rhine! am Rhine! do wachsen unsere Reben.”

As one regiment after another reached this lofty summit they knelt alike and shouted still “Am Rhine!” and so from morn till night the rocks and ruins on its banks were vocal with exulting joy, and reverberated with the rolling shouts “Am Rhine! am Rhine!”

Near Bingen is an old tower called the Mouse Thurm. When I was a boy this legend was a great favorite among the little members of our household. And many a time did our father gather around him an evening group to tell the legend and moral of the Mouse Thurm de Bingen. It runs as follows: During the middle ages, when it was still customary for bishops to provide for the temporal wants of their flock, it happened that the grain through this country was destroyed by rain. Bishop Hatto had his granaries well filled, and was appealed to by the multitude for bread. He invited them into his barn to get provisions, but when they were in he barred the doors and burnt it to the ground in order to get rid of their entreaties. Soon a horde of rats consumed his remaining grain, and then assailed his person. He fled to his tower in the Rhine, barred the doors and windows. But when his head press-

ed his pillow a scream came from beneath it, and lo! rats were above, beneath and around him.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

THE ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.

THE invention of Paper Money is much more ancient than the establishment of the earliest Banks. The Bank of St. George, of Genoa, the most ancient we know, was founded in 1407; but before the thirteenth century, Koblat, grandson of Genghis, Khan, the Tarter conquerer, introduced paper money into China, and his example was at once followed by his cousin, Kaigation, the sultan of Persia; both were obliged to abolish it on account of the great disorders it produced in their extensive dominions.

Since this epoch, the Chinese government has again established paper money, and in Russia they can now show a "Chinese assignat."

In Turkey, also, the collectors of certain taxes delivered receipts to those who pay them, and those papers have the currency of money.

It is not pretended that paper money was first invented by the Mongols; on the contrary, its invention was everywhere as easy as its use was obvious, and particularly attractive for all governments, for its temporary advantage in crisis of difficulty.

The idea of substituting a token or promissory obligation, for a present intrinsic value, could occur even to simple or barbarous people, of which there are many examples.

Aristotle, in his *Economics*, tells us that Denis, the tyrant of Syracuse, coined money of tin, which he declared to be legal, and equivalent to silver.

Timotheus, the general of the Athenians, in a moment of difficulty, coined brass money, assuring his murmuring soldiers that he would receive it in the purchase of spoils he was to make. We have heard much of the leathern money used by the Carthagenians.

It is true none of these are paper money, but they resemble it, as merely "tokens of value"—the money of confidence—the I. O. U.

We read also of the iron money of Byzantium, and some of the ancient cities of Greece.

In England copper money is only a token or sign, current for nearly double its value in metal.

In Russia, skins and furs have been used for money, but their inconvenient bulk gave rise, in early time, to an ingenious representation of these natural coins, which was small pieces of leather stamped, which were used as money, to be liquidated by furs and skins, as expressed. This leathern coin was used in some parts as the fractions of the silver copeck, down to the year 1700.

Among the simple Hindoos, whose wants are few, and the produce of the earth acquired with little labor, gold and silver and even copper and iron are of no great value in comparison; and their small money is cowry shells, collected on the shores of Ceplon, and of the Maldrive Islands; these shells have been the current money of the Mongols, of Bengal, and Botan, as well as of Guinea. On the discovery of America grains of Cacao served for money. In Abyssinia their merchandises are valued by salt and pepper; on the island of Newfoundland by cod-fish; in Iceland by a sort of wool; pieces of nankeen serve for the money of comparison in the exchanges between the Chinese and the Russians at Kiaktu; among the Greeks of the lower Empire pieces of silk performed this function; in ancient chronicles gold, silver and silk are mentioned equally as money.

The basis of the currency of the Chinese and of the Russians seem to be more curious and substantial than any other. The small coins of the Chinese appear to cost more in the labor of fabrication than any are worth in their currency; they cannot, therefore, be forged, and the material is a mixed metal worth less in the crucible, or for exportation than in its use as coin.

In Russia the abundant base of their currency is copper, whose value in coin is less than in commerce as a metal; this is an unusual condition, but a happy one as far as it extends.

As riches and circulations increased with civilization and confidence, and after the discovery of America and the working in its mines, gold and silver took with advantage the place of all those expedients; one step further has been taken on the basis of credit in paper money.

Metallic money in its value, its quantity, its facility and rapidity of circulation—in its transport and presence, can no longer be suitable or equal to the exigencies of our trade and exchanges; paper has become indispensable everywhere in foreign commerce, and as useful as necessary in the great internal trade of an improved, active and productive country.

In a grave-yard in England may be seen the following on a tombstone over four infants :

“ Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die;
 Beneath this stone four sleeping infants lie;
 Say, are they lost or saved?
 If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they are here;
 If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear.
 Ah, reason, how depraved!
 Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied—
 They died for Adam sinned; they live for Jesus died.”

SUMMER NIGHT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

With whispers any heart would trust,
And loving hand, the wind doth thrust
The curtain folds away—
So waiting ear
Might better hear
What willing lips might say.
Upon the floor, like silver flakes
Or blossoms that the south wind shakes,
The noiseless moonbeams fall;
While on the sky
All over lie,
Like beads the nun-like moon has dropped,
The stars:
And bars
Of darker clouds the light ones stay
That else would drift serene away.

The sash around, above, below,
In curls a belle would love to throw
Back from her snowy brow,
The ambitious vine doth climb;
And more aspiring yet, and bold,
Of lightning-rod, it taketh hold,
And mounting to the very eaves,
Looks down upon the train it leaves!
Of trust how sweet
An emblem meet!
Its love in green festoons it shrouds,
The route of lightning from the clouds!

So calm and still is ev'ry thing,
The brooklet doth not care to sing!
But starts a strain,
Then stops again
Like one would strike the soft guitar
When thought is with a heart afar!
Laggard on the air the thistle floats,
Upon the moon the night owl gloats;
The dog on guard
Within the yard
In thrilling dreams of chase is lost—
A sentinel asleep upon his post!

Amid the gentle, falling light,
Amid the grandeur of the night
I softly tread;
Around my head,
And shutting half my form from view,
The curtain hangs; and looking through,
My heart doth beat
Like to the feet

Of children patt'ring on the leaves—
 While within my inner life there breathes
 A gentle prayer
 For watchful care
 And all the Lord hath done for me!

Ah! rather by that window would I be
 Than in courts of "Kingdoms by the sea!"
 My heart is here—
 And only where
 The heart is found can pleasure dwell!
 An adulating tongue might tell
 Of pomp and power; and flattery kneel
 To worship when it did not feel!
 But heart would sigh
 Again to fly
 Where would fall on listening ear
 The breathings of the loved ones near!

OH GIVE NOT UP TO SORROW.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIS.

Oh give not up to sorrow,
 And never know despair—
 Let Hope light up the morrow,
 With all its holy cheer,
 Why should we mar the moments
 That past us swiftly fly,
 By cruel, dark forebodings,
 When Joy itself is nigh?

Though dark misfortunes meet us,
 And friends and fortunes fail,
 And many objects greet us,
 To tell the sadden'd tale—
 Let's view it as our share of toil,
 That's nobly to be borne—
 And light will be the burthen,
 Howe'er the heart was torn.

Oh give not up to sorrow,
 And never know despair—
 Let Hope light up the morrow,
 With all its holy cheer.
 He who can light the darkness
 Will every care disarm—
 The storm of life will rage to-day;
 To-morrow brings it calm.

THE VOYAGE OF A DREAM.

SWEET downwards, streams of air!
 And thou, my cloudy chariot, drop thy shade
 To roll like dust, behind thy silent wheels,
 And draw round earth the triumph of our march!
 See where, from zone to zone the shadow moves—
 A spot upon the desert's golden glare—
 A deeper blue upon the far-stretching plains
 Of ocean's foamy azure.

FIRST EFFORT TO HELP THE FAMILY.

BY SELDOM.

FORTUNE had changed, and with it the once happy condition of our once happy family. Almost the first recollections of my childhood are associated with the bitter loss of our family estate. The farm, the mill, the beautiful home on the banks of the lovely stream, the early play grounds—all crumbled into ruin by injudicious endorsements. All was swept away, and with a father gone, the family began to be in want, while sad experience wrought its changes.

Right well do I remember the first time money seemed to me to have value. For singing Jackson songs my uncles had often given me pocketsfull of small change, and when they wanted it again would tell me that it was not Jackson money, and immediately it was rolling on the floor or flying in scattered pieces through the yard. But now money seemed scarcely ever in my pockets, either to keep or throw away. In some way the distress of the family made itself felt by us all.

One day our mother told us that she had "but *half a dollar* in the world," and knew not when, or where, or how to get more to meet our wants. Expenditures were not small, for besides herself six hearty, hungry mouths must be supplied with food. We lived not in the country then, but had removed to an expensive town, since grown to the rank of a city. In such a place everything costs money, and is no place for the poor.

The most rigid economy was introduced in all departments of the family, and to be sure we felt it now, though its necessity had been known before. The family must be reduced, its circle broken, and accordingly one sister and a brother were sent to live at grandfather's. With cheerful resignation we agreed to eat bread made of a kind of coarse meal called "middlings," which could be bought at half the price of common flour. Some articles of furniture were disposed of at a sacrifice, which at least supplied present necessities. One of our two cows was sold. With a heavy heart I helped to drive her from the yard. Not that I knew so much how to value a cow in a poor family, but from sheer fondness for her as a pet. We still had old "Spot" left yet, and God knows she served us well in many a trying time. What luscious milk and butter! oh, it was good just to look at it—and how we relished our milk and bread, or better still, our milk and mush!

Something more must be done. What it should be, was the question with us all. No demand was then, as is now, along the railroads at the stations for fruits and refreshments. But some how I thought the good early apples in our lot ought to bring money. My plan was adopted. Though other people had fruit, ours was very fine, and we kept the nicest to sell. I was the oldest boy at home, having just past my sixth birth day, and having taken many preparatory lessons from my mother and sisters, I was sent out at last to sell the apples. It was all a venture, as there was no certainty that apples would sell there for money.

Provided with a small basketfull on my arm, I started out one day in painful anxiety as to the result of my first direct effort to help the family. There was a responsibility resting on me that made my boyish shoulders bend, and childish features settle down with care-worn lines. How often have I seen such since! God pity the poor! Oh, if the thoughtless sons and daughters of wealth and affluence knew the greatest joy, there would be less suffering!

"Will you please buy some apples," I at last said to a woman in a house I was passing, after having gone down street a good way, and met many persons whom I had not the courage to ask.

"Yes, my little son—they are proper fine ones too. How much do you ask for them?" said she, taking hold of the basket, which I now found getting heavy on my arm. "How do you sell them?"

"Oh, I don't know—any way you like, ma'am," I stammered out.

"You do not seem to understand much about the business yet." Then looking me in the face she inquired, "How old are you?"

"Six, in August," and I began to feel like moving away. She saw my embarrassment, took the apples, paid me fifteen cents, and with a glad heart I hastened home.

"There!" shouted I, as the money was thrown into my mother's lap, where my head has often nestled. It was all I could say, and my heart would not keep still. It was the first violent fit of palpitation in my experience; and its throbbing pulsations of triumphant joy are not yet forgotten. Years have passed by since, bringing in their course vicissitudes of trials and success, but none are half so fresh as these. What would have been the pleasure of eating the fruit ourselves in comparison with the satisfaction now experienced in being able in this small way to assist the family!

Again and again, with a lighter heart was my basket filled by cheerful hands, while I was required to rest between the trips down street. How eagerly my feet pattered home, while the cash was tightly grasped in my hand sunk deep in my pocket. Yes, I had a pocket made for the occasion. That itself was then some reward to a boy of six.

A tin box was our bank. There was soon money enough in it to jingle. And it was part of the evening's recreation to feel how heavy it was—to shake it till it rattled, and count it as it increased from day to day. Sometimes the apples were dull sale. At such times the task seemed heavier. At retail and wholesale, for eating, for pies and for sauce we sold them. A regular trade was established, my customers looked for me regularly, and the apple-boy as regularly came.

One of my best customers was a widow lady who made her living by sewing. She always bought some, if it was only one cent's worth. But at the private residence of the Mayor I was always sure to sell. His two daughters would call me "a dear little fellow," and treat me so kindly that I feel now like writing them a letter of acknowledgments, if I knew how or where to address them. They will doubtless have their reward.

My basketfull generally sold for ten, or twelve, or fifteen cents. The fruit, however, could not last forever. The last trip was made, and when the money was counted the proceeds were four dollars and sixty-seven cents. Money sometimes is worth more than its par value—at

least our little treasury seemed to be worth much more to the family than the same sum multiplied is now. I have earned larger amounts since, that have not afforded me as much satisfaction.

Removed far from those scenes we have been called to struggle and strive in other ways, and yet success has Providence vouchsafed to us. Honest, faithful effort meets with its reward. Though distance and years have intervened, on revisiting those scenes of my early struggles with adverse fortune, I recognized the streets, the houses—but the faces, these were gone—perhaps to eternity. Looking at my own checkered pathway, the hand of the Lord is plainly seen, turning me now to the right hand and then to the left. Truly, "He hath brought me by a way that I knew not." Our whole family have reason to bless Him for the adversity that has probably been the chief means of bringing us all into His fold. He alone does all things well.

A SAD SCENE IN THE CONESTOGA.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Woodlands around me roar—
Wavelets do lave thy shore—
Sing me much—sing me more—
O Conestoga!"

SATURDAY evening! What a peculiarly interesting time is Saturday evening. Still more especially peculiar is Saturday evening in summer. How sweet to see the wave of business and care retire; and await the spirit of Sabbatic peace as it comes silently on, and broods like a joyful earnest over every limb of the body, and every faculty of the soul. How silently the shadows lengthen over the fields—how calmly the sun sinks in the west—how softly the night steals on, while the hopeful farewell light yet lingers upon the red evening sky. Then we think of absent friends with a kind of solemn cheerfulness, and send up to God a silent prayer that we, with all life's wayfarers, whom we love, may safely find the way through the wilderness and the night, into the land of eternal morning.

It was such a Saturday evening in and around Franklin and Marshall College, of which we speak. The studies of the week were over. There was no sound of recitative voices in the halls, nor did any echo of footsteps roll through the corridors. The students were gone—some sitting with book in hand, or in silent meditation, at the windows of their study rooms; some cheerful in social circles, some strolling, two by two, in the rural walk, far in the fields and woods. One group was winding its way to the banks of the calm Conestoga. In this company was one more buoyant than the rest, stronger than the rest, with apparent promise of longer life than the rest. On still they go, cheerfully and joyously. The bank is reached—clothes are thrown aside—preparation

is made to plunge into the cool waters—and the youth of whom we speak is ready sooner than the rest.

“Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebony tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge ; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,
With arms and limbs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path ;
While from his polished sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.”

It is young WOMMER,* the buoyant, healthy sophomore. See how he lays his strong arms upon the yielding wave, and moves in triumph upon the dark depths ! His companions fear and warn. But his young heart is courageous, even as his arm is strong. Now he passes into the deepest part of the stream. See, he sinks—disappears—hush ! it is only a playful dive. He appears again, with a shriek for help ! He sinks again—he appears again, throwing his hands violently over the water, his face disfigured with an indescribable look of anguish and horror. His fellow students in consternation run to and fro, and look unutterable things at one another. He is gone again !—he appears again. One student is near enough to reach him a pole—he takes it, but his grasp is too feeble to hold it fast. He lets it go, and sinks again ! Rails are cast in towards the place. A bold swimmer, from another part of the stream, hurries towards the spot ;

“But all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before.”

Behold it was all over ! Life's solemn experiment was at an end ; and young Wommer, the strong, buoyant, hopeful sophomore, has no more any portion forever in all that is done under the sun !

In a little while, all that remains of Wommer is laid a lifeless corpse upon the shore, where but a few minutes ago he had stood in the full strength and hope of life. Again in a little while a small wagon moves toward town, on which lies the cold body of the student—on, over the same ground which but an hour before he had measured with firm and manly step. And now—see !—they carry him in at the door of his boarding house, amid the shrieks of the family and neighbors, and the silent tears of the stricken company who went with him so happily, and have now returned with him so sadly. The subdued whisper goes from lip to lip, from house to house, from street to street, from student to student, from professor to professor, “A student has been drowned !—they have carried young Wommer dead to his boarding place !” His fellow students think of him as they saw him in the class, as they met him in the social circle ; and many through town remember the healthy,

*This young man, a student in Franklin and Marshall College, was drowned in the Conestoga on Saturday evening, June 28, 1856.

manly form of the young student, and say: "Can it be!—carried home dead!"

How suddenly, how awfully, in that sad hour, came death to young Wommer! DEATH came to him, the "last enemy," the "king of terrors," the terrible rider of the "pale horse," who gives no release to those whom he meets in war. The merciless, relentless conquerer, whose stern uncompromising features melt not into pity at the tearful pleadings of youth and beauty, and who listens not to the earnest supplication of the unwilling and unprepared—this grim enemy met, and fought, and conquered young Wommer in the dark waters of the Conestoga.

"O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
Black as night he stands,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shakes a dreadful dart!"

Was he prepared for the conflict? Was he ready for the passage? If he was, well, for there was no time then. The fig-tree has no more time to bear fruit, when the axe sounds at its roots. If more favorable seasons have been neglected, and failed to secure the hope which smiles in the arms of death, how shall this great boon be secured in such a moment of terror! "If thou hast run with footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses! and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

Let the living lay it to heart. A bolt from heaven has fallen into the College, and its fearful glare has lit up with sudden consternation the faces of students and professors. A voice from heaven has cried: "As thy soul liveth there is but a step between thee and death!" And to all the young, to whom The Guardian shall bring these doleful tidings, there is the sounding of a heavenly voice: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little."

Alas!—and thou, lone Conestoga! thou hast another sad note added to the ceaseless song of thy waters. The winds will now wail more dolefully along thy dreary banks in winter—the willows will sigh more sadly in the summer breeze—and the moonbeams will play with a calmer smile in thy wavelets in the holy night. Future students, to whom tradition will bear the sad story, will grow more quiet when they stand upon thy shore, and hear anew in thy murmuring flow the dying shrieks of Wommer, whom sudden, fearful death met, fought, and conquered in the lone Conestoga.

"Still roll these waters on,
Still do they sing me;
As roll these waters on
Thus do they sing to me:
Life, like the summer leaves,
Fades once, forever!
Life, like this gliding stream,
Flows backward never!
On to the silent sea,
On to eternity!
Thus sing thy scenes to me,
O Conestoga!"

"THE LAYING ON OF HANDS."

BY THE EDITOR.

THE laying on of hands is called "*a doctrine*"—a truth, important to be taught and known. Heb. 6: 2. It is ranked among "*the principles of the doctrine of Christ*;" it is one of the starting points in religion; it belongs to the fundamentals of christianity; it is, therefore, in religion what a foundation stone is in a building; or, perhaps we may better say, it is what the elements are in science.

It is ranked among such doctrines and principles as repentance, faith, baptisms, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. We are impressed with its solemnity by the company in which it appears. This shows us the importance of the doctrine. This should create in us a desire to understand what this doctrine is.

I. Let us look at the history of this doctrine and ordinance.

If we look into the history of this ordinance, we find it first practiced by pious parents in behalf of their children, and by patriarches to their generations. Thus Jacob blessed his own sons (Gen. 49: 28), and also his grandchildren, the two sons of Joseph. Gen. 49: 13-21. It was done to the sacrifices which were to be offered for sin. Numb. 8: 12. It was done by Moses to Joshua when he became his successor. Num. 27: 18-23. It was done by our Saviour to little children, which were brought to Him for that purpose. Math. 19: 15. It was often done by our Saviour to the sick and afflicted, when he healed them. Mark 6: 5; Luke 4: 40; 13: 13. The disciples were directed to do the same. Mark 16: 18. We find also that it was done by Paul to a sick man. Acts 28: 8.

It was done to christians after they had believed and had been baptised, by way of confirming their faith, and completing their baptism, through the communication of the Holy Ghost. Acts 8: 17; Acts 19: 6. In the latter case it was done immediately upon baptism, that baptism might not be only a "washing away," but also a "putting on."

It was done in setting apart sacred persons to office. Thus it was done to Paul and Barnabas. Acts 13: 3. So also was Timothy set apart and endowed. 1 Tim. 4: 14. So also did Timothy endow others. 1 Tim. 5: 2J. Such is the scripture history of this ordinance.

We find that in all these different ways has the "laying on of hands" been continued in the practice of the church.

The act of blessing children, by laying the hand upon their heads, after the manner of Jacob, has been imitated by many a dying parent—a solemnity of which we have all read, and which we have perhaps all witnessed. It is an act prompted by piety and parental love, sanctioned by scriptural precedent, and wonderfully significant, solemn and impressive.

The custom of blessing little children, after the manner of Christ, though it has never been a formal ordinance in the church, has always existed in the familiar practice of the pious. Many a child has felt

upon its head the hand of a pious elder, sponsor, pastor, or aged saint, accompanied with a "God bless you, my child," and some simple word of pious admonition. Who can fail to see in this the natural and appropriate spirit of childlike piety? Who will say such a blessing does not truly bless, when it is imparted devoutly, by prayer and by faith.

Do not some of us recollect such acts of piety and love bestowed upon us in our childhood—and has not the remembrance of such acts often reminded us anew, and with increased solemnity, of our early consecration to God? The very thought that hands, which are now turned into ashes in the grave, and pious spirits which are now before the throne, have once blest us, is full of inspiration, and holy savor to our hearts.

The laying of the hand upon the sick, as Christ and his apostles did—though it does not pretend to impart any miraculous healing power—is an act of piety, of love, and of sympathy, which is as truly prompted by warm christian feeling as it is sanctioned by precedent of the holy scriptures.

Even as a merely natural act it is not without its consolations, its encouragement, and its alleviating and reviving influence upon the spirits of the sick. The pressure of a hand, when we are well, is not without its life to the soul, indicating to us that another cares that we exist; how much more quickening to the drooping spirits of the sick is the pressure of the hand of sympathizing love upon an aching head and fevered brow! This we have all felt. It is as if we had a hold upon the strength of the living, and as if one who has power himself to do so, had said to us in the friendly touch, "Rise and walk—revive and live!"

But we have no right to regard such an act as merely natural. It belongs to the sphere of faith and grace. It is a pious act, like prayer, if it be piously done, and in the name of Jesus. We may, therefore, believe that the natural act is, through faith and prayer, sanctified by supernatural power, and rendered a true blessing by the mighty efficacy of grace.

The laying on of hands in connection with baptism, and after baptism, as the apostles did to the believers in Samaria, has in all ages been practiced by the church. Those who were baptized in their infancy, had that act and grace confirmed to them when they themselves assumed their baptismal vows. It seems to be this rite that the apostle refers to in Hebrews 6: 2. The laying on of hands there comes, in order, after repentance, faith and baptism. It is the act of full initiation into the church.

The laying on of hands, in the ordination of deacons, elders, and ministers, has also always been observed by the church. It is regarded by all christians as the only way in which persons can be lawfully and properly invested with the authority and grace of office in the church.

It would shock the feelings of all, and be regarded as high-handed presumption, should any one attempt to discharge the duties, and exercise the functions of these offices, without having first received the "laying on of hands."

II. What is the substance of this act, and what does it bestow? *

We must not regard it as an empty form, as an unmeaning, powerless, graceless act. This would be to charge God with folly. With God

form and power are always one. We must not neglect it, set it aside, and treat it as though it did not exist. This many persons practically do. It exists in the practice of the church as a divine fact, and is presented to us as one of the principles and doctrines of Christ. It is an ordinance that exists for us: and it becomes us to inquire what it is to us, and what we are to seek in it, and expect from it.

1. It is a divine act by which those who receive it are laid hold of by God, and are claimed for Him.

This is already signified to us by the act itself. The person from whom we receive the laying on of hands is one who acts for God. He is God's representative—through his hands God reaches forth to us, and lays hold on us. Hence always the *higher* ordains or blesses the *lower*.

To lay hands on any thing, in the scripture sense of that expression, means to take it, to claim it, to secure it. Obad. 13.

In reference to Paul and Barnabas the Holy Ghost said: *Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work, whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.*" Acts 13: 2, 3. By this act they *separated* them—seized them for God—claimed them for his special service.

So the ram, on which Aaron and the Levites laid their hands, *was* now, by that act, claimed as the sin-offering. So elders, deacons, and ministers are by the laying on of hands claimed of God as his special servants. So pious, dying parents claim their children for the service of that God whom they have saved, and to whom they now solemnly consecrated them.

So in confirmation, God lays his hands on those who are His by vows, and claims them for Himself.

The act now requires on their part to yield to Him, to own the claim, and not to tear themselves out of God's hands. The solemn act asks from us a consecration to God of that which he claims as his own.

He has a right to claim our services as private Christians—he has a right to lay His hands upon us and set us apart as a royal priesthood.

He has a right to claim us as officers in His church—to demand of us all the labor, care, sacrifice, and service, which these offices involve. When He lays hold of us, and binds us in the spirit to His work, we have no right to say, nay, "Send by whom thou wilt send." He has a right to lay this *necessity* upon us. We must find our happiness in yielding to his claims.

2. The laying on of hands also imparts power and grace to act in God's name.

This also the act itself signifies and represents to us. It means to shed forth, to bestow, to communicate. It is the act of blessing—of giving, or transferring power, authority, and grace.

Thus this signification of the act only carries out, and completes the other. For those whom the Lord claims he also blesses. The same hand which claims us for God also imparts to us his blessing, and bestows on us his grace. The laying on of hands is therefore a *double* act: In it God takes us to Himself, and gives Himself to us. Jesus *took* little children to His arms, and then *blessed* them.

God commanded Moses to lay his hands on Joshua, and to give him a charge. Num. 27: 18–23. That this was a bestowment, not only

of office as his successor, but also of power and grace to fulfil that office, is evident. It is afterward said: "And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; *for Moses has laid his hands upon him*: and the children of Israel *harkened* unto him." Deut. 34: 9.

We find that Jesus always communicated healing power to those sick upon whom he laid his hands. Mark 6: 5; Luke 4: 40—13: 13. We find also that the people expected, and believed, that healing power was communicated in this way. Hence the ruler of the synagogue asked directly that this might be done. He does not say come and heal her, but "Come and lay thy hands upon her, *that she may be healed*." Mark 5: 23. This was known to him as the divine order and way of bestowing renovating power! The apostles betowed healing power upon the sick in the same way. Acts 28: 8.

We find also that the gift of office—the right, the power, the grace to act for God, was bestowed in the same way. Paul says to Timothy: "Neglect not the *gift* which is in thee, which was given thee by prophesy, with the laying on of hands of the presbytery." 1 Tim. 4: 14; 2 Tim. 1: 6, 7.

This gift or grace was given with the laying on of hands. It was the grace needed in the office to which the same act consecrated him. That grace was now in him—it had not been in him before—and he is exhorted not to neglect it.

It seems that Paul himself had also laid his hands on Timothy—or perhaps he was only assisted in it by presbyters. He says to him: "I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." Here again he speaks of a gift or grace which was thus imparted. He also immediately adds: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." 2 Tim. 1: 6, 7.

The laying on of hands also bestowed the gift of the Holy Ghost. In regard to the converts at Samaria it is said: "Then laid they their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of apostle's hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money." Acts 8: 17, 18.

In reference to the newly baptized at Ephesus it is said: "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them." Acts 19: 6. In both these cases they were private christians, and not such as were ordained to office. We may, therefore, claim the bestowment of the Holy Ghost in the confirmation of private christians.

Why may we not expect the same effects to flow from the same act now? We are under the same dispensation. We have still the doctrine of the laying on of hands. God and grace have not changed!

Do we not find also that this is the very gift promised to all believers, namely, the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is given us to abide with us forever. He is to dwell in the saints as in his own temple. Are not christians to live, and to walk in the spirit? Is not He to be the life of all our services—our light, our guide, our sanctifier, and our comforter?

If he strives with us, reproves us, woos us, and convinces us of sin, of righteousness and of a judgment to come, before we are christians, why should not He be given us, in a peculiar manner, when we at length yield to His power and grace? If He is so given why may not this

great and glorious gift be bestowed by the laying on of hands—and bestowed in just such measure as we need. Yea, He is so given, as we are divinely assured, blessed are they who have faith to receive Him!

Let it be remembered that no human being professes, from himself, to bestow such a grace. Human hands are only the means and the medium, the power is of God. It can only be done in His name, and in dependence upon Him.

It is remarkable that when the apostles laid their hands on any the act was always preceded by prayer. When our Saviour did it, it was *not* so preceded. The reason is plain, and at once evident. Our Saviour had the power *in himself*—the apostles had it *by gift* from God, for which they found it necessary to ask. Acts 3: 12.

So now the gift is through the hands of men, but not from them or by them. Yet in answer to prayer it is bestowed. We must look away from the feeble instrument, to Him who has ordained that through "the laying on of their hands all needed authority, power and grace should be freely given."

As it requires prayer on the part of those who give it, so also does it require preparedness on the part of those who receive it. Even when Jesus himself gave, it had to be received by faith. Even He could only do mighty works to those who believed.

When the apostles gave the gift of the Holy Ghost to those who believed at Samaria, there was one who was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity desired it, and would have purchased it with money. He had no inward preparation for it—no faith, no prayerful spirit. To him they said: "Thou hast no part nor lot in this matter; for thine heart is not right in the sight of God." He received it not! Let no one, therefore, blame the ordinances if he fails to receive the gift.

Many of you, young readers of *The Guardian*, as well as he who writes, have received the laying on of hands. O how searching to us is the question: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Have we the power and the grace which fits us for our high and holy calling, as private members, or as officers in the church of Jesus Christ! If not, why? "Thine heart is not right in the sight of God." At our doors alone lies the fault.

O may there be devout, believing hearts to receive the grace! Let us earnestly pray to Him who has all the power, that in the blessing we may be now and for ever blest.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in acts (as in infancy) the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and a sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

CHOIR TROUBLES.

BY P. W. SHELTON.

IT cost me, indulgent reader, some considerable scruple and reflection before I could make up my mind to enter upon the following record, the like of which, I verily believe, is not to be found in those beautiful works, the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the "Poor Vicar." But I have concluded that by so doing, a good purpose might be subserved. He who means well may hope for pardon if he errs.

In the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the foundation of the parish, and in the thirty-fifth of the administration of the present Rector, or thereabout, a discord began in the organ-loft of a more grating character than that which on a former occasion had concerned the puffed-out cheeks of the probulgent Tubingen. The singing powers of this gentleman had not diminished with his age, and he still gloried in a guttural bass, which told on the seats whereupon the congregation sat. A great deal of new talent had been added to the choir. Moreover the little organ before which the youthful Miss Valeary used to bounce up and down as she pressed the pedals and the keys, had been replaced by one with gilded pipes more lofty and with stops more numerous. This was played upon by an organist whose style was modern and elaborate, and his eccentricities called for occasional restriction and rebuke. His voluntaries affloresced into all the bloom and luxury of his charming genius, which literally disported in the waves of sound; and as it gave up its musical ghost, just when the opening sentences were about to be read, divers of the *virtuosi* would nod and smile, while one would perhaps whisper to another, with a recognizing look, "*La Dame Blanche*." The congregation of St. Bardolph's now prided themselves on their choir, and it was a common remark as they passed out, "What excellent music we had to-day!" But, to tell you the plain truth, it was contemptibly poor music—unfit for the occasion—devoid of religious expression—fit only for the pomp of a village festivity—and inflated with vanity. When you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron rod to which the red curtain was attached, shutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perched-up loft, then you might know that some grand exploits of vocalism were to come off. The sexton, who had been despatched in good season to the "sacristy," to obtain from the Rector the number of the psalm and hymn, having returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place which resulted in the selection of tunes. Mr. Tubingen placed the music book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ were put in play. Never was a more brilliant sparkle and scintillation elicited from the windy bellows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their necks and look aloft, and at last with a

full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical effect was complete. There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to "hear the music," and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire to do themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the concatenation of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age, and the opinion of such as worthy of small respect in the onward "march of improvement." They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, Death was fast removing them, one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming sealed to such annoyance. It was to the great surprise of the Rector that the choir one day struck upon the *Te Deum*, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the *Amen* than any other part. Mr. Hivox had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an *Aumen*, full fifteen minutes long, and we are sure that when it was finished no hearer of sound judgment but would have instinctly ejaculated with his whole heart, *Aumen!* But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the *fugue* tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the one hundred and thirty-third psalm:

"True love is like that precious oil
Which poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this performance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head, and which—

"Ran down his beard and o'er his head—
Ran down his beard ———
—— his robes
And o'er his robes ———
Ran down his beard ——— ran down his
—— o'er his robes——
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard
Ran down his ———
—— o'er robes
Ran down his beard
h-i-s b-e-a-r-d
Its costly moist ———
Ran down his beard ———
——ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed
ran down his beard—his—down
his robes—its costly moist—his beard
ure shed—his—cost—his robes—his robes—ure shed
I-t-s c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture——shed."

It was this very composition, similarly performed, that the late Bishop

Seabury on one of his visitations was asked his opinion, and his reply was that he had paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor Aaron that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left. A most appropriate and humorous reply on the part of the good bishop. And this, it must be remembered, was at a time when the "divine Cecilia came" to these benighted realms. A taste for the vocal art began to be fostered in the western world, and especially in the parts adjacent to the Long Island Sound, and various books on sacred music were put forth by professors of renown, and the science had just begun to repudiate a nasal twang. Is it to be wondered that when a clergyman sometimes in the performance of his duty must needs become *maestro* to keep the big-chested gentry of singers in order, that they should lend the compass of their voices to swell the cry of unpopularity which may be raised against him? If he would court favor, let him court the music of the prominent bass, have no sympathy for the beard of Aaron, and throw his own voice from the chancel-end into the overpowering Hallelujah-chorus. If the church has no organ, then let him defer to the opinion of the bassoon, and dance attendance on the jigging airs of the profane fiddle. So there shall be one discord less.

In the new construction of a more ambitious choir at St. Bardolph's there was one acknowledged element of discord of which it was hard to get rid of. This was a matter which had long taxed the ingenuity of the members; but as it was of an exceedingly delicate nature there was no individual found with sufficient tact or boldness to suggest a plan, or, if so, to carry it into execution. The fact is, that Miss Valeary would continue to sing, and Miss Valeary was no longer what she once was. She was now an ancient maid, with all the characteristics of the lone and melancholy order to which she was attached. Her once plump throat had become sadly shrivelled, for the chin and throat, as well as the brow itself, bear the marks of mediæval time with such distinctness that no deep-cut tomb-stone can tell a truer tale. So had her voice insensibly deteriorated from a somewhat brisk and sparkling shrillness to a lamentable screech. Still the little lady, from the force of habit, when Sunday came was punctual at her post, and though conscious that she sang not with her former ease, yet in the goodness of heart she exerted herself more strenuously than ever. And she did in truth and sincerity believe that she was no unimportant element of that choir, of which she had been a member for so many years. That her assistance was no longer desired was a thought which had never come to her in dreams. That it was even indispensable was what she innocently believed. Hence she was always present at rehearsals, and actually screeched from a sense of duty, when if she had consulted her own desires she would have long since retired from so conspicuous and invidious a post. But although the task had been at first disagreeable, and in the modesty of her nature she had shrunk from its performance, she had gradually trained herself to perform it. She did not hear the remarks which were made because she had recently become a little deaf; and she did not see the winks and sly glances in the choir, when she ventured upon the higher notes of the gamut, because she had begun to wear glasses and her eyes were a little dim. The other vocalists were profoundly vexed

to have the effect of their execution marred. At last, as no one would volunteer to act alone, they resolved to share the responsibility, and actually appointed a committee of three to wait upon Miss Valeary. She was practicing on an old piano when they arrived, and she rose to meet them with a chirping cheerfulness. In order to pave the way to the disagreeable business, and introduce the subject of music, they asked her to play, and Miss Valeary performed an antique piece, called in antique Latin, *Dolce Domum*. Then she inquired whether the choir had selected any new chaunts for the festival of Christmas.

"It was on some such subject that we called," said the big-chested Mr. Tubingen.

"Indeed!" said the narrow-chested Miss Valeary, her eyes sparkling with animation, and swinging her reticule as she turned upon the bench and looked into the abashed faces of the formidable trio. They all hemmed and hawed like the choral file in a gallery when the leader has struck his *pûch* fork on the blunt end.

"I have heard our last Sunday's performance highly praised," said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Tubingen, interrogatively.

"Indeed I have. I have been practising a new chaunt composed by the organist of St. John's, in the city, which has been much admired. If you like, we will try it."

"We hope that Miss Valeary will not be offended," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Decorus, the tenor.

"We have all frequently remarked that no one in the congregation feels a deeper interest in the music than Miss Valeary," said Mr. Hivox, the alto.

The little lady looked a little disconcerted, and cast a sharp, penetrating glance upon the delegation.

"We are fully aware that you will do any thing for the interest of the church," said Mr. Tubingen.

"We have not entertained the least doubt of that," said Mr. Decorus.

"Most undoubtedly," remarked Mr. Hivox.

"To be sure, I will," added Miss Valeary.

"It has been a matter of remark," proceeded Mr. Tubingen, "well it has only lately—well, yes I may say, not for a length of time—but only recently—it has been, no doubt, it has been—I think I may say mainly—I don't know—I kind of think"—

"People have got to be so very fastidjus," said Mr. Decorus.

"And so very critical," added Mr. Hivox.

"Indeed!" said Miss Valeary.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tubingen.

"Yes," said Mr. Decorus.

"Yes," said Mr. Hivox.

"Gentlemen, you need not be afraid to say what you wish," remarked the scrutinizing lady, who had by this time become aware of the confusion of the trio.

"We knowed that you would not be offended," said the gallant Mr. Tubingen, squeezing with his big paw the little hand of the little lady, which was full of rings.

"How you hurt me," said the offended Miss Valeary.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Will you explain yourself?" exclaimed the lady, with peremptory tone, and with flashing eyes, almost transfixing the speaker.

"A—yes—ma'am—we are sorry—we do not speak for ourselves," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Not at all," said Mr. Decorus and Mr. Hivox.

"Have I given any offence?" said Miss Valeary.

"None at all—none in the least—none whatever—far from it—on the contrary"—exclaimed all three, with intensity.

"What then?" said the little lady.

"It is a subject which we feel the greatest delicacy in approaching," said Mr. Tubingen, the speaker, "but it may not be unevident to Miss Valeary that Miss Valeary's voice—which is, I may say—on ordinary occasions—in a room—at the social meeting—so creditable to Miss Valeary—does not so fully—that is, I may say—highly as we think of it—so adequately—kind of *chord* with the present composition of the choir to do that justice to Miss Valeary which Miss Valeary's voice—in the opinion of good judges, is—so—so—so—highly cap'ble of—on the part of Miss Valeary!"

"Is that it?" said the lady, bursting into an offended cackination. "You have been a long time coming to it. Put your minds perfectly at rest, gentlemen. So long as I live, if it be a hundred years, you shall never suffer annoyance on my account. I will listen to your melodies, though they should happen to come through the nose," she said, looking smilingly at Mr. Tubingen. And with that she jerked out of her seat, and began to arrange flowers in a vase with dainty judgment.

The committee bungled out of the room immediately. "A hundred years!" said Mr. Hivox, the alto, with witty cruelty, as they walked along; "If she lives a little longer, the *if* will be out of the question." As this was uttered, all three joined in an admirably-executed laughing chorus—to which Miss Valeary was only a listener.

After they had gone, she was in a state of nervous agitation, and flitted about with the agility of a grasshopper. She arranged her tidy French bonnet on her head, and with her cheeks in a high state of inflammation, and her little eyes full of eagerness, passed out of the gate with trepidation, and speaking to no one whom she met, arrived out of breath at the head-quarters for all sorrowing, complaining souls, the Village Rectory. Admitted into the study, she sat down, and with many sobs and sighs and pitiable inflections, in the midst of drowning floods and with a hystericly abruptness, told the story of her wrongs.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about an inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in day-time she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

MERCY IN SORROW.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Is. 48: 10.

WHEN we return from the grave of a fellow being we always bear in our minds some prominent circumstance of that person's life. We say or think: We have buried a rich man, a poor man, a useful or useless man; some feature of the person's life comes up to view more prominently than another.

When our thoughts revert to her whom we have borne to the grave, how naturally do we say, *We have buried a sufferer!* She was for years, long years, emphatically a sufferer—day and night a sufferer. Little did those who passed along the street know of the pains that were endured in quiet within. Little did those who enjoyed sweet sleep at night realize her painful watchings and wakings.

She was a sufferer; and those sufferings were greatly sanctified to her soul's good. In her experience was fulfilled the divine declaration: "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

Gold and silver are found, not in a pure state, but mixed with dross. This dross is so fully one with the metal that it must pass through a severe fiery process, before the metal is pure. Nor is it fit for use until it is thus purified and refined.

This is a picture of the life of grace in the soul. It is the gold of glory amid the dross of sin. It must pass through a fiery trial—a furnace of affliction—before it is pure and fit for heaven.

It is the plain testimony of scripture, and it ought not to seem strange to us, that the way to life lies through tribulation. We naturally lie in sin, are captive in its power: no wonder that we should have to rise to life, and freedom, through sighs, and groans, and anguish.

Our Saviour's life is, in this respect, a true picture of the life of a saint. It commenced in sorrow and ended in joy; first the cross and the pain, then the crown and the glory. Through night into day—through death into life—through pains into peace. This is the king's royal road—this is the way that ends well!

The world reverses the divine order. They have first the joy and then the sorrow—first the day and then the night—here the crown and there the shame. The world cries: Hail Dives in purple, and power, and prosperity, and pride! Christianity says, Hail Lazarus, in poverty and pain. "Wo unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep then."

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." These words show us the mercy and love which lie in affliction. God says: "I have chosen

* Funeral thoughts on the death of Mrs. Maria Kahns, for many years a great sufferer.

thee"—chosen thee as my own. But I have chosen thee in a furnace. There I will prepare thee. This shall be to you the evidence and sign of my love. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If you endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

We have here the true meaning of affliction. It is *disciplinary*—it is a nurture of the soul—it is a means of grace. It works mercy to the soul! It is easy to see how, in more ways than one, it does this.

It melts and *softens* the spirit. The dross cannot be removed from the gold till it breaks, melts, flows. Is not this the effect of suffering? See how it breaks down stubborn self-reliance. See how the strong man is tamed by affliction. See how the unfeeling man becomes tender. See how the dull, stupid heart awakens and opens, as anguish after anguish shakes and rends it. This is the plougher for the fallow ground. This is the beating that makes the oil to flow. "Father, I have sinned," exclaims the once hardened soul, when the arrows stick fast in him, when the waters come unto his soul!

The furnace of affliction not only softens, but also *separates*. It cuts the springs of our wordly energies. The pleasures and pursuits which engaged us before have now lost their charm and meaning. What once seemed so important now seems so vain.

Even outwardly affliction separates a man from the world. He is drawn aside into the still eddy of life's onward stream. Confined to bed, or the chair, or at least to the room or house, He only hears the din, or sees from the window the flow of busy life driving past. He hardly feels himself to be any more a part of the world. How perfectly vain then seems this world with all its glitter of hope, with all its show of reality! Palaces and position, power and pomp, possessions and pursuits, seem but toys when viewed from a sick room, with a shattered constitution, with aching limbs, and a bleeding heart. This is part of the separating process. So do afflictions turn the heart away from the passing and perishing toward the unfading treasures of a better life. Thus does God graciously make the earth dark around, that the heavens may become more bright and attractive above. Thus, as in nature, so in grace:

"Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!"

Thus also the furnace of affliction *purifies*. The flail of tribulation breaks and cripples sin. It is a fire that consumes lust. It levels pride—it subdues vanity. Its waters quench the fires of ambition. "Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now have I kept thy word." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord."

O how often have the pains of the body occasioned the peace and joy of the soul—the sorrows of the earth, led to the joys of heaven. How

often have even light afflictions wrought out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How many have found it better to lose a right hand, a right eye, yea the whole health of the body, than that soul and body should be destroyed in hell!

This will be known yonder! This will cause thousands on thousands in heaven to praise the mercy of tribulation in a louder and more grateful song. "What," it will be asked in adoring wonder, "what are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" To which it will be answered: "These are they which came out of *great tribulation*, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. THEREFORE are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Here is the mercy of sorrow. Here is the love of God in our pains. Here, "behind a frowning Providence, he hides a smiling face."

How often is weak faith counfounded? How often do the sorely afflicted and their friends "think it strange concerning the fiery trials," as though some strange thing, yea, even a wrong thing, "had happened unto them." How often have even the pious in sorrow cried out: "Why dost thou shake off the unripe fruit, and cast off his flower as the olive?" "Why go I mourning? Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture? Will the Lord be favorable no more? Is His mercy clean gone forever? Doth His promise fail forevermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" This is their infirmity. This they say in the weakness of their faith.

Yea, the pious in their sore afflictions are even sometimes envious at the wicked, whose strength is firm, who are not in trouble as other men, and who are not plagued like other men. So foolishly did even the Psalmist, when he was plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning. Behold, he counted the wicked happy: But when he went into the sanctuary of God, then he understood their end: "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places!"

It is not strange—it ought not to be so regarded—that the favorites of God should suffer under His chastising rod. The principle on which these dealings of God rest is a plain one, and well understood, and fully approved. "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence." The child that has been trained in right paths by a parent's chastising hand, afterwards approves of what was done, though it cost pains and pangs, terrors and tears, at the time. "Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the father of spirits, and live." Shall we not joyfully, in the midst of darkness, pains, and tears, bless the hand that leads us through the night of wo into the light and blessedness of an eternal day. "What I do," says the kind Father, as he lays stroke after stroke upon His dear children, "you know not now, but you shall know hereafter."

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night:
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight."

Such being the holy ends to be secured by affliction, it is implied in the strongest manner that God will mercifully sustain his children in their affliction. It is He that afflicts, and not another. The rod is not in a hand that will unmercifully and extremely use it. It is not in the hands of one who uses it willingly—not in anger—not as a punishment. The Father weeps while he lays on stroke after stroke. He says, Oh, that it were not necessary! "For though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

This is the very best assurance that no affliction will be beyond endurance. It was a murderer—one who had forfeited all claim to sustaining grace—that said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The saints are sustained by an unseen presence. Who, of God's people, ever *sunk* finally even under the sorest affliction? Though trials came fierce as a lion from the swellings of Jordan—though they came in troops like horsemen—though they hung on like hungry vultures till the flesh and marrow were consumed, yet the end came with its glorious victory over every wo! Behold the great cloud of witnesses, of suffering prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and saints of all ages, of whom the world was not worthy; who were tortured, not accepting deliverance, bearing about in their bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus, in trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, in bonds and imprisonment, stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword, subjected to every torture that earth and hell could devise, and yet the end came, and the victory over pain, in eternal peace and joy.

Thousands of sufferers have found by blessed experience that, in a way which the world knows not of, God's presence sustains the suffering pious. It is as though He called them aside to speak comfortably to them. Through every pang flows the refreshing current of grace. On every wound an unseen hand lays the allaying balm. Grace, and the merciful intentions of love, underlie every pain. From the unseen and eternal side the sufferer hears voices, sees ministering hands, and feels the power of mysterious sympathy.

The suffering saint is not cut off; but, because he suffers, is only the more sweetly in union with Christ. He stands in "the fellowship of His sufferings." "In all their afflictions he is afflicted, and the angel of His presence saves them." The Holy Spirit dwells in the saints, and abides with them always. He is especially the comforter—the comforter in us. His mission is an inward mission, presiding over all the sorrows of the heart, opening upon it the fountains of grace and consolation. When the eye sees no more earthly ministering forms around, when the ear hears no more words of comfort from the lips of human friends, then the Holy Spirit, like a faithful vigil, lies around the spirit, soothing each pang as the heart-strings break, and with a sweet blessing dismisses the spirit from a racked and aching body to the bosom of its God.

It is sometimes complainingly asked, Why do some christians suffer so much and others so little? This question may be answered, in part

at least, by another: Why do some children need severer and more frequent correction than others? In this, as in all other things, God adapts his dealings to our wants. We may suppose that such severity is not necessary for us; just so thinks the child in regard to the chastisements of its parent. Yet who would ask that the corrections of a child should be regulated according to the will and judgment of the child? The parent knows best, so God knows best.

Moreover, the severe disciplinary sufferings which sometimes come upon God's people toward the end of life, are no doubt often designed to make speedily right some lingering defect—to break down quickly some giant abnormality in the suffering christian life—to make up lost time by intensifying the process toward the ripeness of the general religious life. The time is growing so short, and there is yet so much dross among the gold of grace, that it is necessary for God in mercy to make more fiery the furnace of affliction. Some child of God has lived slowly in grace—has spent too much time in side interests; or perhaps youth and manhood in sin! Now that which should have been the work of years, must be crowded into a few months or weeks. Oh, how sorely then must the poor spirit groan and cry under the merciful strokes of that God who makes the wounds of the body to be for the eternal health and life of the soul.

Then, too, it must not be forgotten that these sufferings are to be regarded as a *talent*, with which God is to be glorified. How much has God's grace been honored by the meek and patient sufferings of His children. How many has Job comforted in all ages by his affliction; how many have seen in him "the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

Thus these sufferings, while they are a blessing to the sufferer himself, are to have also a direct reference to others. Especially are they designed for a blessing to those who are near to the sufferer, by the tender ties of human life—to members of the family, to relatives, and to companions. O, what a solemn sermon it is to have one of our dear friends—a wife, mother, sister, father, husband, brother, lying in the furnace in our own house!

"Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address?
Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their death?"

O let us learn to make the sufferings and death of our friends, as well as our own afflictions, a blessing to us. A blessing they will be to us, or a curse. They will make us harder or softer, better or worse. The furnace will either refine or consume us.

In no way does a merciful God so condescend to our infirmities in his gracious appeals. In none of his dealings does he speak in plainer language. At no other time does he so solemnly and tenderly come home to our business and bosom. The written word we may suffer to lie un-

opened—the preached word we may avoid or apply to others; but the language of sickness and death in our own circles of love we cannot avert, refuse to hear, or apply to ourselves. To us has God spoken. *One of his bolts has fallen at our feet!* One of His messengers, the dread angel of death, has appeared in our house, in our room, at our bed, and has said in our hearing: “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” O how can we close our ears against that voice and hope to be forgiven!

Behold, one more has gone from us through the gate of death. One less in the pew, one less in the family. There is another vacant chair in the house, another lonely place in the heart, another mound in the graveyard, and, as we have reason to believe, another ransomed spirit “forever with the Lord.” O let the living lay to heart the solemn, glorious thought. May the thought of a parent, a mother, a near friend in heaven, stimulate those who are yet in conflict; and may any who are still out of Christ be reminded that the last look into the coffin was to them the last look forever, unless they are reconciled to God by the blood of His son, Jesus Christ.

Behold, the time is short. Behold, the judge is at the door. Behold, the shades of evening are gathering solemnly around. Sickness, death, the grave, the last judgment, heaven and hell, are crowding up toward us! “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor decree, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

“Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we yet secure:
Still marching downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

“Grant us the power of quickening grace,
And fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh
We’ll rise above the sky.”

THE TWILIGHT VOICES.

In the twilight faint and dreary,
Sat an old man, sad and weary,
Of his household band, he only,
Lingered here a pilgrim lonely,
Some were over the sea away,
Some within the churchyard lay,
Sighed the wind—a harper gray!
Far away!

Rising, like a dusty column,
Stood the old clock, tall and solemn,
To his thoughts still making answer,
Like a holy necromancer;
Where were hopes of Fancy born?
Where were faces bright as morn?
And the grim old clock ticked on,
“Lost and gone!”

Sinking he in his quiet slumber,
Which no earthly care might cumber,
And his inner care unfeeling,
Came a gush of music stealing
Through the twilight shadows gray,
As if loved ones far away
Murmured in that silver ray:
“Come away!”

Morning came, serenely shining;
In a dreamless rest reclining,
Strangers found the old man sleeping,
Never more earth’s vigils keeping;
Loved ones from the starry dome,
Where the spirit finds its home,
Bade him never more to roam,
Welcome home!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA: Being a condensed translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopedia. With additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D., assisted by distinguished theologians of various denominations. Part II. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856.

The Second Part—sorry the publishers did not also send us the First Part—brings forward the work to Arminius. This truly great work is abundantly certified to by the eminent names of Germany associated with it. Dr. Bomberger is rendering the American church a lasting service by getting it out in an English dress. We leave the critical examination of the execution to the Reviews; and only ask the privilege of commending it to our earnest readers as a work worthy of all acceptance. We know of no treasure any inquiring young christian could possess which in the same compass, and for the same amount of money, would enable him to inform himself so well upon all subjects connected with Theology, and the general study of the Bible and the church. Here he can turn to any point and find all its sides brought into the light. This work is issued in parts of 128 double column pages, at 50 cents for each part. It will form when completed two super royal octavo volumes. "The numbers will be sent by mail to subscribers free of postage, upon the receipt of the subscription price in advance." Address Lindsay & Blakiston, Publishers, Philadelphia. The mechanical execution is in the usual-tasty style of this enterprising publishing house.

A COLLECTION OF THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, FRENCH, PORTUGUESE AND OTHER IMMIGRANTS TO PENNSYLVANIA—Chronologically arranged from 1727 to 1776. Edited by I. Daniel Rupp. Harrisburg. 1856.

Our readers will recollect that we noticed the first number of this work favorably in a former number of *The Guardian*. The second and third numbers are now before us, and we are more than ever convinced of the usefulness of this novel work. It is a laudable curiosity which begets in us the desire of tracing our ancestors. Here one important means of doing so is brought within our reach. Mr. Rupp, who has already received many thanks for his laborious perseverance in bringing out the local history of Pennsylvania, deserves prompt encouragement in carrying out his present undertaking. The whole work, sent in numbers to subscribers by mail, costs only \$1.

MISCELLANEA.—The library of the poet Rogers, which took six days to sell, has realized, after all, no very great sum; and by far the larger proportion of even this is due rather to volumes of engravings and etchings, and to those works which are decorously disguised in the catalogues under the title of "facetiae," than to the value of the works properly so called. To indicate the extent to which the class above referred to existed in the collection, we may mention that two copies of the "*Hypnerotomachia*" of Poliphilus were put up for sale: one copy (an editio primaria) realized £13, and the other £7.

....In New York there are four hundred and forty-four booksellers and one hundred and thirty-three publishers, and in Pennsylvania, four hundred and two of the first and seventy-two of the last. Most of the publishing, and the largest number of the booksellers, center in the three great cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which are the leading publishing cities of the country. New York has the most capital invested in the business.

....Bayard Taylor, who sailed in the *Asia*, goes to spend two or three years in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Russia. He contemplates returning home by the route across Northern Asia, Siberia and Manchouria to the mouth of the river Amour, whence he will take ship for Oregon or California.

....The Royal Library of Hanover has increased its collection by the purchase of 12,000 volumes, forming the library of a gentleman named Siemsen. The greater part of these works are relative to ancient German literature.

THE GUARDIAN:

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MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

IV.

BY NATHAN.

To one whose heart is rightly attuned to the sweet influences of sanctified friendship, there is an indescribable pleasure in discovering a little world of blood relations who, though branches of the same parent stem, have long since disappeared in the hazy distance of the Past. The discovery of a vein of gold, or of a new world, may gratify the heart of avarice or ambition, but the discovery of a mine of friends, in whom we can trace the lineaments of kindred descent, touches new chords and opens new fountains in the breast, from which issues a stream of the most exquisite delight.

Will I meet with relatives in the Old World? This was a question of which I daily thought on land and sea. Twenty years had elapsed since they were last heard from. In little more than twenty years a generation passes away. My mind oscillated between hope and doubt. Early on a pleasant Saturday morning I left Coblenz with the steamer for Bingen. Soon after three o'clock the sun already gilded the lofty summit of Ehrenbreitstein, and the pleasant groves were vocal with the songs of many warblers, whose familiar notes had become pleasant household tones around our American homestead. As I parted from mine host, who seemed pleasantly concerned for the issue of that day's journey, he fondly hoped that I might be welcomed by many kind and happy hearts. Between Coblenz and Bingen the Rhine is surpassingly beautiful. No tongue can adequately tell its merits. My heart leaped for joy as our boat floated swan-like through this world of wonders. But ever and anon would mind and heart dart away from these enchanting scenes, to the terminus of evening. When we passed the Mouse Thurm, whose legend has beguiled many a long winter evening of my childhood, I felt as though I should leap ashore and strike a near cut across the fields. The boat landed, and I, heedless of all the nameless beauties of Bingen and its environs, pushed my way through the crowd

into a coach for Kreuznach, which I reached in a few hours. My impatience would scarcely allow me to take a little refreshment before I set out for Freilansheim, a distance of five miles. The road wound through a rolling succession of little hills, which reminded me at every turn of the broad fields of my native Lancaster. A mile before I reached the village the road was arched with trees. When I came to the old graveyard beside the church, I leaned against the wall and yielded to a short spell of meditation. Even (so reasoned I) should I meet no living relatives, it is a source of some pleasure at least to stand by the dust of my ancestors and see the church in which they worshipped. At an inn I made inquiries with circuitous questions, that provoked curious questions, which I evaded so as not to let the news of my arrival run before me. Finally I was told that my paternal uncle was still living. I repaired to his dwelling, where I was received by his son. I inquired after a man from a neighboring village who formerly lived in America. He knew him not, and seemed rather unwilling to have much to do with me. And I must confess that, after climbing mountains for several days through rain and mud, I had somewhat neglected the outward man, so that my appearance was rather against me. Then came his father tottering under the weight of almost four score years, but bearing such a marked resemblance to an old friend of mine, "and more than friend to me," that I could with difficulty conceal my emotion. He knew nothing of the person inquired for; asked me where I was from, and said that he formerly had a brother in America, but evidently must have died, as he had not heard from him for twenty-one years. His son replied that there could be little doubt of his death. I asked where he had lived. I then handed him my father's likeness and asked whether he had ever seen that man. The old gentleman could no longer see it. His son looked at it, then at his father, for it looked so much like him, then at me, while his face expressed a mingled feeling of wonder, joy and regret. I handed him a letter from father, and the sequel I must here let the reader to imagine. In a few moments I was surrounded with a cluster of newly-discovered kindred, and a flock of prattling little cherubs, who seemed unspeakably happy in the acquisition of a new uncle.

There are several interesting ruins near Freilansheim. The Castle of Rheingrafenstein, perched on the pinnacle of a rock six hundred feet high, having one side more than perpendicular. Near this is the Castle of Ebernburg, which formerly belonged to Franz von Sickingen, the Knight of the Reformation, and the last of the knights-errant. From here he hurled destruction at the enemies of the Reformation, sheltering within these impregnable heights Melancthon, Bucer and Ecolampadius. And Ulric von Hutten wrote several of his works within its protecting walls. In the immediate vicinity are extensive saline springs and works. They are composed of a collection of long, lofty sheds, filled with faggots. The salt water is raised to the top and repeatedly made to trickle through these so as to evaporate. After this it is boiled in large cauldrons and converted into salt.

The rural life of Germany is very different from that of the United States. Here the farmers all live in villages. The country is entirely clear of scattered farm houses. The farms lie in little patches over

the whole village district. You can seldom find a whole acre together. Farmers owning fifty acres leave their lands in small beds varying from an eighth to an acre. In some villages they approach so near a line that parents are forbidden to divide them any longer. The country is entirely innocent of fences. The larger cattle must be kept in the stable the whole year. Morning and evening the streets are alive with busy females, carrying home large bales of grass on their heads, almost as large as themselves! Every village has its geese-herd, swine-herd and shepherd. Every morning these respective functionaries blow their horns along the street, when geese, swine and sheep come running out of every gateway and alley, each to join its kind, to be led on a common village pasture. Long lines of gabbling geese run through narrow, fenceless foot-paths, without daring to touch a single blade not their own. The shepherds sometimes remain on the neighboring hills for whole weeks. At night they commit their flocks to their dogs. These animals, not very unlike sheep in color and hair, possess a remarkable intelligence and faithfulness. I have seen the shepherd walking carelessly ahead of his flock, while the dogs would run guard on each side. The hungry sheep were tempted to browse among the rank wayside grass, but their inflexible canine honesty would check the slightest appearance of depredations. Landed property is pretty equally distributed. With few exceptions, the poorest have a few patches on which to raise their bread, and the richest have seldom more than fifty acres. In this valley good arable land sells from five to eight hundred dollars an acre, just the bare land, for dwellings are distinct property altogether.

The villages are almost as close together as our farm houses in America. Within four miles of Freilanbersheim there are at least twelve villages, containing a population of from five to fifteen hundred each. Every village has a chief magistrate called *Burgermeister*, assisted by an adjunct and a town council. Next to the minister the *Burgermeister* is the most important man in the community, and in some respects even above him. Every marriage must be solemnized by the *Burgermeister* before it can be done by the minister. The latter is optional, but by the omission of the former the bridegroom will forfeit his citizenship. Moreover, whether villain or saint, he is chief member of the church council—an office corresponding to the eldership in the German Reformed Church of America. Usually my first acquaintance in the village was the minister, and then the *Burgermeister*. I always found them a gentlemanly and hospitable class of men, worthy to be at the helm of their little commonwealths. Every village has a protestant and catholic church. Sometimes both denominations worship in the same building. Each has a distinct school, in which the pastor is allowed to give religious instruction. On Saturday evening about dusk the church bell rings to announce the end of week-day labor, and to remind the villagers to prepare for Sunday.

When I reached Freilanbersheim there happened to be a wedding in the town. Now a wedding in these rural villages is an occasion of rejoicing in which all the inhabitants feel and take a warm interest. Old grand-ma's take their frolicing little posterity to greet the bride; shy lovers bashfully congratulate the novices in wedlock, while their hearts

beat hopefully for a similar event in their history. Messengers are sent to every house with wedding-cake gifts—in short they are designed to diffuse universal merriment and joy. The news of my arrival was soon carried to the hall of rejoicing. The Burgermeister was consulted to have me brought thither as their guest. He replied, that much as he desired to entertain the son of their ancient Burger, whom a few of their number still remembered with pleasure, that it would be contrary to the rules of etiquette to take so newly arrived a stranger away from the retirement of his happy relatives into the jumbling jollification of a merry marriage day. Weddings are often a key to the manners of a people, and on this account it might have been interesting to the mind of a curious traveler.

The dwellings of these rural villages are all arranged after the same plan. The front is invariably closed. A gateway opens into a court, two of whose sides are occupied by the house and barn, and the remaining sides are usually formed by the rear side of a neighbor's buildings. From this court man and beast enter their respective dwellings, but of course the latter sometimes take undue liberties. This arrangement possesses the advantage of compressing the premises into the smallest possible compass, an important consideration where there is such a scarcity of money and land. In America, where there is enough of both and to spare, man and beast need not be kept in such close proximity. The stock of cattle, like their farms, must necessarily be small. A few farm with horses, more with oxen, and most with cows. In Belgium I saw donkeys struggling along in carts large enough to carry a dozen like themselves. In Holland I saw four and five dogs hitched to wagons and dashing along the streets with reindeer-speed, and here I have seen a cow galloping along the road in a truck-wagon, as if she had been created for that purpose.

Notwithstanding their many oddities, I found much to admire and love in the simple German manners of these rural villages. In this region at least two-thirds of them end in *home*, such as *Bosenheim*, *Engelheim*, *Badenheim*, &c., in itself an indication of the predominant home-feeling of the German family. Their home attachments are intensely strong. Many still live in the house in which their ancestors had lived for five hundred years, and very probably they may remain a family inheritance for five more centuries. For German homesteads are not as evanescent as those in America. Nothing but absolute necessity can compel them to part with their twofold inheritance—their dwelling and the good name of their ancestors. Though devoted to severe and constant toil for a bare living, they are always cheerful and contented. Often did their unsuspecting hospitality press me to their homely fare, where old and young were entertained with mirthful and mournful tales.

“Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown’d,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.”

The country around Kreuznach is all drained by the Nahe. From the heights of the Niederwald, opposite Bingen, I took a long parting

view of this charming valley. The view extends near thirty miles. Right before me was the gorge through which the Nahe empties into the Rhine, from which the valley widens into a lake of vegetation, its hills and uplands forming emerald waves, and its valleys dotted with busy villages, here and there some gray ruin raising its frowning walls into the blue sky, while the Nahe like a vital thread binding the whole scene into living harmony, wound its crooked path around ruins, cliffs and meadows, higher and higher, until its attenuated roots were lost in the gorges of the far-distant mountains.

Immediately below Bingen "the Rhine cuts across a chain of mountains running nearly at right angles to the course of its stream. There are good grounds for supposing that at one time (before human record) this range entirely stopped its further progress, damming up the waters behind them into a lake, which extends as far as Basle, and whose existence is further proved by numerous fresh water deposits, shells, &c., to be found in the valley of the Rhine above Mayence. Some earthquake, or perhaps the force of the accumulated waters, must have burst through this mountain wall, and secured for the river a free passage to the ocean." From Bingen upwards the Rhine gradually becomes less interesting, its ruins disappear, while its banks subside into flat lowlands more fertile than romantic.

Germany abounds with mineral springs, which, during the summer season, are numerous visited by persons from all parts of the world. The Germans have a universal custom to visit at least one of these places during the year. Kreuznach has extensive salt springs, whose waters have precisely the taste of epsom salts, a flavor to which I have never been very partial. At Wiesbaden hot springs gush out of the earth, constantly sending up curling clouds of vapor. The water tastes not very unlike chicken broth. While hundreds of invalids had resorted thither to wrench the fruits of over-exertion or dissipation from the system, I happened to find relief of an affliction which had resulted from a very different cause. Every country must have its plague, so Rhine-Hessen must have its fleas. Of all the little annoyances in the wide world of animated nature, whether quadruped, poliped or sinaped, there are none of such taunting annoyance, which are so much everywhere and yet nowhere, as fleas. And here these little airy-nothings possess ambiguity like the frogs of Egypt. I did not inform myself of the chemical properties of these waters, but their medicinal virtues for the cure of fleas are beyond dispute.

In a little more than an hour the cars whirled us from Wiesbaden to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here for the first time in a foreign land I had the pleasure of leaning back in an easy chair, and opening a budget of news—letters, papers, and above all, The Guardian for May and June, with a group of familiar friends talking wisely therein. This is one of the free towns of Germany, an *imperium in imperio*, and the seat of the German Diet. Its present population is 77,000, of which 6,000 are Jews. The latter all live in one section of the city, called the *Juden-gasse*, in which is also the house where the Rothschild family were born. Frankfort is the most interesting German city I have yet met with. Founded by Charlemagne, afterwards a rallying point for the Crusaders,

once the capital of the German Empire, the birth-place of Goethe, and, along with these, possessing beauties of natural scenery—bounded on one side by the Main, and its other sides fringed with parks and promenades. These properties make it a city which few visitors leave without regret. Here you have all the advantages of the Past with the conveniences of the present. In fact—

“The Past
Contending with the Present, and by turns
Each has the mastery.”

Outside the wall a new city is rapidly rising, composed of princely dwellings, mostly the homes of bankers and retired gentlemen. Some of these also reside in a new part of the old town within the walls. The old town proper has narrow streets, quaint, lofty buildings, five and six stories high, each ascending story projecting over the others, until the attics almost meet. During rainy weather, which I had the misfortune to meet here again, these overhanging projections form a complete shelter. From the narrowness of the streets those in the upper stories can not well observe the passing crowd below. To obviate this difficulty mirrors are placed in front of the windows, consisting of two pieces of glass, the one reflecting up the other down the street. These form a certain angle with the street, so as to reflect the scene below and bring it right on the window. While the German lady sits quietly sewing or reading at the window, she can see all the fashions and follies of the crowd passing before her window alone, the unobserved of all observers.

The Romesberg is an old building containing the Kaisersaal and other rooms used by the old German emperors and their senates. In one corner of this is a building which Luther occupied. In the Cathedral is the Election Chapel in which forty-six emperors were chosen and afterwards crowned in front of the high altar. The house in which Goethe was born looks remarkably fresh for its age. Here his stern, unamiable father had his altercation with the French officer. Here his tender mother played the mediator between the harsh father and his affrighted son. Here the boy-Goethe played and powdered, dreamed and despaired over his “Gretche.” And not very far from this, at the Cathedral, was the gorgeous display of the Imperial Coronation, which wrought so powerfully on his youthful imagination. On the middle of the bridge over the Main, on an iron post, stands the golden cock, at which the little fellow used to marvel with curious cogitations.

Hitherto I have had little to do with commissioners, or special guides. In Brussels, where I was ignorant of the language, I yielded to the importunate offers of one at a stipulated fee, who said he could “*explicate*” every thing in English. But I soon found this about all he knew. He regretted that I could not understand German. I told him he should let me have it in German, but he knew still less of that. He ran me through muddy streets for an hour after the very objects least worth seeing, and took me through an ordeal of gesticulating “*explications*” that were painful to see and hear. While passing through the Cathedral I noticed him making his devotions and genu-

flections at the images, and thought the man after all had some religious principle about him. But we had scarcely crossed the threshold before he demanded a double fee! Poor man—

“Even in penance planning sins anew.”

At Antwerp I was besieged by a set with unusual tenacity. I told them in German, English and broken French I did not want them. But still they followed, placing themselves before me to hinder my progress until I felt my situation exceedingly awkward. I put down my traveling bag and drew myself up at full length in an attitude which they interpreted very correctly and speedily disappeared. At Worms a crowd discovered me at a distance coming from the depot, who tried to outrun each other for the job with such scrambling speed, that I narrowly escaped from a serious collision.

After spending a week in the monotonous plain of the Rhine, I found a pleasant relief in getting to Heidelberg. It is situated in a mountain opening through which the Neckar issues into the valley of the Rhine. It stretches its narrow length along the banks of this stream, with a towering range of projecting and receding mountains on both sides, and the view on the third blocked up with the same at a short distance, so that the only clear view is towards the Rhine through the mouth of the little Neckar Valley. One would suppose that a city surrounded by such natural ramparts could easily avert the assaults and calamities of war; but Heidelberg, like its neighbors, has passed through scenes of terrific carnage. It has repeatedly been sacked, plundered and destroyed, and its present flourishing condition is a proof of its tenacious vitality. Its university ranks among the first of its kind in Europe. It has a history of nearly five hundred years, and has numbered among its faculty, stars of the first magnitude. These German students have a martial ferocity that is truly appalling. At Heidelberg they sometimes have four and five duels a week. They had several while I was there.

Heidelberg Castle, the residence of the Electors of the Palatinate, is in ruins. But an invigorating atmosphere surrounds it even in its decay. Large gardens are planted around it, with winding, shady avenues, before which its old crippled walls raise their firm battlements, gray with the dust of many a siege. Above the Castle is the *Königstuhl*, surmounted by a lofty tower 1752 feet above the level of the sea. The spire of the Munster at Strasburg can be seen from this on a clear day, a distance of ninety miles. From the summit of this mountain the army of the fierce and cruel Tilly belched fiery destruction upon the ill-fated city during the Thirty Years' War. On the opposite side of the Neckar is the *Heiligeberg*; along its side a long road winds through vineyards, called the *Philosopher's Walk*, because the professors used to promenade along here. I found it pleasant of an evening to stroll along this sequestered path, and listen to the merry hum of departing day. Far below, the rolling stream made a rippling melody, the city swarmed through its doors and streets, while streams of busy idlers from every nation strolled through walks and avenues above the Castle, chattering merrily in indistinguishable confusion. And then, to crown the whole, the town-clock would toll the knell of the expired day. First a

little one would strike the hour in soft and feeble notes, then another in louder peals; and so each in its turn, like so many sentinels heralding along their line important news, until the last and largest struck a deep and mournful knell, which vibrated from hill to hill, until the last of that day died faintly and forever away in the deep solitude of the distant glen.

Spire, on the opposite side of the Rhine, and several hours ride from Heidelberg, is less distinguished for the beauty of its scenery than its interesting history. The Reformed were first called Protestants at Spire, because they protested against the decisions of a Diet held in a church still existing. The Cathedral of Spire is an edifice of unusual interest. There is nothing very striking about its exterior except its massiveness, but its interior merits are rarely equalled. Beneath its pavement formerly reposed the remains of eight German emperors, but the ravages of war have made it uncertain how many are left. In the middle of the 12th century St. Bernard visited Spire in behalf of the Crusades, and preached with great fervor in the Cathedral. One sermon, flashing with impassionate eloquence, had such an effect upon the king that he interrupted him in the midst of his discourse, requested him to hand him the cross from the altar, and from this on the Powers of Germany took a vigorous part in the prosecution of the Crusades. To say nothing of its magnificent fresco workings, of its grand and gilded arches, it contains one of the most splendid collections of scriptural paintings in northern Europe. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and especially when it bodies forth in lively and impressive forms the beauties of Revelation and the graces of the Christian Religion. Its long nave is hung with twenty-four paintings, representing prophecies of the Saviour, commencing with the fall and events of his history until the day of Pentecost. Standing at the west end you look through a long vista of perspective, lined with these splendid paintings, which terminates in a dome above the high altar, towards which they all look, in whose center is a large painting of Jesus Christ, the Lamb, slain for the salvation of the world, and a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. Around him, in the two transepts, are "a cloud of witnesses"—apostles, martyrs and confessors, the first ripe fruits of his finished redemption. The paintings are modern and have been procured through the liberality of the King of Bavaria.

THE HOMESTEAD.

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young;
When round each elm and maple tree
The honeysuckles clung;
But still I love the cottage where
I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!
The moss is on the roof,
And from their nests beneath the eaves,
The swallows keep aloof.

The robins—how they used to sing
When you and I were young;
And how did fit the wild bee's wing
The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
And the forms we were wont to see,
We hear and see no more.
No more! Alas, we look in vain,
For those to whom we clung,
And love as we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

THE PLOW, THE RAKE, AND THE HOE.

A song for the golden past—
And the high old forest trees—
A song for the curls of the ladies fair,
Out floating upon the breeze;
A song for the knightly halls of Spain,
With their chivalry long ago—
But a song of songs for the farmers' tools,
The plow, the rake, and the hoe.

A shout for the men of war!
From the blood-red field they come;
They look for the world to rise with awe
At the sound of their life and drum!
Hark! how the rabble cheer,
On hill and valley low—
We'll heed them not for our song shall be
Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Oh, a farmer's the man of men!
With sinews like cords of steel,
With a kingly step and a flashing eye,
And a heart that is made to feel—
To feel the boundings of joy,
And throb at the sight of woe,
Then sing a song for noble knight
Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Come forth, thou son of toil,
The earth, like bridesmaid gay,
Is putting on a carpet of verdure down,
For the feet of the blue-eyed May.
Come forth—with a lavish hand
Thy seed in the furrows sow—
While we gaily join in a cheering song,
For the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you he left his home on high;
For you to earth he came to die!
For you he slumbered in a manger;
For you to Egypt fled, a stranger:
For you he dwelt with fishermen;
For you he slept in cave and glen:
For you abuse he meekly bore;
For you a crown of thorns he wore:
For you he braved Gethsemane;
For you he hung upon the tree:
For you his final feast was made;
For you by Judas was betrayed:
For you by Peter was denied;
For you by Pilate crucified!
For you his precious blood was shed;
For you he slept among the dead!
For you he rose with might at last;
For you beyond the skies he passed:
For you he came, at God's command;
For you he sits at his right hand!

ATLANTIC CITY.

BY AILIE WILSON.

MIDDLE Pennsylvanians need hardly go to the sea-shore for health. To the jaded and care-worn of the cities, it is a luxury to get a mouthful of God's free, fresh air, and up here amid our grand old mountains we have it. But there is an old Scotch ballad that runs some how this, if our memory is a faithful servitor:

"Too much rest is rust;
There is ever cheer in changing;
We tire by too much triest,
So we'll be up and ranging."

Therefore, leaving the Girard House at seven, we were taken along Water street to Vine street wharf, where we took the boat for Camden. The annals say that there was a deep gulch came down here, and this street was at first called Valley street, and it was by way of distinction called the landing, as it was the only opening in the bank, and here stood the Penny Pot-House. No trace of Penny Pots now-a-days.

We take the Atlantic city cars at Camden, and, bating a few curves near Camden, we have a straight level road, over the Jersey sand, all the way through, sixty miles. We have heard of Jersey sands before, but never paid such particular attention to them. Where the eternal pine had been cut off there was a second growth of scrub-oak, and this was about all one could see. Occasionally there was an opening at some town. Everything looked Jersey-like—that is, nothing we saw looked out of place. Some of the roofs were painted red—it looked natural. We got a peep at the back part of Waterford; all the houses were age-darkened, a story and a half, perhaps two stories, weather-boarded, with a back kitchen attached, slant and slab-roofed, all exactly alike—it looked quite probable. The corn grew up in fields of white sand—it looked consonant to nature. As a general thing it was a very unmeaning ride, until we got within six or eight miles of Atlantic city; then opened upon us a most magnificent view of what they call the Salt Meadows. Far out one broad sea of green, until bound by a blue streak—if we were up in mid-Pennsylvania we would have called it a mountain, but here it was old Ocean; and what seemed giant trees, towering above the common herd of the forest, were the masts and sails of vessels.

Atlantic City is six or eight miles from Absecom, and about sixty above Cape May. We saw nothing but hotels and stores. The cars ran down to one of the lower hotels, then came back to the United States Hotel, where we got out with the crowd, and followed through a gauntlet of porters, nurses and children, and visitors, who all swarm to the front to see the new comers. Give our checks to the porter, enter our names, get a room—way up—get the Jersey sand and ashes out of our ears, nose and mouth, and come down to look around. Walk into

the bar-room—saw a man drinking a glass full of something, looked like wine, but on drawing water from the cooler, discover that to be the color of the water, perfectly tasteless and good, and said to be healthy.

Not wishing to appear "green," and wondering where the Ocean is, we stroll to the back part of the hotel, where we hear the roar, and follow a plank walk. On attaining a rise of sand of about twenty feet, the roar is loud and full, and Old Ocean bursts on our sight in all its grandeur. The sand is white, and far out over the blue we see a ridge of white—the crest of the waves that breaks over the bar so dangerous to mariners. The shore is strewn with wrecks. This is one of the most dangerous coasts along our Atlantic shore. Here where we stand is a wrecked hull that has been laying here for fourteen years. Down there are two that have been washed in within a few years. One, last spring a year. Here it was that vessel was wrecked and four hundred lives lost. The beach is strewn with spars, masts, rudders, spikes and bolts, telling of deeds "all Thy doing." There used to be a buoy out there, but a schooner run into it lately and sunk it. The Government is building a light-house, which will hereafter give safety to the mariner. About a hundred yards from the beach are rows of little houses, which look like jew stores; on poles are hung pants, coats and straw hats to dry, and these we discover are hired to the bathers. We walked along the beach, and the waves came up to our feet—"thus far and no farther." We looked at the bathers awhile, and as each wave came rolling in, there was such a cheery, joyous shout, that we started immediately for the little houses, and issued forth dressed in red-flannel breeches, with a white stripe down each leg, and a jacket that put us in mind of the "witty sark" of Tam O'Shanter's witch, of the same material faced with white, and a broad-brimmed straw hat. Being rather timid we only adventured to where the breakers dash, and before time for much reflection had our heels knocked from under us, and nose and ears filled with salt water, and left high and dry on the beach by the receding wave. Following others, we soon floated like a cork, beyond the breakers. The waves came in ten feet or more high, and a dexterous duck left you on the other side, while it spent its force on the beach. How possible things are in nature! Here a rope of sand binds the Ocean in its might.

Every wave seemed to penetrate to one's "inards," and reinvigorate in a wonderful degree. The sun shines bright and cloudless above, and it, with the sand, made it seem that it must be hot. But the constant breeze makes it cool as a summer evening embalmed by the zephyr.

We dine at two. The dining-room of this hotel is upwards of two hundred feet long; and down that long array of four tables we see not a familiar face. The afternoon is spent in lounging. Up out of the white sand grow stunted pine and chestnut. But they do not grow more than twenty feet—not higher than the ridge of sand between this and the beach. The sharp winter winds prevent further attainment. We saw a map of the city in the bar-room magnificent in its proportions, but now only in its embryo state.

In the evening we took chairs and sat down on the beach. This was the most magnificent and suggestive scene.

"When evening spreads her banquet in the west,
And sup'd in glory with her parting guest;
When the fair fingers of the night unroll
Her starry lettered and mysterious scroll."

We saw the "departing guest," and the splendor of his train lingered in our sight. Then the moon, at first dimmed by clouds, rose in full majesty, mounting her white throne, studded with brilliants, and though she no doubt mirrored herself in every wave with unfavorable loveliness, yet there was one long track of light, which seemed a highway far across the waters for the ships to go. The solemn roar of the ocean, the summer lightning that played amid the dark mass of clouds that lay towering upon the right, the storied sky, shaped—

"With influence of unmeasured might,
The mind's creations and the soul's delight."

Many groups of men, women and children strolled along the beach, but there was no talking, or if there was it was in whispered words. Many sat gazing out upon the ocean, what their "mind's creations" were, who can tell? It was indeed a suggestive scene. And as we sat and gazed, there came up from the well of memory, dripping fresh, words which we had read in boyhood, and which seemed clean gone forever, until this "influence of unmeasured might" raised them:

"Do you ask me how I'd amuse me
When the long bright summer comes,
And welcome leisure woos me
To shun life's crowded homes;
To shun the crowded city,
Whose dense oppressive air,
Might make one weep with pity
For those who must be there?"

And after telling of many places he would not go, which we cannot read, he continues:

"No—I'd seek some shore of Ocean,
Where nothing comes to mar
The ever fresh commotion
Of land and sea at war;
Save the gentle evening only
As it steals along the deep,
So spirit-like and lonely
To still the waves to sleep.

"These long hours I'd spend in viewing
The elemental strife,
My soul the while subduing
With the littleness of life;
Of life with all its paltry plans,
Its conflicts and its cares—
The feebleness of all that's man's,
The might that's God's and theirs.

"And when we came I'd listen
To the stilling of that war,
Till o'er my peace would glisten

The first pure evening star;
Then, wandering homeward slowly,
I'd learn my heart the tune
Which the dreaming billows lowly
Were murmuring to the moon."

We went out at four o'clock in the morning. It was a grand, glad and glorious scene. Many gentlemen go to bathe at this time, as it can be done without being trammelled with the flannel regimentals, as by an ordinance, between the hours of seven in the morning and nine in the evening, no one is allowed to go into the surf, unless properly clothed.

We left Atlantic city with much regret. Coming up the cars run over a cow, running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and made a narrow escape of being killed. We were amused at an old gray-headed man, who, looking around awhile, said, "Well, I came near being killed, but death wouldn't have cheated me out of many years."

W O M A N .

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of a wounded affection. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshments of sleep are poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

THE SLEEPING DISCIPLES.

SLEEP weighed their eyelids down. Oblivion, slow,
Stole o'er their senses, as upon the grass
They waiting sat, till that dread hour should pass
Whose fearful grief—whose unimagined woe
He, only He, their suffering Lord could know!
And there they slept! O, cruel friends! and ye
Could sleep while, lone and bowed in anguish, He,
Your Master, groaned in pangs whose every throe
Was keen as death! And there he found them! Who,
Oh, who can tell the added pang that wrung
The Saviour at that sight! And could ye not
Watch with me one short hour? O, how they stung,
Those words of meek reproach, to be forgot
Ne'er till their hearts should cease life's pulses to renew?

THE BRIDGE AHEAD!

BY THE EDITOR.

Don't cross the bridge before you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

THERE is a class of persons whose troubles and difficulties are always some distance ahead of them. They do not reach them, but have them always in sight, and are in great dread of them. They are getting along very well to-day, but what of to-morrow! They are provided for in the summer, but how will they pass the coming winter? They can get along themselves, but how will it be with their children? There is always some fearful apparition looking with terrible menacing toward them out of the dim distance before them; and oh, when they get there! They are laboring to cross the bridge before they have come to it.

How many of our troubles after all are troubles ahead of us, to which we have not yet come; and, what is more, will perhaps never come to them. They are only crossing our path, or perhaps going away from us, and will not be there when we come. We seek for our troubles like children seek for golden spoons when the arch of the rainbow rests on the earth; when we reach the spot where we see them, or imagine we see them, they are still farther away. They move as we move; and we are always trying to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Could we divide our troubles into two parts, putting those ahead of us on one side, and those actually with us on the other, we should find that the *coming* troubles would be far more than those which have come. Our present troubles may be enough, but we increase them by imaginary ones ahead. The lips of wisdom have said: Sufficient to the day are the evils of the day; and if we crowd the evils of to-morrow into to-day we make them too many, and we are trying to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Here is a man brought suddenly to a stand. He has met a hard knot of duty. He sees that it ought to be laid hold of, and feels that a certain course in regard to it is right; but what will the consequences be! Perhaps he is a pastor: there is a reigning sin in his congregation to be reformed. There is a point at which discipline should be applied. He sees it all, and knows it all. The duty is plain. But what will the consequences be! Ah, the trouble ahead troubles him. Instead of fighting the giant aside of him, he is imagining how dreadful will be the war with the giants before him. Let such an one do present duty, and meet troubles as they come. He will find that there is a God of providence who has made it our duty to do right, and who will make the consequences right when we faithfully do our duty. He will find, like Don Quixotte, that what seemed an army ahead will be but rattling windmills when he gets to them. It is no more our duty to be frightened from the path of right by probable consequences ahead, than it is our duty to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Here is a young man in whose bosom has long burned an ardent desire to enjoy a liberal education. Besides this he has strong drawings

toward the office of the holy ministry. Even now he feels it to be his duty, and he has strong fears that he can never be happy in any other calling. He would long since set out in the way of his desires, but the difficulties ahead! He is poor. His friends will oppose him. The course of study is long. His labors cannot be dispensed with at home. He is entangled in the business of some other calling. He would have to forfeit some important worldly interests and advantages. What an array of terrible troubles lie in his path before him, it is true; yet he feels as if they must all be plain, and the path perfectly clear to the end, before he starts a step. He wants to cross the bridge before he comes to it. How he deceives himself. Does he not see how many others have started out with all these troubles ahead; and how they have overcome them as they met them, and reached the end of their desires? What has been done, can be done; and what is more, what is to be done, ought to be done bravely, and it must be done if the current of life is to run in the right direction. Young man, gird yourself and go forward; and be not so foolish as to spend your time in vain attempts to cross the bridge before you come to it.

Here is a christian—perhaps an afflicted one. He can bear his present trials, but how will he bear what is to come. He has courage now, but fears the giants of gloom in the path ahead. He does not know—or he forgets it—that strength is given as the day is; and that it is given in the day when it is needed, not before—grace suited to prosperity and to adversity; grace for health and grace for sickness; grace to live by and grace to die by; grace in the time of need, as it is needed, and in the degree needed. He forgets all this, and is quailing in view of troubles ahead; he is in agony to cross the bridge before he comes to it.

Ho! all ye who are ready to fall before the war begun, give your folly to the winds and be wise. Remember who hath said: Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; why then seek ye to crowd to-morrow into to-day, and thus increase the troubles that are by the troubles to come. Why do you labor to cross the bridge before you come to it.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children, flowers from heaven,
Strown on earth by God's own hand;
Earnest emblems to us given,
From the fields of angel-land;
Life adorning,
Gems of morning,
From the fields of angel-land!

Little children, blessed creatures,
Kindly sent with us to stay;
Let us ever kindly treat them—
Childhood's hours soon pass away.
Yes, we feel it,
Years reveal it—
Childhood's hours soon flee away.

"DARK CORNERS."

BY THE EDITOR.

MEN do not feel as they ought, how much the well-being of individuals, of families, and of nations depends upon the influence of the church. It is truly the salt of the earth—the great, all-pervading preservative element: It is truly the light of the world, shedding beams of brightness and beauty upon all individual thought and feeling, and upon every social relation in the family and the State.

As a plain illustration of the truth of what we say, we need but refer to communities and circles of social life where the influences of the church is only feebly felt. There are in all country regions, as well as in cities, places which are familiarly called "dark corners"—places of ignorance and immorality, where the inhabitants are sunken to a low level of debasement, and where there is little refinement and higher social cultivation. In such places there is no church-going, and all its elevating influences are repelled and debarred. Parents are ignorant and low in their thoughts and feelings; youths are permitted to herd about without any aims or impulses above the instincts of an animal mind; the minds and affections of children grow wild and wayward without any direction as to the true meaning and end of human life. Such "corners" are always the pest-spots of the communities in the midst of which they exist. They are like stagnant pools, breeding reptiles and fearful things, while they send sickening and death-working malaria into all healthful regions around. What do such places need but the purifying and preserving salt of religion. Let the light of the church penetrate their darkness, let religion enter those abodes, let those families be made christian families, let the youth be brought under the elevating power of the church, and let the children be nurtured in its sanctifying bosom, and the "dark corner" will soon become bright, and the moral swamp of stagnant pools will give place to a garden of the Lord.

The influence of the church, if permitted to enter such a "dark corner," would not only change the thoughts and feelings of those who have dwelt in darkness, but it would silently work change in their outward temporal condition. Idleness would give place to industry, cleanliness would take the place of filth in their abodes and in their clothing, rags would disappear and children would go forth in that tidiness which is a mark of true civilization; and a higher interest in one another would appear between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, as well as in social life generally. No one can deny this influence to religion. Its influence upon industry, cleanliness, and general outward refinement and prosperity is as clear as facts existing around us everywhere can make it. The degradation of the spirit is the source of all degradation; and when it is without religion there can be no true elevation beneath it. Christianity is the golden cord which binds hearts,

families and communities up to God and heaven; when that is broken off, hearts, and families, and communities will soon be turned into "dark corners."

Such "dark corners" always have some prominent ruling peculiarity about them. If they are in the country, they generally surround some low tavern or beer-shop. They are the places where shooting-matches, raffings, and rude "hoe-down" dances are held. Here the old vultures linger and hang about, to allure the younger ones to the carcass. The ruling spirit of the place is ignorance and vice. You also generally find one or two "smart" infidels, or some pert universalists, who "know the scriptures," around the place, acting in the way of pastors to breathe a pleasant, soothing influence upon any troublings of conscience that may arise. Hence you almost always find that such a "dark corner" is at the same time either an infidel or universalist nest. It can only preserve itself, and keep out the influence of religion by keeping up some bitter prejudices against the church, its ministers and its people. We recollect one instance in which the tavern-keeper himself acted as priest over the "dark corner" which surrounded him. He "knew the scriptures," he could "speak out of the scriptures like a preacher," and he could make it as plain as daylight to the red-noses ranged around him, that inasmuch as "there was no hell," that therefore of such as they were would be the kingdom of heaven! On the way home to their desolate families and ignorant children, they would blubber to one another, "What a smart man; how he can explain the scriptures; that is just what I always said." Thus are the festering wounds of the soul soothed, and there is the cry of peace to those who sit in the darkness of their own misery, in sure prospect of still deeper gloom.

What does such a "dark corner" need?—what but the church. There is no help for it, but in that which it hates. It is strange that such corners are often so long and entirely neglected by the church. Do you ask what is to be done for them? The answer is plain—plant a church into their midst. But you say there is one long-established within a mile of it, so that there is no room for one more. True—but they will not go to it, you must take the church to them. We mistake when we expect the darkness of the world to advance toward the light. They will not do it—they never did it. The light must seek them out. Christ did not wait for men to seek him, he went in search of them. Christianity is aggressive—it must be so. Go ye into the lanes, and dark places, do not wait for them to come to you. Go into these "dark corners" with the Sabbath-school, the Bible-class, the Church. Raise the standard in the midst of them. The light will then work its way. If it is too late to redeem the old, you can preserve the young; and if the church has the children of the present generation, it will have the parents of the next.

He that plants a tree is so far a benefactor to those who come after him; how much more he who erects a tent of the Lord in a "dark corner." Let it be ever so humble, it is a beginning that will work its own way. The tent may become a temple in the end; and there may be a "latter house" which will be greater in glory to that of the former. Christian reader, turn your attention towards that "dark corner" near

you. There is a work for you there to do. Christian pastor, see that a small church is built in that neglected by-place, and you may live to see that "dark corner" a city on a hill.

FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT.

[The newspapers announce that some man of wealth is about making arrangements to erect a monument in memory of Dr. Franklin. The writer of the following lines deems such a movement is derogatory to the honor of Franklin—implying as it does the apprehension that Franklin may be forgotten.]

BY JAMES AIKEN.

ARK! build his monument; but make it not
Of stone. Never insult his glorious memory
By the most false and stupid implication
That, like a hot-house plant, it must be nursed.

The mighty fame of Franklin!—what is 't like?
'Tis like the flaming pillar sent of God,
To lead the hosts of Israel on their way.
And now behold ye! this rich man is troubled
Because this pillar has no stone-heap built
On which to lean when weary! Kind-hearted soul!
Go get some sticks and prop the azure sky,
Lest peradventure it may tumble down
And its blue fragments, though they are made of nothing,
Shall spoil the shape of that soft head of thine!

Build Franklin's monument! I'll tell you how!
Take up the work which Franklin had begun:
Go teach the ignorant—go feed the poor,
Harness the lightning to Progression's car,
And make the mighty elements perform
For lordly man the drudgery of slaves.
Make man supreme—let matter be the serf,
And toil as Franklin toiled for this great end:
To snatch from slavery every human soul.

Build Franklin's monument! Why look ye, friend,
Seest thou that row of telegraphic posts,
With wires overdrawn across the continent?
While these remain, they utter Franklin's name
In thundertones which echo round the world,
Waking the nations to the morn of Freedom!
Build Franklin's monument! Why only look—
See yonder stately dome with lofty spire—
Beauty and grandeur blended into one!
High above all, and pointing to the sky,
What see'st thou? Why Ben Franklin's monument!

I almost fancy 'tis old Ben himself,
Standing with head erect, and eye serene,
To catch and strangle with Herculean strength
From the black cloud the burning thunderbolt!
Rest safe below, sweet smiling sleeping babe!
Ben Franklin's genius guards thy gentle head,
And when thou art a man, within thy heart
Shall be erected FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ZWINGLI.*

Too little, we are sorry to say, is known in this country by the majority of readers concerning the eventful career of Ulric Zwingli, the compeer of Luther, the fearless champion of truth, and the religious warrior of the Reformation. Hitherto our means of information in regard to him have been extremely limited, being confined, for the most part, to several extremely meagre and defective biographies, written by men differing from him in doctrinal points, and totally deficient in that sympathy of thought and feeling which is absolutely necessary, in order that his motives and his course be presented to the reader in a proper light, that a just estimate of his character may be formed. The lucid narrative of D'Aubigne, on the Reformation, it is true, gave us a more complete and authentic sketch of him than any we before possessed; but still, the necessity of a life, well written, sufficiently comprehensive, and relieved from all foreign and extraneous matter, was felt to be a desideratum. Germany has long had several valuable biographies of him, but for want of a translator, their contents have remained inaccessible to most American readers. The book we have placed at the head of this article, we are happy to say, obviates this deficiency, and we are placed in possession of the best and most reliable history of this great man and his times, that has thus far made its appearance. Professor Porter, well known as the translator of numerous valuable works from the German, among which we may mention a most excellent and graceful version of that masterpiece of German literary art, the "*Herman and Dorothea*" of Goethe, has accomplished an undertaking for which we thank him most heartily. In this article we shall attempt to give the reader a general idea of the work, quoting liberally therefrom as our purposes may demand, although well aware how imperfect such an attempt must necessarily be.

Ulric Zwingli was born on the first day of January, 1484, in the small village of Wildhaus, of parents in moderate circumstances, but pious inclinations. So far as can be ascertained at this distant day, the creed of the old Arabian philosophers, who maintained that the advent of every great man was heralded by some wonderful supernatural manifestation, was not verified at the birth of the Swiss reformer. Neither the heavens nor the earth gave mysterious signs that a child was born who in his manhood should wield a spiritual power which caused monarchs to tremble, and kingdoms to totter, and whose mighty influence, increasing day by day, will yet give the final blow that is to overthrow the spiritual ascendancy of that church, whose corruptions and wickedness form so foul a blot upon the religious nature of the human family, that the purification of ages seems almost unable to obliterate the stain.

Although partaking somewhat of the nature of the rugged Alpine region in which he lived, the youthful Zwingli early displayed a lively

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLI. Translated from the German of J. J. Hottinger, by Prof. T. C. Porter, of Franklin and Marshall College, Pa. pp. 421.

appreciation of the beauties of his mountain home, and a taste for learning, which placed him far in advance of his young associates. It was his fortune to have two uncles who had embraced the clerical profession, and to their early instructions it is doubtless owing that his own inclinations were directed towards the church. So far had he progressed in his studies, by the assistance of these relatives, that in his tenth year he was prepared to enter the grammar-school at Basle. Our author gives us a most lively and interesting picture of the manner in which instructions were imparted at that day, which it would afford us much pleasure to quote did our space permit, but we must hasten on to the stirring times that awaited the school-boy of Wildhaus. To an extreme fondness for scientific studies, Zwingli added an ardent love of the classics. The Greek and Roman authors were a source of constant pleasure: the matchless odes of the fiery Pindar were his particular study and delight; "and no author," he was accustomed to say, "serves so well for the interpretation of the holy scriptures, especially of the Psalms and Job, which rival him in sublimity." Besides giving his mind the necessary mental discipline, to the study of the early classic historians, may be ascribed those political views which had so important a bearing upon his after life. His sound judgment and sagacity well qualified him to detect the intrigues and corruptions that were practiced by those in authority during the palmy days of Greece and Rome, and the lessons thus taught him went far in molding his religious as well as his political career. To his other attainments he added an extraordinary talent for music, and his proficiency in this department was a source of constant remark.

From Basle he went to Bearn; three years of constant study at this place qualified him to enter the University of Vienna, which he accordingly did in 1499. A residence of two years at this renowned seat of learning put him in possession of such attainments as would insure him success in whatever direction his inclinations might lead him. Shortly after leaving the university he accepted the situation of teacher of languages in a school at Basle. This was in 1502, at which time his public career may be said properly to commence. It was at this time that Zwingli was first led to think of the church as a profession. Hitherto his devotion to his studies had been so constant as to leave him little leisure to look about him, but now the errors and corruptions which he saw existing everywhere around him in the church, induced him to turn his efforts in that channel, hoping by a bold and upright course to bring about the reformation which was so much needed. The Bishop of Constance ordained him to the ministry in 1506, and shortly afterwards he entered upon the discharge of his duties as pastor to the congregation in Glarus, the principal town in the Canton of St. Gall. Here were first enunciated those truths from which the Roman church never has, and let us hope, never will recover.

Zwingli now devoted himself entirely to the arduous duties of his new calling. Henceforth to study and expound the scriptures was to be the chief aim of his existence. Discarding the verbiage and hollow philosophy which ignorant commentators and ambitious controversialists had thrown around the Bible, he sought by a thorough and accurate

examination of the Holy Scriptures, in the original tongue, to acquire their true meaning and spirit. Not only did he thus labor for his own improvement, but the circle of young friends whom he had gathered around him, were stimulated by his example, and encouraged by his friendly and unostentatious aid, to pursue a similar course. He lived to obtain the reward which these exertions so well deserved. In the trying times of his after life, the friends to whom he had imparted his own firm and heroic spirit, rallied around him to a man, and were prepared with strong arms and resolute hearts to sustain their leader in the fierce conflict of faith that gathered over them. The disposition of Zwingli seems to have been of a most amiable and attractive character. Every one with whom he was brought into contact, was drawn into still closer bonds of fellowship and love by the quiet humor and geniality of his nature, and so strong was his desire to know all in whom he thought he recognized a kindred spirit, that he left no means untried to gain their friendship: this it was that induced him, soon after his installation at Glarus, to travel to Basle for the purpose of obtaining the friendship of Erasmus.

Before Zwingli was much known in the religious world, he had already taken an active part and was well known in politics. A nature as ardent as his could not stand aloof and quietly contemplate the political questions that were agitating the Swiss Confederacy at that time. If the study of the classics had taught him to hate the corruptions that had crept into the administration of governmental affairs, they had no less stimulated and roused the slumbering warlike spirit within him, and we accordingly find him following the banner of his Canton to the field, in the war that was then existing between the Pope and the French. Although it may appear somewhat singular to us, to find the minister accompanying the warlike hosts to the field of conflict, yet we find it to have been the general custom in those days, and so well did the chaplain of Glarus acquit himself in his Italian campaign, that the Pope granted him a pension as an acknowledgement of his valuable services. He espoused the cause of his countrymen with his whole soul, and incited every one to do likewise. To a wavering friend he writes thus: "Read Sallust's description of the wars of Jugurtha and Catiline's conspiracy. See in the former the insolence, the artifices and the lust of power of a single aristocrat and how far the love of money can lead; in the latter, what gifts can do, and how they can embolden those who are bribed by them. Let Appian of Alexandria then picture to you the distraction of citizens and civil war, with banishment and its consequence." The earliest historical production of Zwingli extant is a most graphic account of this campaign in Italy, written in Latin, an admirable translation of which is given in the work before us. It bears the stamp of sincerity, and shows how strongly he was impressed with the justness of the cause in which he had participated.

Notwithstanding the manifold duties that demanded his constant care and attention, Zwingli also cultivated at this time the graces of polite literature. Many of his poems, written at this period, are still in existence. As a specimen of his vigorous and lucid style, and also to show how thoroughly republican he was in all his thoughts and feelings, we append the following extract, from a poem called a "Poetic Fable:"

"Where Bribery can show its face,
There Freedom has no dwelling place.
And such a blessing Freedom is,
That boldly Sparta, as we wis,
Unto Hydarnes gave reply:
'Freedom must stand by Bravery
Sheltered and guarded evermore.'
Amid the bloody ranks of war,
Amid the fearful dance of death,
Let gleaming swords drawn from the sheath,
And sharp-edged spears and axes be
Thy guardians, golden Liberty!
But, where a brutish heart is met,
And by a tempting bribe beset,
There noble Freedom, glorious boon!
And name and blood of friends too soon
Are cheaply prized and rudely torn
The oaths in holy covenant sworn."

It cannot be supposed, that the bold and unusual course of conduct Zwingli marked out for himself, could be pursued without attracting the attention of the dignitaries of the church. The universal favor and esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, excited the jealousy of preachers less fortunate than himself, and the peculiar dogmas he advocated, so utterly at variance with the usually received cultus of the Church, furnished them with a powerful weapon to bring him into discredit with the Apostolic See. Nor did they neglect to avail themselves of this potent means to secure his discomfiture. The Roman Church at that time as now, regarded with extreme suspicion and jealousy every attempted innovation on any of its established doctrines, and accordingly his enemies found willing ears to receive these rumors of his heterodoxy. Neither were the accusations brought against him altogether of a religious character. Far from it. Numberless other charges were laid to his account. His participation in politics was held up in a condemnatory light, and so it may even appear to some in our own day; but let such persons look at his conduct in connection with the times, and let them not judge him from a stand-point in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His private life was also rudely, and to some extent, justly assailed. He tells us himself his early years were marked by many indiscretions, of which he was heartily ashamed in after life.

These united accusations at length rendered his stay at Glarus, were they were chiefly circulated, very unpleasant. He was only waiting for an opportunity to change the scene of his labors, and it was not long delayed. He accepted the situation of people's priest in the Monastery of Einsiedeln, one of the most famous institutions of the kind in Switzerland. Zwingli's removal to this place, forms a memorable era in his life. This convent it appears, was a place of much resort to persons from abroad. It possessed the privilege of granting plenary indulgences, which attracted multitudes of all classes; it was a sort of Mecca, and its fame was almost as wide spread as that of its Arabian namesake. The iniquities that Zwingli saw practiced here, stimulated him to still further efforts at reform. The whole history of the Roman Church shows no darker blot, than the cursed traffic in indulgences. It stimulated the commission of every crime, by holding out the means of imme-

diate and entire absolution. Behind its ample and benignant cover, the evil doer found a secure refuge for every act of villainy—an asylum from retributive vengeance. Few persons are aware of the extent to which the trade in indulgences was carried, or the manner in which the venders disposed of their wares.

Fortunately, we are in possession of well authenticated accounts, descriptive of the manner in which indulgences were disposed of. Tetzel, the prince of these nefarious venders, the chief scene of whose exploits was Germany, was accustomed to select some prominent place, generally a church, and then address the assembled multitude in a style of which the following is a specimen: "Indulgences," said he, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts." This cross, (presenting a small cross he usually carried with him) has as much efficacy as the cross of Christ. Draw near and I will give you letters, duly sealed, *by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit*, shall be forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of Saint Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences than he with his sermons. There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit: only pay largely, and all shall be forgiven. Even repentance is not necessary. But more than all this: indulgences save not the living alone—they also save the dead. Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens and ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends who cry to you from the bottomless abyss, we are enduring horrible torments, a small alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not. *The very moment that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to heaven.*"

Not only did Zwingli witness this practice at the convent of Einsiedeln, but about this time, Benardin Sampson, a Franciscan monk of Milan, furnished with a license by Pope Leo X. came into the neighborhood selling indulgences, as Tetzel had done in Germany. Zwingli at once denounced the practice, and launched all the thunders of his eloquence against it from the pulpit, proclaiming it an unjust and ungodly act, sanctioned neither by God nor the true christian and deserving of the severest condemnation. He devoted all his energies to throw the practice into disrepute, and left no means untried to bring the people around to his way of thinking, and with such success were his efforts attended, that Sampson's mission to Switzerland was almost a total failure. He took his departure in a short time for a more congenial region, but not before the Zurichers had positively refused him permission to enter their city for the purpose of pursuing his abominable practices. It is worthy of remark, that in his crusade against the sale of indulgence, Zwingli was supported by the Bishop of Constance. This was the boldest stand he had yet taken, and his name with that of Luther, was known in every part of the Papal world.

Zwingli's stay at Einsiedeln was not of long duration. Erhard Battman, the pastor of a congregation in Zurich, having resigned his situation, the friends of Zwingli, endeavored to persuade him, to offer himself as a candidate for the post. Believing that in this new and more extended sphere of action, his efforts would be crowned with greater success, he at length consented to apply for the situation. Notwithstanding the

opposition of his enemies, so highly was he esteemed by the canons of Zurich, that out of all the votes cast, (twenty-four in number) he received seventeen, which secured his election. Henceforward Zurich was the scene of his labors. He continued in this city until his career was stayed by death. Pericles hardly gained a greater ascendancy over the minds of the Athenians, than did Zwingli over the Zurichers. Almost every measure, either political or religious, that he advocated, was adopted by the people of the canton. Availing himself of the popularity he had acquired, he naturally attempted still further reforms. The Papal church, as we have already observed, did not fail to discover at an early day, through its emissaries, the heretical tendencies of Zwingli, and endeavored by gentle persuasions and flattery, to bring him once more within the consecrated fold. It even went so far as to grant him a pension, and the Pope's Nuncio, Antonio Pucei, was instructed to address a letter to him, bearing the assurance of his possessing the distinguished consideration and regard of the wearer of the triple crown. All these bribes were of no avail. The truth as it existed in the heart of Uric Zwingli, had gone forth, and sooner might the whirlwinds of heaven have been gathered in, than the course of the word of God been stayed. Pope Leo X. saw not the end, neither will the Pontiff of the present day.

Zwingli's means of spreading the truth, did not consist in preaching alone. The press afforded him the means of gaining adherents beyond his own immediate neighborhood, and all the prominent doctrines he advocated were scattered far and wide through the Swiss Confederacy. Everywhere men read and believed, so that when the great crisis had arrived, from every quarter came men, eager and ready to encounter every danger that menaced their religion; this was one of the secrets of its immediate success. So rapidly had it spread, and so numerous had its adherents become, that when the Papal church endeavored to crush this new order of things, it had assumed a magnitude that had never been thought of, and which precluded the possibility of its being overcome or stayed by ordinary means. Persuasion was thought of no longer: pensions and bribes had lost their efficacy, and as the last, and as was believed, the most effective means, the thunders of the Vatican were hurled upon the heretics.

We have dwelt so long upon the early career of Zwingli, that our space will not allow us to follow up his later years with the same minuteness. To show the manner in which the Reformation had its origin, and the means employed for its successful promulgation, was one of our main objects, and for this purpose it was necessary to dwell at some length upon the events of his early life. We have reached the period when its success could no longer be considered doubtful; as a last resort, the Roman church desired to try what efficacy there was in argument, and accordingly disputations were held in every part of Switzerland and Germany, in which the Reformers invariably proved triumphant. Zwingli was a dangerous and powerful antagonist to meet in debate, and for this reason, was both feared and hated. The history of these disputations is related with much ability and minuteness, in the latter part of the volume before us, but our limited space forbids us to make further extracts, and we can only refer the reader to the book itself.

The condition of the Cantons of Switzerland at that time, bears so

strong a similarity to the state of our own republic at the present day, that the attentive reader cannot fail to observe it. Indeed, the entire history of Switzerland is so much like our own, that we cannot forbear alluding to it. Like ourselves, they at first numbered but a few districts. Honest, hardy and industrious, they sought not to change their form of government, until the tyranny of the House of Hapsburg became unbearable. Then, like our gallant forefathers, uprose the heroes of Helvetian independence, Furst, Stauffacher and Melchthal, and like them, they pledged their honor and their lives to the sacred cause. Saratoga, Monmouth and Yorktown are not more proudly pointed to by the patriotic American, than are the glorious battle fields of Morgarten, Sempach and Morat, by the enthusiastic Switzer. Tyranny incited them to revolt, and the preservation of the liberty they had achieved, united them in a federal compact. Thus were they united when the Reformation commenced. Determined and courageous, they commanded the respect of their more powerful neighbors, who left them unmolested amid their Alpine fastnesses. The Reformation at once introduced sectional strife amongst them. While some of the Cantons adopted the new religion with the wildest enthusiasm, others clung with a like pertinacity to the old. Suspicion and discord at once crept within the sacred precincts of the Confederacy, which it was plainly seen, would result in revolt, and perhaps disunion. And so the sequel proved. On the one side were arrayed the Catholic Cantons of Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug and Lucerne; on the other Zurich, Berne, Schaffhausen, St. Gall and Bienne. Both parties prepared to appeal to arms. Zurich, deserted by her allies, was left to bear the shock of war by herself. Zwingli fell upon the field of Cappel, gloriously fighting for his religion and his country. "Not in sullen stupefaction, not in a fit of frenzy or of recklessness did he march forth, but with the earnestness of a man, who knows what may happen, and, not girding himself with his own hands, relies on the arm of Him who is best acquainted with the human heart, and pardons us the multitude of our errors, if only redeemed by faith, love, and a spirit of self-sacrifice." Not the black cloud of religious strife hangs over our heads in this land of freedom, but sectional strife of even a more portentous and threatening character is agitating our country throughout its wide extent. Let the history of that little Republic beyond the sea, not be forgotten by the men of our own time, for it speaks eloquently of once glorious days, and points silently to the rocks that threaten the gallant bark of human freedom.

So much has been said and written about the individual claims of Zwingli and Luther, in bringing about the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, that it may perhaps not be amiss to allude to the matter here. Priority in the great work is claimed by the partisans of each, while in addition, many of Luther's adherents contend that Zwingli was nothing more than an active and energetic follower of the great monk of Erfurth. We think it can be clearly proven that neither was indebted to the other for his peculiar views, and that without any knowledge of each other, the work which a Divine Providence had placed before them, was commenced and successfully carried forward.

The following extract from the pen of that eminent Scotch theologian, Dr. Eadie, than whom perhaps no higher authority can be found, throws

some light upon this vexed but unnecessary question. He says: "the contests of Zwingli and Luther on the nature of the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper are well known, but the Swiss proved himself freer from early prejudices and traditional teachings than his great German antagonist. It is needless to discuss the relative merits of the two illustrious reformers, their position and sphere of influence being so very different. The fame of Luther has overtopped that of Zwingli, yet the Swiss divine had perhaps more caution and sagacity, and certainly more learning and refinement than the Saxon. *He was also earlier alive to the errors of Rome, and though he died a young man, yet in his narrow circle of action he carried out the Reformation farther than Luther did.*" The testimony of Zwingli himself on these points is of such a convincing character that we cannot forbear giving it. He speaks in the following manner: "the great and powerful of this world have begun to proscribe and render odious the doctrine of Christ under the name of Luther, so that they, by whom it is preached, are called Lutherans. Thus it happened also to me. *But before any one in our country ever heard the name of Luther, I had commenced to preach the gospel in the year 1516, since I never went into the pulpit without placing before me the words read in the gospel of the mass for that day, in order to explain them from the holy scriptures alone.* In the beginning of the year, when I came to Zurich, no one yet knew any thing of Luther, except that a book was published by him on indulgences, but it taught me little, for I had already been instructed concerning the fraud of indulgences by a disputation, which my beloved teacher, Thomas Wittenbach of Biel, held at Basle, although during my absence. Who then shall give me the nick-name of Lutheran? And when Luther's little book on the Paternoster appeared, and I had shortly before explained the same Paternoster in Mathew, I well knew that many pious people suspected me of making that book and adding Luther's name to it. Luther is, as it strikes me, an excellent soldier of God, who with great earnestness has looked through the scripture as no one has ever done in a thousand years on earth, and with manly, undaunted spirit, has attacked therewith the Pope of Rome as no one has ever done like him as long as papacy has endured, yet without receiving abuse from others. Does Luther preach Christ? Then he does just what I do; although, God be thanked, a thousand fold more will be led to God than by me and others, whose measure God makes greater or smaller as he will. Nevertheless I will bear no name but that of my captain, Christ, whose soldier I am, who will give me office and pay as much as seems to him good. Now I hope everybody will understand why I do not wish to be nick-named Lutheran, although I esteem Luther as highly as any man living."

We desire to say a few words about Zwingli as a man, before concluding this brief sketch. So different are the views that may be taken of his life, that what might seem to one as a correct estimate of his career, might perhaps by another be regarded in an entirely different aspect. Zwingli, as is the case with every great man, was far in advance of his age. His early efforts were one continuous struggle to inculcate sound political principles, well aware that such a course would prove of the utmost importance in his ulterior religious designs. Zwingli was a thorough-bred republican. Not with the hope of private emoluments—

not with the desire of personal aggrandizement did he manifest so great an anxiety to reform the corruptions that had crept into the administration of justice in the free cantons of Switzerland. The consideration of self never for a moment swayed him from the path of right. His aim was his country's prosperity, and he never lost sight of it. In religion he was sincerity itself. Too head-strong and not sufficiently calculating, he may, perhaps, at times have been, but unless he had had these very qualities, the great work could never have been successfully accomplished. Had he, with all his abilities and learning, been deficient in boldness and courage, his life would have been nothing more than a splendid blank. Fearless and totally regardless of consequences, he sent forth to the world these truths, which in more timid and shrinking persons, would have slumbered forever. Unsuccessful in many of his projects, his motives nevertheless were ever pure and unselfish. Inflexible determination and strong sense were the great means whereby his successes were achieved. Once fixed in his purposes, no obstacles could discourage and no dangers daunt him. Strong in his love for his wife and children, he hesitated not when duty bade him gird on his armor and march to the field of death. Generous in his friendships, he never forgot or forsook a friend, and was ever ready to conciliate an enemy. He was one of those men whose coming marks an era in the world's history, whose influence cannot be confined to the time in which they lived, but stands out a beacon light through all coming time—the flight of years but adding new rays to its brilliancy. He was a hero in the widest sense of the word, and worthy of the noblest eulogy mankind can pronounce—a firm friend, a sincere man, and a true christian.

Once more we would thank Prof. Porter for presenting us with this most valuable work, from which we have so largely drawn in preparing this article. To have a great want supplied is always a cause for thankfulness, but when the task is so skillfully accomplished as in the present instance, we have additional reasons to be grateful. It should, and will be widely circulated and read, by all who feel an interest in the men and the times that sent forth truths which shall exert their influence when time itself shall be no more.

F. R. D.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry-whistled tunes ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy ;
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican :
Let the million dollared ride ;
Barefoot trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy ;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.—WHITTIER.

THE GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. DR. BUSHNELL.

I suppose you will not be offended by a volunteer letter about the big trees of California, which I have just visited, without any engagement to report or thought of reporting to you.

These trees are found high up in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, probably four thousand feet above the sea. A stage ride from Stockton of about seventy miles, due east, brings the visitor to Murphy's, a kind of miner's town or camp, where a new and respectable hotel of stone is just finished. From this, a horseback ride, or if preferred a carriage ride, of fifteen miles takes him to the trees. The road is wrought in places, but in most of the way natural and very beautiful. For the first four miles it climbs a deep gorge, down which a heavy cascade of water is tumbling, poured in there by a miner's ditch. And this ditch is followed some miles farther, sometimes appearing farther on winding along the dells, and sometimes leaping across overhead from one hill to another in wooden trunks supported by a tressel work, fifty or a hundred feet high. This, together with a few little squatter taverns under the trees, a sawmill or two, and here and there a fence run round some scoop of moist land in the valleys, and the only inroads made upon the pure naturalness of the scenery. It is forest, yet nothing that we mean by forest. There is no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock, the surfaces are as beautifully turned as if shaped by a landscape gardener, and dotted all over by myriads of flowers, more delicate, if not more various, than any garden ever grew. Moving along these surfaces, rounding over a hill, or galloping through some silent valley, winding here among the native oaks casting their round shadows, and here among tall pines and cedars drawing their huge conical shapes on the ground, we seem in fact to be riding through some vast park. Indeed, after we had seen the trees and taken their impression, we could think of nothing but to call it the park of the Lord Almighty. The other trees we observed were increasing in size as we neared the place, till finally, descending gently along a western slope among the files of little giants, we came to the gate of the real giants themselves, emerging into the cleared ground of the Big Tree Hotel between the two sentinels, which are five hundred feet high, and stand only far enough apart for the narrow road to pass between. These were the first of the Washington cedars we have seen—it really seemed that we had never seen a tree before. And yet they were only medium specimens. Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree *par eminence*; the remaining part or top had been split up and removed. Near this first cut stood the stump, about six feet high, with an arbor mounted on the top, which had been squared down for this purpose, the posts of the arbor standing out in the line of the largest circuit at the ground, and the space between them and the circuit of the top filled in by a floor of short boards. The diameter of the top is by measurement twenty-five feet three inches one way, and twenty-

three feet six inches the other. The diameter, at the ground, or between the posts of the arbor, was thirty-one feet. To assist the imagination, the top of the stump was the breadth of a common city half-house, and the bottom was six feet wider! Passing round with Mr. Davis, the intelligent conductor and keeper of the hotel, we made a general survey of the group, and afterwards measured many of them with the tape line. They are all included in a space of fifty acres, and nearly all in ten acres, and are only about ninety in number. The ground occupied is a rich wet bottom, and the foot of the moist northern slope adjacent, covered also with an undergrowth.

And why are they here, just here, and nowhere else? This, I confess, is to me the greatest, strangest wonder of all, that nowhere in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakins of the forest, ninety seeds alone that have started, ninety and no more. Is there, was there no other piece of ground but just this, in the whole world, that could fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread, why has no one seed of the myriads they sprinkle every year on the ground, ever started in any other locality?

And what a starting it is, when such a seed of life begins to grow! Little did that tiny form of matter about the size of a parsnip seed, and looking more like that than any other, imagine what it was going to do, what feeling to excite, when it started the first sprouting of the Big Tree! This small parsnip seed going finally to open a road and turn a course of travel for thousands of people! See them when they come, how they gather about in silent awe before a vegetable! the stump of a vegetable!

It will be very difficult for any one, not assisted by actual sight, and even when so assisted, to form a conception, or receive a just impression of these gigantic growths. Even when he is thrilled with the sense of their sublimity he will not take their true measure. We measured an enormous sugar pine recently felled, about a mile before we reached the place. Sixty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter, and it was two hundred and forty feet high. It really seemed that nothing could be greater. But we applied our measure to one of the prostrate giants, whose dimensions, as it lay upon the ground, we could better take the sense of apart from all definite measures, and found that two hundred and forty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter! The top was rotted and gone, but it could not have been less than three hundred and twenty-five or three hundred and fifty feet high. And yet this tree was only eighteen feet in diameter where the Big Tree was twenty-five. That a man can ride through one of these fallen trunks on horseback really signifies nothing, when if the Big Tree were hollowed as it might be, one might drive the largest load of hay through it without even a brush of contact.

And yet two things conspire to let down a little our sense of sublimity of these vegetable wonders. Many of the trees and all the largest of them that remain are greatly injured by fire. Their time is therefore shortened, and a long time will be required to bring the smaller ones up to their maximum of growth. This being true, that a man, supposed to have a soul, instigated by the infernal love of money, should have cut down the biggest of them, and skinned the next, one hundred and

twenty feet upward from the ground (*viz.*, the Mother,) that he might show or sell the bark of her body, both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for a thousand years to come—O it surpasses all contempt! The wretch would have skinned his own mother, doubtless, for the same reason. Such a fact leaves one beyond utterance, and vexation does not suit well with the nobler sense of sublimity. And yet to see this Giant Mother still growing up as before, bearing her fresh foliage, ripening her seeds, and refusing to die; hiding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep masses of her barkless body, which the sun of two whole years has not been able to season through, dead as it is and weather-cracked without—it is a sight so grand as almost to compensate for the loss we suffer by the baseness of the human scamp who has moved our contempt so inopportunately.

The other subtraction referred to is the loss of poetry occasioned by a discovery of the certain extravagance of the calculations that are current respecting the age of the trees. The Big Tree, we are told, was growing when Athens left the quarry, in the days of the Pharaohs, in the days of Abraham, and I know not but that some have said, in the days of the old Red Sandstone. The result is made out by taking some inches of the wood from the higher parts of the tree where the grain is fine, counting the grains, and then multiplying by half the largest diameter at the ground, *viz.*, fifteen and a half feet. In just this way, we ourselves made out a proof that this tree was 4,007 years old. But why resort to this artificial method, when a better and absolutely certain method is in our power? The grains of the stump can be actually counted; for they are about as distinct as the teeth of a saw, except that, for two or three inches in two places, where the growth was slow, they are a little huddled, and cannot be made out very distinctly. That we might have a test, I and my friend made separate counts. According to his, the tree was 1,252 years old; according to mine, 1,272. It cannot have been older from the seed than 1,280 or 1,300 years. And this should be antiquity enough. What a conception of vegetable life, that when Gregory was consolidating the papal supremacy, when Mahomet was nursing at his mother's breast, when old Belisarius was knocking right and left among his enemies, this tree was sprouting into the small immortality of 1,300 years, then to die only by violence!

Thus much, in my silent chamber, about trees.

THE FROG AND THE EEL.

ONCE upon a summer evening the frogs croaked lustily in the marsh. An eel crept quietly past them. "Ho, neighbor," cried one of the frogs, "will you not join in and help us to sing?"

The eel excused itself, saying: "I have not been favored with a voice."

"No voice!" exclaimed the astonished frog. "Alas, for you, poor pitiful creature. I am sorry for you—you are to be pitied!"

"You may be right," answered the eel; "yet it is only necessary to hear you and your like, to convince any one that a modest silence is better than an everlasting loud and empty babbling."

EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

GLORIOUSLY as he rose so she sets, the brilliant king of day. He casts a softened purple light into the regions of earth which, in his daily course, he illuminated and blest. He spreads a mild red veil over the distant heavens. O what a goodly sight! Yonder all glows as in fire—here all lies in serene and rosy light—and there all seems purest gold! How it streams across the waters—how it glistens in the windows.

What a lovely departure! That which so sets must rise again.

No! this is no departure—it is a greeting with promise to meet again—so full of glorious earnest. This look upon the world is a look of promise—a great look of joy upon work completed—a smiling look of triumph and victory into the coming night. That which we see as the red of evening, is but the other half of what others see as the dawn of morning.

Night sets in darkly, to cover, and cool, and bring to rest, what the day has made hot, and weak and weary. Slumber, soft refreshing slumber will soon sink upon all life and embrace it mildly, rocking it into golden dreams. The quiet evening precedes the night—and yet once more does the highest glory of day break in upon the evening—and when the night is past the brilliant day will again usher in its high triumph.

Balmy sleep, how dost thou refresh all weary natures; thou art a priceless gift of kind heaven. How benevolently dost thou bury man's pains and cares, roll from his heart the burdens of sorrow, and cause him to forget the tribulations of life.

Quiet evening—how does thy cool air and gentle dew quicken what the hot sun has made languid. Thou dost invite man into thy fragrant bowers, dost fill his heart with feelings of peace, dost make tender and peaceful, and dost call forth from his eyes sweet tears of gratitude and love.

How is my heart glad in the light—more beautiful as it sets—which proclaims that it will return on another day. Yes, he will come forth again in majesty, the bright sun, when the slumbers of the night have refreshed me. He will come again, the symbol of God's blessedness, and all life will awake and rejoice. I cease not to praise God that my eyes can see, and my heart feel, all this glorious vision.

As the sun sets, so dies a great and good man. Yet greater and better is he in dying than in living. Then the new life rises mightily in his bosom, and sheds the beams of a great hope over his countenance. In the consciousness of immortality he looks with triumph into the face of death. His last look is a look of blessing toward the world, a look of joy upon his finished work, a look of victory upon the dawning day of his new being. Not only the great and good, but also those who have moved in an humble sphere, and blessed the world in a narrower circle, die as the sun sets, in grateful remembrance of the mercies of God which cheered and strengthened them on earth, in a sense of heavenly love by which all their days have been warmed and illuminated, in the consciousness of the good which they have accomplished, and in the blessed hope of the better life toward which they hasten.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLI. Translated from the German of J. J. Hottinger, by the Rev. Prof. T. C. Porter, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Harrisburg: Published by Theo. F. Scheffer, 1856.

In the present number of *The Guardian* will be found a full review of this work furnished by another hand. Hence we shall not speak of the merits of the book itself. The translation is free and fluent. We have in former numbers favorably noticed several works translated by the same hand. We regard Prof. Porter as one of the very best translators of the German into English. To a full knowledge of German in letter and spirit he adds a charming and graceful English style. What a pity, so one feels after reading "Augustine," "Herman and Dorothea," and "Zwingli," that such works as Olshausen's Commentary, so badly done, did not fall into the hands of Prof. Porter. We hope "Zwingli" is not the last work that he will *OVERSET*—as a certain one of a different class of translators ridiculously rendered the word *UBERSETZEN*—for our pleasure and profit. The publishers have done their work well, and have demonstrated that neat, tasty books can be made in the interior as well as on the sea-shore. Zwingli will have a large sale. Every young man should read it.

"THE KEYSTONE COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC" is the name of a new book just issued by the enterprising firm of Murray, Young & Co. of this city, and who can justly claim the honor of having published the first work on this subject in this city. The work deserves the serious consideration of every one who desires music to assume the high position which it ought to occupy, whether in the church, the musical association, the singing-school, or wherever it may or ought to be introduced. If it be desirable to sing why may it not be done properly as well as improperly; and if we can possess a work whose elementary principles embrace everything which is requisite to a proper elementary knowledge of music, and are so clear and concise that we at once unconsciously assent to every word and to every direction expressed, we think that is the work which is calculated to afford the best facilities for imparting the necessary instruction.

Our friend Mr. G. E. W. Sharritts, who is favorably known in our community as a choir leader, and who is at present leading the choir of St. John's Lutheran Church of this city, endorses the work fully, as far as he has had opportunity to examine it, and says that the course of instruction meets entirely with views which he has always held, but has not been able himself nor has he ever seen them so judiciously arranged or so clearly expressed as in the present able work. The authors, A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, are extensively known for their high musical attainments, and are held in much estimation here on account of the impetus which they gave to vocal music in our midst. They established the first musical convention ever assembled here, and the plan adopted at the convention, and which proved so successful, they do not feel justified in selfishly retaining for their own private benefit, but like true scientific philanthropists, they sow broadcast over our happy and music loving country ideas and sentiments which, if properly cultivated and matured, will make us a nation of the most perfect singers upon which the sun ever shone.

RUPP'S THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The fourth and fifth numbers of this curious and valuable publication is received. We understand it is well encouraged, as it richly deserves to be. How often do we hear Pennsylvanians speak of their ancestors as having come from Europe, yet they almost invariably add: "But we do not know when they came in." Our advice is to procure this work for the trifling sum of one dollar and you will soon see and know.

....A Milan newspaper announces that the Rev. Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory at Rome, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, and amongst them one in which the mouth of the volcano Copernicus is distinctly represented.

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THE PULPIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

MUCH has been said and sung of the influence of the pulpit upon the well-being of the world. Scarcely too much can be attributed to it as a moral power. It molds and keeps alive the public conscience, and does more than armies and navies to preserve the peace and permanency of the State. The ungracious and wholesale reflections which it is of late fashionable with a certain class of secular papers to cast upon the pulpit, remind us of a rude boy who curses his mother. For the State without the influence of the pulpit would be something like a rowdy boy who had no mother to warm him into life and love. Secular papers did not teach the American community to respect the pulpit at first, nor will they succeed in teaching them to cease respecting it. When all the semi-infidelity that now so patriotically prates for the public good has gabbled its last, the pulpit will still utter, with holy anointing, that eternal truth which will not only preserve but save the nations.

There is one particular aspect of the pulpit which is perhaps not remembered as it deserves to be; we mean as it conserves and cultivates the public taste in a literary point of view.

Eloquence, it is known and confessed, has much to do in keeping alive the polish of the public mind, and the delicacy of the public taste. Its influence is like that of music, great in civilizing and refining the minds of men, but not easily traced, and measured, and described. An eloquent address, like a lovely song, makes a man better even though not one sentiment may have been permanently lodged in his mind.

Now, where do we find eloquence? It is universally acknowledged, even by lawyers themselves, that there is no more any eloquence in court houses. The legal profession has taken entirely a business shape;

and everything is done in a prosy style, as dry and uninteresting to an audience as to listen to the casting up of a column of figures. No one leaving a court-room, even after having listened to pleadings, feels as if a charmer had held a spell over him, or an Orpheus had raised his spirit higher as with the risings of song. The bar honestly confesses, "It is not in me."

Do we find eloquence in the political arena? Now and then you meet something of the kind, which may be called eloquence; but as a general thing you find political speeches bald and bombastic, vapory and vulgar, full of cant and castigation, abounding in low wit and rude abuse. If such a speech stirs at all in the mind, it is rather the rough, fiery, and tumultuous part, than the deep, silent, and aspiring. The listener's mind becomes rather like a stream, swollen by muddy waters, than like a serene landscape after a shower, when the sun shines mildly upon it. The political forum says, "It is not in me."

Shall we seek for eloquence in our national halls? Here we would be more successful; but this does not reach the masses. Even this, moreover, is only a power that moves in the sphere of this world; and is fast losing its crown, degenerating and taking the form—not only figuratively but really—of fists, brickbats and bludgeons. The men are growing mightier in brags and blows than in words of beauty and power. Instead of

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

they prefer using

"Knives that cut and canes that stun!"

And instead of convincing one another by arguments and ideas, by the power of truth and the charm of eloquence, they seem to think that the best way to make a convert is to bruise his bones or blow out his brains. Alas, dignity has given place to daring. The "old men eloquent" are in their graves. The voices that once rung their silvery tones through those halls are silent amid the shades, and a generation has succeeded them upon which their mantles have not fallen. Our national halls say, "It is no more in us."

Let us now return from the vain chase, amid the riot of passion and the clashing of tongues, to the stillness of the Sabbath and the sacred retirement of the sanctuary. Let us go with the crowd of those who gather around the pulpits of our land. Here, after all, is found that eloquence which eminently deserves the name. The man that speaks is grave, courteous and respectful. He is mild, affectionate and earnest. He falls like a lion upon sin, and hews the Agags of wickedness in pieces, till every heart inly responds, Amen. Then he soothes the sad and sorrowing; and his words seem like angels that wave their quieting wings over the congregation, and, feeling the sacred power near, the weary are at rest.

As a general thing, what may be called good speaking is now confined to the pulpits of our land. We do not mean to say that all pulpit speaking is good, or that all is faulty outside of it; we wish only to say, that the pulpit is the conservator of eloquence. Take ministers in mid-

die life, and you will be the more struck, the more carefully you observe and listen, with their dignified and deliberate address, the logic of their thoughts, the chasteness of their style, the propriety of their words, the distinction and correctness of articulation and pronunciation, and the mellowness and impressiveness of their intonations.

We know that men sometimes speak of the dullness of preaching; but no censure is more undeserved. The fault is not in the pulpit, but in those who make the charge. The pulpit is earnest, but the taste of hearers is vitiated. That boisterous kind of speaking which is so common on the rostrum and in out-door gatherings is not earnest; it does not carry a struggling soul in it; it is more swell on the surface than a power from within. Nor is anecdote-telling public speaking eloquence, though it may hold an audience on their feet for hours. It is but another kind of comedy to please a very low part of our nature, and always passes away with the hour. The anecdote may be remembered, but scarcely the truth which it was designed to illustrate. But the age loves excitement, and the speaker that can excite the multitude for a moment is called eloquent. How unjust, however, is it to disparage the pulpit by a comparison with such a character of oratory.

He that has a taste for system, substance, and a correct use of language must look to the pulpit for it. The students of the land are the ministers. It is a rare thing to find a literary lawyer, physician, or politician. You may find here and there a noble exception; but as a general thing the scholar is swallowed up in the profession. A letting down to the popular level is found to pay better, and the temptation is often too strong to be resisted. On the other hand you find hundreds of ministers who, while they are diligent in all the details of ministerial duty, keep their minds in living sympathy with the progress of pure science, and make literature in its highest form contribute to the true, lasting dignity and influence of their profession.

The question may be asked with confidence, Who sustains and control the higher institutions of learning in the land? They are not only founded by the church, but their chairs are filled, not wholly, but pre-vaillingly by divines. From them proceed also the majority of textbooks in the higher departments of science. The ablest Reviews of the land are the religious Reviews.

Again we say, let all exceptions that can be justly made to what we have maintained have their full weight; let much that cannot be praised be found in the pulpit, and much that can out of it, yet we believe we rightly claim for the pulpit of the land the honor designated in this article. Should the thousands of our pulpits become silent—should these high places around which the millions gather to keep themselves from sinking into the common level of earth and sense, be leveled by the strong force of the lower attractions; what besides could save all true literary interests from gradual neglect and sure destruction, and all social life from rudeness and barbarism. The poet never said a truer word than—

“The pulpit
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of Virtue’s cause.”

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

V.

BY NATHAN.

“Wer reisen will,
Der schweig fein still,
Geb steten Schritt,
Nehm nicht viel mit,
Tret an am fruhen Morgen,
Und Lasse heim die Sorgen.”

Which being freely rendered into prosy English, might be made to read as follows:

To travel pleasantly, speak sparingly,
Walk slow and straight ahead, lie not late a-bed;
Take no cares along, and leave luggage at home.

At Basel I forwarded my little baggage to Constance, which I expected to reach after a four-weeks' tour over the Alps, and set out with a small traveling pouch about twelve inches square.

After proceeding to Geneva, I spent several days along “placid Lemman,” whose pleasant stillness admonished the unhappy Byron—

“To forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.”

At the upper end of the lake is the Castle of Chillon, once used as a dungeon for the oppressed. Here is a pillar to which the Duke of Savoy had chained Bounivard, Prior of St. Victor, at Geneva. You can still see the smoothly-worn path on the pavement, where he spent his weary hours in walking around the pillar, so far as his chain reached, to which Byron indignantly refers in his “Childe Harold.”

At Martigny I made my headquarters for a week. The inhabitants of this part of Switzerland nearly all belong to the laboring classes, and most of them laboring hard enough. Their language is a mixture of French and German. The body is French, but the woof is inwrought with fragments of German, and so unlike either that a knowledge of both is scarcely sufficient to understand them. I spent two days in visiting the Great St. Bernard, which I reached through a burning July sun and wintry snows, after a very fatiguing day's journey, a distance of thirty miles, all the way up hill. The second day I returned to Martigny with a more agreeable walk, except the last ten miles which I made through a drenching rain. But even this was not un-mixed with good, as a cooler after a long walk through the hot sun. The following day I proceeded to Chamouny, over the Col de Balme. The first three hours' walk the road steeply ascended through a rough valley, partly cultivated, then again descended for a short distance, and from here ascended three hours again up the Col de Balme. At first awhile the path wound along its shady sides in zigzag style, which finally entered large pastures covered with soft, thick grass, over which

herdsmen and their flocks were scattered. Its topmost cone, 7,000 feet high, was clad with snow and vegetation. I plucked large Alp-violets on the borders of the snow-bank as memorials. The summit of the Col de Balme commands an excellent view of Mont Blanc. But its crown is so frequently veiled with a cloud, that few can enjoy the view. For a few moments the king of European mountains stood out before me in all his white, dazzling majesty, then thick clouds rolled up from below and swept around me such a night-like darkness that I could see my path down but a few paces ahead. Soon I got below the clouds again, and in a few hours reached Chamouny.

Chamouny valley is celebrated for its large glaciers. Seven of these ice-rivers slowly slide their large blocks down from Mont Blanc towards the valley. The origin of these glaciers, and their influence upon the earth's surface, is extremely interesting. The region of ice and snow begins at 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. From here upwards it never rains. The cloud deposits are in the form of granular snows, which in those cold heights have accumulated their everlasting masses for thousands of years. Along the border of the melting temperature large quantities of ice are found. In the day time the sun and atmosphere melt the snow, after night it freezes into ice, with which the falling snow again combines, pushing their masses down the mountain side through gorges and ravines, thus forming the glaciers. They look like frozen mountain rivers, whose tumbling torrents were instantaneously converted into ice by a sudden change of the temperature. Some are from ten to fifteen hundred feet thick. They are broken up into blocks separated by large fissures, which, from a distance, look like frozen waterfalls and ice-waves. The stream moves imperceptibly slow. Some of them only from one to two feet per day. I believe Agassiz ascribes their motion to the expansion of the glacier occasioned by the falling snow and rain, and the trickling of water, melting away from the ice into the fissures, where it freezes again. It is difficult to see what becomes of the immense masses gorging in above, when the stream moves so slowly. Doubtless the action of the sun and the atmosphere consume much, but it seems impossible that it should amount to such a quantity. Every glacier has a stream at its base, through which its meltings rush away. Some of the largest rivers of Europe, the Rhone and others, have their origin in glaciers. They exert an amazing influence upon the earth's surface. Their crushing quantities, with their tremendous lateral pressure plough up high banks along their course, tear up rocks and push them up steep mountains until they tumble back on the bosom of the stream. I met with many large furrows of extinct glaciers, running far down into the valleys, whose tracks were strewn with huge boulders. Many geological phenomena may one day be shown to have originated from the action of glaciers on the motion of ice in some other form.

From Chamouny I ascended Montavert, which commands a view of the Mer-de-Glace, a large lake of ice, into which Mont Blanc pushes its discharges. Hedged in by the lofty cliffs of surrounding mountains, between which its blueish rough surface extends for six miles, it slowly and heavily pushes its contents down through the glacier Des Bois towards the valley. The stream carried on its surface large boulders

Its slow motion produces a singularly cracking and tumbling noise. I walked along its edge, but had no inclination to accept the offers of a guide, who wished to lead me across its rough surface to the other side. Directly opposite, the huge splinters and rough pyramids of Mont Blanc pierced the clouds from their untrodden heights. After descending I entered a peasant's cottage, where I procured refreshments, such as their flocks afforded, and surveyed the arrangement of a farmer's house in Chamouny. Thence I ascended the Flegere, which affords a view of the whole chain of Mont Blanc from the summit to its base. During the ascent I was forcibly reminded of Bunyan's Hill of Difficulty. At first the steep path wound over the rough boulder-covered track of an extinct glacier, on which the afternoon sun beat most fervently. Here and there a fresh, limpid spring welled out of the mountain, whose quickening waters were a striking emblem, both in appearance and effect, of the Water of Life. Then the path entered a dense pine forest, and winded through the most grateful shade. As I ascended, the bracing, rarefied atmosphere diminished the weariness of exertion, and when I reached the top, I felt far less fatigued than when I started from the base. Even so it is with the christian's ascent of the sacred mountain—the mountain of God's holiness. Often he must press upwards, under severe difficulties, over a steep and rugged path, but here and there springs of Grace well out of Zion, with which he laves his weary limbs. Passing through special overshadowings of God's pavillion, and rising above the world of sense and sin, he feasts in pleasant places, while the pure, celestial atmosphere of divine communion diminishes his weakness as he approaches the summit. And this, too, commands a view of the valley below, "a vale of tears." But *above*, all tears shall be wiped away.

"Then let your songs abound,
And let your tears be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

From here Mont Blanc stood before me nearly 15,000 feet high, in all his uncovered snow-crested glory. Along the summit were deep vallies filled with the snow of a thousand years. Far below the falling snow and rain, mingled with their gradual meltings, and gorged down through rough passes into the glaciers, whose arms hung down to the base and looked as if a breath of air might break their brittle hold and start them rushing upon the world below. I spent the night in a village in the upper end of the valley. The sun lingered around its white crown long after the dusky twilight had settled into the narrow valley below. From this threshold of night I watched the flickering glow of glory playing over its pure drapery—then I thought of the mountains of old, which the presence of the Lord made so brilliantly glorious that mortal eyes could not behold them. The light of the sun faded into twilight, and soon darkness crept around its breast; the stars hung tremblingly around these white airy cones and peaks, and night clinging around its snowless base, seemed to sever its white-crested drapery from the earth, while its hazy light hung in the heavens like the "ay."

I returned to Martigny over the Tete-Noire, a route that leads through gorges and passes fearfully dark and wild. After I reached its summit, marked with a cross, the road led through a barren waste on which former glacier shad left their rolling rocks. It was the picture of a most desolate solitude. When I had passed a small village, where peasants, men and women, were already busy mowing grass, for I had started early, the valley became narrow, and the dark, high pine-clad mountains hung overhead around it like a canopy of gloom to keep out the rising cheerfulness of daylight. If the Swiss Alps were infested by robbers, one would expect to meet them here; and formerly, it is said, a clan had their abode in this region. The road passes along a steep mountain, and seems to hang over a wild, roaring stream, many hundred feet below. It requires a strong faith in the firmness of these rocks to pass over some of these airy roads with a steady nerve. I reached Martigny at noon where, after such a week's experience, I enjoyed the following day of rest with peculiar delight. To a person unaccustomed to worship God amid such monumental temples of nature there is an unusual solemnity in Divine services among the Alps. Here the eye can not wander over the wide world of sin. In whatever direction you look, it will dart upward. And if the heart is right toward God it will follow the eye. Its affections and desires will become elevated. It will look thankfully and believingly to "the Hill whence all our help cometh."

I found the Bernese Highlands, and though forming a somewhat different scenery, no less interesting. I started from Interlacken, situated between two lakes, containing a long street of hotels and boarding houses. During the summer it is so much frequented by the English, that it almost has the appearance of an English village. A few hours brought me to Lauterbrunnen, (All-wells,) a valley which doubtless receives its name from its numerous springs and water-falls. There are some twenty of the latter, which fall wildly over its perpendicular walls. The largest falls from a perpendicular height of over 900 feet. It is said to be the highest waterfall in Europe. Long before it reaches the base the wind diffuses its waters into clouds of spray, which, as they descend, fall gently on the rocks below, and are again condensed into a stream that tumbles wildly away down through the valley. When the morning sun shines on the spray it looks like thin transparent gauze, dipped in the colors of the rainbow, rolling and repeating its folds of splendor, like a cloudy kaleidoscope, into ever-changing combinations of beauty. The village is thinly scattered over the barren valley, from which the toiling peasants with difficulty get their scanty living. I called on the village pastor, a man of no mean attainments, who was whiffing his pipe with an air of unmingled contentment. His parish includes three other villages besides, who all worship in the Lauterbrunnen church. The others are high upon the mountains. Every Sunday morning long lines of toil-worn mountaineers climb down the steep paths to worship God in the sanctuary of the valley. When they have a funeral the corpse is brought down on a mountain sled. I met some of his parishioners living eight miles up the mountain, who said they attended worship every Sunday, especially during the summer, unless providentially prevented.

I was reminded by my guide book to take with me into the Highlands a plentiful supply of patience and small change, two articles which I found of indispensable necessity. These poor people who have to struggle so hard for their bread are tempted to seek relief from the hand of charity. Here some beg because it is profitable, and others because they must. Some post themselves along a rugged path with a worn-out hoe, and when they see a traveler approaching they set themselves to scraping the road in order with all their might. A labor which their only remuneration is the tribute of travelers. Others have long Alp-horns and pistols with which they raise their undemanded echoes, for which they demand a fee. Here and there a cluster of ragged children, the very pictures of wretchedness, issue out of their sides and whine around you most pitifully for a gift. In some places the pastures are enclosed where the path leads through little gates. Here beggars watch for travelers, from whom they ask a charity for opening the gate. Such a state of things would be a disgrace to many a community, but the general poverty of the soil, upon which they solely depend for a living, furnishes at least a partial excuse for this pauperism.

From Lanterbrunnen I ascended the Wenger-Alp. Near the pass on the summit, 5,300 feet high, is a small hotel, where I paused awhile and penned a note for a friend at home. From here I had a view of the Jungfrau, 13,000 feet high, whose head is "veiled in everlasting snows." The view was even grander than that of Mont Blanc from the Flegere. It was separated from where I stood by a narrow unseen valley, and though perhaps eight or ten miles distant, seemed comparatively near. Several times dark clouds clung around its abrupt sides, while the sun dazzled on its snow-crowned head with cloudless splendor. I thought of the beautiful image of the godly person in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village :—"

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Sometimes white clouds hung around its crown like curled locks and ringlets from the head of Innocence. As the sun approached the meridian, its rays softened the snow and ice, which broke loose from their holds, and as they tumbled downward tore off other masses, thus constantly increasing, until they formed "the awful avalanche." At first I heard a noise like the rolling of distant thunder, then the confused fragments of snow and ice disappeared in a gorge, almost like a waterfall. The noise increased until the shocking claps of thunder cracked through the cliffs and rolled across the valley, with sounds that carried terror to my heart. Far below the avalanche would reappear, flinging about clouds of ice and snow, until it would be lost in the valley. Owing to the distance, these avalanches appear comparatively small, though in reality very large.

From here I crossed the pass down into Grindelwald. Descending the mountain I met many vendors of cheese, strawberries, and milk; and further on I met two Swiss minstrels with a guitar. There is a simplicity and sweetness in the pastoral melodies of Switzerland seldom

found elsewhere. I have frequently heard and admired them from poor, ragged street-singers in America. But here were two maidens, neatly clad in Swiss costume, in the heart of Swiss scenery, where the bells of Alp-herds twinkled musically around them, mingling pleasantly with their voices, while before them was spread out a rugged scene of mountains and vallies, ripe grain fields, and fields of ice. Here I fully realized all my former dreams of poetry and song as it still exists in its unmixed complicity on the Alps. Their clear rolling voices fully compensated for the muttering sounds of their tuneless guitar. "The Swiss Mountain Boy" had ever been a favorite with me, but here it had charms I had never heard before. I asked for the "Schweizer's Heimweh," but unintentionally I left them know that I was from America, upon which they threw up their hands with wonder, and all their music was over. Though I freely conversed with them in their own tongue, in their simplicity they seemed to forget that I understood them, for they would make observations to each other about my appearance, which they seemed to regard as an American standard.

The village of Gruidelwald extends for miles up the mountains and through the valley. The inhabitants seem to live entirely from their flocks. Their frame dwellings are of a uniform style, with projecting roofs running over two, and some three, balconies. One side of the house has barely one story above ground, while the others have three. Some of the buildings have inscriptions in homely verse, but not without sense. The following is from the year 1700, on a dwelling worn pale by time, but apparently not half worn out:

"I have built my house along this public street,
And must let fault-finders find fault, and haters hate,
Thouge enviers may envy, I put my trust in God,
The treasures he provides the wicked ne'er shall rob."

Gruidelwald can boast of several interesting glaciers. On the wall of the village church is a simple stone which marks the grave of an unfortunate clergyman from the Canton of Vaud, who, on a visit to one of the glaciers in 1821, ventured too far on the ice and fell into a fissure one hundred and twenty feet deep. After a labor of twelve days his corpse was extricated and laid on their God's acre.

The lake of the four Cantons, on whose borders is the city of Luzern, has become celebrated from its association with Schiller's Tell. The variety of mountains which rise abruptly from its banks impart to its scenery an exceeding grandeur. Our steamer paddling around their turns and windings, looked like a puffing little bubble beside these giant piles. On one side was the Righi, cut off from the other mountains, standing out in solitary majesty like a forepost of a fortified kingdom. On the other rose the bald Pilatus, whose prickly horns and rough uncovered cliffs remind one of a strong fortress in shattered ruins. On the left bank of the lake is a small village scattered over a sloping valley, formed by a depression between two peaks. Though containing only about 1,000 inhabitants, it was a free and independent State for three hundred years, the smallest independent government in the world. It fell a victim to the French Revolution of 1798, and now forms part of one of the neighboring cantons. Then comes Rutli, a little meadow,

green with trees and herbage, sloping down to the edge of the lake, on which in the night of the 8th of November, 1307, thirty-three men from three neighboring cantons formed a solemn league which led to the emancipation of Switzerland from the bondage of the house of Hapsburg. On the opposite shore is a small chapel on the verge of a steep rugged bank, which marks the spot where Tell leaped out of Gessler's boat. I passed the deep cut of the road beyond the Righi, where, soon after, his deadly arrow pierced the heart of the oppressor. Half an hour's walk from the end of the lake is the village of Altorf, where formerly stood the linden tree under which Tell's child was placed when his father was compelled to shoot an apple from his head at the distance of a hundred yards. Before the father, whose bosom heaved with half-suppressed agony, took his aim with painful ease, he tried to calm the mind of his boy by telling him of the joyful home beyond the grave, the "land where there are no mountains." The reply of the child is beautifully descriptive of the undying attachment of the Swiss to their wild mountains:

"Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche."

On my return I stopped at *Waggis*, from where I ascended the *Righi*. There is but little shade along the ascent from this side, so that three hours climbing under a mid-day sun, made me feel and appear like most persons do when they labor hard in warm weather. I dismissed my garments one after the other, and at last hired a boy to carry them, and still I was dripping with perspiration. But when I reached the summit the breeze soon made me uncomfortably cold. Fearful that the hotel on the top was already crowded, I took lodging a half an hour's walk below, at *Righi-Staffel*. I spent several hours on the top. The atmosphere was unusually clear, so that I had a full view of the vast world it overlooks. To the South and East were the Alps, through whose ridgy shivered tops I could see into the upper snowy valleys which mortal feet have never trod. When the clouds lowered towards evening these pyramids reminded me of the tents of a large encampment. To the North and West is an uninterrupted view from sixty to eighty miles. The whole looked like a checkered map, the distance dissolved the mountains to a level with the plain; the numerous villages were dots grouped together among the yellow grain fields, foliage and grass; the lakes, ten in number, glistened like large pearls set in this diversified landscape. Suddenly thick clouds of fog started up from below as if they had escaped from some cavern in the mountain. They swept around us like a sea of vapor, entirely concealing the beautiful world below us. Now and then the green fields could be seen through a crack or thin web, but soon it would close up again and all was gone. Then we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. I leisurely repaired toward my lodging to await its approach. The heavens seemed to prepare for a grand effort. Soon, that death-like calm which always precedes a thunder-storm, settled on the mountain. The Alp-herds came from all directions toward their sheds, their bells tinkling softly and sweetly between the claps of thunder. Herdsmen strolled after them up the mountain, singing merrily with ringing voices, as if they felt unusually joyful beneath this element of terror. For awhile a cloud lingered below us, darting about its flash-

es with terrific splendor. "Above the storms career" I could watch its progress with composure. The rain fell so stream-like that it seemed strange the cloud did not empty itself. Then it approached the mountain and rolled its black heaps towards the summit. Those above lowered until they seemed to approach. Then they flung their fiery bolts athwart the heavens and around the mountain. Sometimes it seemed bathed in a sea of liquid light. The large drops that fell heavily on the earth announced their approach, and I regretted that I was compelled to seek shelter from the rain. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene had made me insensible to danger. The clouds swept their torrents around and over us for several hours in a furious storm. While it was raging travelers continued to arrive. Ladies on horseback in a most hapless plight, almost breathless from the drenching violent storm. Guides and footmen had the appearance of half-drowned men, waving their brimless hats and inverted umbrellas as the trophies of their severe struggles. While others denounced mountain climbing in general, and that of the Righi in particular; and declared that they never would be caught in another thunder-storm on the Alps. Our hotel was full of all manner of confusion. Those of us who had arrived early found our beds stript of half their comfort to cover floors and tables for the repose of the later and less fortunate. The following morning all hoped to see the sun rise from the summit, but the clouds had not disappeared. Thus our fate was, that of most other travelers, not to see the splendid sunrise from the Righi. But we saw a thunder-storm, which perhaps was still grander. There are few mornings that its top is not enveloped in a cloud. The Righi is not so much celebrated for its height (5,600 feet) as for its unrivalled view, which it owes to its isolated position, in one of the most beautiful regions of Switzerland. The top is covered with a thick coat of grass, formerly large pastures. In some places winding terraces and paths have been constructed to make them accessible for larger cattle, of which it contains four thousand head. I descended from the Righi, on the opposite side, in a little over an hour. There is generally more of a breeze in descending than ascending these mountains. There is not much difficulty in getting off if a person will only lift his limbs, the downward pressure will make the step for him. It requires a little effort to keep the right side up, but even in the event of a tumble the motion will not be much impeded. In descending the great St. Bernard I passed over a field of snow in a few minutes, which the day before required an hour of the most determinate exertion. Every step I made carried me two or three. I found that the best plan in descending the Alps, to use a horseman's phrase, is "to draw the rubbers then crack the whip."

The rocks on and around the Righi are composed of rounded gravel, like fragments cemented together by hard clayish soil. Long heavy rains sometimes penetrate the cement so that large pieces slide off down the mountain. On the Rossberg, a short distance south of the Righi, a large slide of this kind occurred in 1806. Its long track is still distinctly seen. For two years there had been much rain along here. On the afternoon of the 5th of September, the villagers in the valley saw rocks tearing away above them. Suddenly the alarm bell rang. Men, women and children fled to their sanctuary to pray. The severed mountain thun-

dered down three thousand feet into the valley, crushed the church and the praying assembly, buried three villages, killed five hundred persons, and rolled some of its broken masses to the foot of the Righi. Part of it slid into lake Lowerz, near by, and threw up a continuous wall of water, 70 feet high.

The scenery of Switzerland must be seen to get a clear idea of it. We may know that mountains are so many feet high, but have not the faintest conception how they look in their majestic reality. As often as I looked at Mont Blanc and the *Jungfrau*—and I viewed them for several days—I always felt as though it had been the first time. So strange and entirely unlike any thing I had ever dreamt or thought of before, such palpable monuments of Almighty Power, that I scarcely could credit the possibility of their reality.

“And as o’er
The level plain I travel’d silently,
Nearing them more and more day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still. Oft as I looked,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o’er;
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft as I looked, I felt as though it were
For the first time.”

A person can seldom get to the highest peak of a mountain. Generally you may climb up to the highest accessible point, and still mountains are around you, still high up “hills peep o’er hills, and Alps o’er Alps arise.” Here I traveled without a companion. Like in prayer, so in communing with the Creator through his works, there are seasons when we prefer to be above with Him. So the Alps seem like a closet sanctuary, where it seems so easy and pleasant to walk with God when we are alone. What a world for reflection and meditation! Feelings of unrest and longings after the spirit-land, after that purity of heart with which we shall see God, these crowd upon the soul amid such scenes and produce an impression not easily described.

“Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone.”

There one experiences an elevation of spirit in which he would gladly remain. Bold rugged mountains robed in everlasting snow, while around their base is spread a cheerful vegetation and fruitful valleys, the primitive undisturbed simplicity of these children of the Alps, their faded weather-beaten cottages, the large fields on their pastoral mountains, while here and there you see a musing herdsman seated on a rock with a hundred bells tinkling around him all the day long, high along the steep woodland the grave hunter roams after his game. Ah, it is sweet to ponder over such a scene, to look at the world from such a point of view. Thus, often

“Where Alpine solitudes ascend
I sat me down a pensive hour to spend.”

I thought of the wide, wide world rushing after gain, governed by earthly desires, bowing at the shrine of Mammon, whose enjoyments seldom rise above the sensual and the perishing, and then of the spirits

of the just made perfect, and those who have ascended by faith above earths infected air, and then methought I too sit in high places watching over a flock, and as I roamed along the borders of unmelting snow, I plucked Alp-laurels and Alp-violets to form a boquet of affection for them, forgetful of the immense distance between us. And yet in the end perhaps I was not far wrong. Christians *do* mingle together though separated by distance. "I believe in the communion of Saints."

AUGSBURG, August 11, 1856.

DUST.

Dust we were, and dust will be ;
Dust upon us, dust about us ;
Dust on everything we see ;
Dust without us, dust without us ;
Saith the preacher, "Dust to dust !"
Let them mingle, for they must.

Dust we raise upon the road ;
Dust we breathe in dancing-hall ;
Dust infests our home abode ;
Dust, a pall, is over all ;
'Tis the housewife's daily dread—
Dust, the emblem of the dead !

When the sky above is fair,
And the sun upon us streams,
Floats the dust throughout the air,
Gleaming in its fallen beams ;
Every mote is like a man,
Dancing gaily while he can.

Ere the tempest gathers strong,
Blows at times the warning gust ;
O'er the plain it sweeps along,
Tempest's thrall, a cloud of dust.
Every mote is like a man
Flying from oppression's van.

Now the swollen clouds grow dark,
Comes the long-expected flood,
Falling deluge-like and stark ;
Dust is beaten down to mud :
So are times when men must grovel,
In the palace as the hovel.

Thus we are but motes of dust
On the ground and in the air,
Blown by pleasure, fear and lust,
Beaten down to low despair ;
Born of dust, to come to dust
Let us mingle, for we must !

HUMBUGH TURNED PIOUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He was a man

Who stole the livery from the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in."

HUMBUGH is the order of the day. There are hundreds who have grown rich from its fruits. These varied schemes of imposition have of late been so diligently sought out, and so frequently exposed, that it takes considerable skill now to get up one that will prove effectual in deceiving the public. The best, very lately found out, by which to allay all suspicion, is to give the thing a pious coloring, to make it sit in the shadow of the Church, and have it in some way religiously endorsed.

The reader will remember that some time ago the *Guardian* presented an account of a "musical" humbug of the pious kind, called a "Musical Convention." We propose now to furnish the reader with an account of one of the same class, in the medical department. Who has not seen for some time, in the public papers, and even in several religious papers, the following very benevolent advertisement:

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS. A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct, Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 59 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Now what impression will this advertisement make on an unsuspecting mind, especially if it is read in a religious newspaper? Certainly a favorable one. The reader will think this is a kind, benevolent minister, who truly desires to make known to others a cure which has blest him. He is a "clergyman," and "is anxious to make known the cure;" and to do it "free." What else could actuate him but the best of motives? True, the reader may for a moment wonder how a clergyman can afford to advertize so extensively free, especially in such papers as the *New York Tribune*, where the price is a dollar a line. But then he reads again—it is "a retired clergyman"—some wealthy, benevolent man, who has a heart to feel for the suffering, and can "weep with them that weep." These considerations will quiet all suspicious fears. Is not the advertisement a most benevolent and pious one?

We suspected a Humbug in this advertisement the moment we saw it—one of the pious kind. We immediately made up our mind to ferret it out. Fearing the Reverend brother might have heard of the *Guardian* as somewhat of a terror to Humbugs, we thought it would not be best for us to write to him ourselves. We accordingly handed a postage stamp to a friend, who kindly consented to write and "direct to Rev. John M. Dagnall," and thus get the receipt, that we might have a chance to view this humbug a little more closely. But before the letter went off our friend handed us a paper, in which there was already a complete

exposure of the whole business, and in which the Humbug is fairly caught. We give this expose to our readers; it is by Professor J. King, and taken from the College Journal. The case turns out very much as we expected.

"Having frequent inquiries," says this gentleman, "relative to certain remedies which are announced as specifics by their originators, and the formulæ for which are transmitted by mail to various persons, I am fortunately enabled to respond to such inquiries, and give publicity to the formulæ.

"The first is a 'Prescription for general Nervous Debility,' which may be had from a certain Rev. J. M. Dagnall, who it seems has labored under almost every form of nervous derangement, and has permanently cured himself by his *prescription*, which he now *very generously* offers it to others. The prescription is as follows:

"R. Alcohol. Ext Ignatia Amara, grs. xxx.

Acacia Pulv. grs. x.

Mix.

Divide into forty pills, one of which is to be

taken in the morning, and one in the evening.'

"As our readers may meet with individuals who have been induced to make use of these pills, a few words of comment may not be amiss. The Bean of St. Ignatius is the product of a tree indigenous to the Philippine Islands; it has an extremely bitter taste, no odor, a horny consistence, and contains a large proportion of strychnia, which is, indeed, its active medicinal principle; while nux vomica seeds yield only 0.4 per cent. of strychnia, the bean of St. Ignatius gives 1.2 per cent., and consequently, an extract of the latter article must contain three times as much of this alkaloid as that prepared from the nux vomica, provided equal parts of each article yield an equal amount of extract.

"Although in proper hands and under proper management, strychnia may prove a very valuable medicinal agent in several forms of disease, yet its incautious and indiscriminate use is likely to be followed by fatal results. Hardly any two persons experience the same influence from it; thus, while some are but slightly affected by doses of one-tenth, or one-twelfth of a grain, others suffer seriously from doses as minute as one-fifteenth or one-sixteenth of a grain. From its exceedingly dangerous character, and the multifarious susceptibilities of the human system to its action, physicians employ it with great circumspection; and all authors agree in advising it to be administered with great caution, carefully watching the patient while exposed to its influence; and many physicians regard it as so dangerous an article as never to prescribe it in their practice.

"The dose of the extract of nux vomica, as given by authors, is from half a grain to two grains, to be repeated three times a day; but if the extract be properly prepared from a good article of nux vomica seeds, there are very few persons with whom the exhibition of even half a grain three times a day, would be advisable. In the above prescription, each pill contains three-fourths of a grain of the extract of St. Ignatius' bean, which, according to the preceding calculation, is equal to two and one-fourth grains of the extract of nux vomica, or more by one-fourth of a grain than the maximum dose of the latter extract, as recommended by medical writers. From this statement may be learned the absolute

danger of this Rev. gentleman's prescription, and I should not be at all astonished to learn of many deaths among those who employ it without any prudence or circumspection.

"Again, the bean of St. Ignatius is rarely met with in this country, never being used by physicians, and the person who receives the printed prescription and directions from the Rev. Mr. D., will, in most cases, after a fruitless attempt to obtain the remedy from druggists, be obliged to fee the gentleman for a quantity of the extract, or of the pills already prepared; and in no case can the patient know whether he receives the extract of the bean, or of the *nux vomica*."

Does the reader now see how this Reverend Humbug can afford to send the prescription "**FREE.**" The benevolent man knows that the patient will not be able to find the ingredients called for in the prescription, and must send back to him for it. ~~That~~ That will not be sent "free," you may rest assured; and what is sent may be buckwheat flour, powdered slate pencil, the essence of caterpillars, or some other innocent thing that will not particularly excite nor yet destroy the most nervous. Prof. King suspects that "many deaths" might occur from the use of the dangerous prescription; but we have no such fears, for we feel sure the benevolent clergyman will not go to the expense of procuring the poison called for in the cure, when he can gather so many articles "free."

We have given the history of this case of Humbug not merely to expose it, but also to present it as one of a class, by way of specimen. Whenever the reader sees an advertisement of the kind, seemingly benevolent, professing great interest in patients, let him be on his guard. There is a trick in it. When, we may ask, will the press, and especially the religious press, assume a position of proper dignity and honor in relation to all such schemes, seeking victims among an unsuspecting public through their columns. Is it not plainly immoral and sinful to aid such deceivers, by advertising for them? What if they do pay for the use of the paper in this way, every cent of it is wrung from the hands of the victims of the imposture, and these are often the afflicted and suffering poor. God forbid that a penny of such unholy earnings should ever find its way into our pocket.

CRUSH NOT A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

CRUSH not a wounded spirit,
Nor trample in the dust
The heart that would look up to thee
With hopefulness and trust.
But be thou like the noble oak
To which the Ivy clings,
And shelter the poor stricken soul
Beneath love's ample wings.
Oh, there are hearts upon this earth
By grudging nature given,
To show us here how pure and good
The angels are in heaven.

Such hearts indeed as from above
Sweet consolation borrow;
Who shrink not in the hour of need,
But closer cling in sorrow.

The lofty oak, beneath whose shade
We've played upon the lawn,
Though now the monarch of the woods,
Was of an acorn born;
And little seeds of kindness which
May in the heart be sown,
Shall raise up branches by which we
May reach our Father's throne.

HUMAN EXISTENCE.

BY REV. A. WANNER.

"WHENCE camest thou? And whither wilt thou go?" Thus, four thousand years ago, did a messenger from God address a young woman, who was approaching the meridian of life. The questions proposed are full of import. Especially are they interesting and solemn when applied to the young. With them the great problem of life, nay, of an unending existence, is yet to solve. They exist and will continue to exist when time shall be lost in eternity. That existence will have a history. What the character of that history will be we know not. We may safely assume, however, that the history of one individual will differ from that of another. As there is a difference in the natural constitution—the principles and habits of different individuals—so there is also a difference in their sentiments, actions and character. There will be, therefore, also a difference in their history. Some commence their existence in the most unfavorable circumstances, but advance gradually and constantly until they reach an eminence envied by thousands who, by natural talent, circumstances and means, were more favored than they. Thus, from a point of apparent insignificance, as the thread of existence is spun out, they rise higher and higher in moral worth and usefulness, until their names are engraved on the temple of fame, and their influence felt by millions. Others commence their existence under the most favorable circumstances. Fine natural gifts, a superior education, moral training, wealth and other means, all are ready to extend the helping hand for the accomplishment of that which is great and good. But, alas! all to no good effect. The gifts of nature have been bestowed in vain. Education, wealth, and all else only seem to impress so much the more indelibly on their history that disgrace and infamy for which the same is remarkable. Their influence will be felt only as a withering, blighting curse. They *might* have become great and good. Instead of it, however, they have become mean and despicable.

Thus have we brought to view two extremes. Between these we meet with an endless variety. Yet each individual approaches more or less the one or the other. Hence, dear reader, you may form at least some idea of what may or even is likely to be your own history in the future. Much will depend on your own exertions, and the use you will make of the means within your reach. Without persevering exertions and a proper use of means, no one need dream of excelling in an undertaking. Men do not grow up and attain to perfection in a day or an hour like a mushroom, but by a regular process, a gradual development. Whether conscious or unconscious of the fact, and whether the final issue be good or bad, this regular process and gradual development commences with the moment of our existence. Hence, dear reader, the great problem of your history is solving. Every hour, every moment adds to that which is already past. The past is known and well understood;

but what of the future? Ah! it is a land of dreams and full of mysteries. It is still in advance of you. Ere the setting sun you may taste of its sweets or of its ills, of its joys or its griefs. You are constantly pressing forward and anxious to look *into it*; but a mysterious curtain shuts from your view all its realities, leaving you in uncertainty and doubt. The present moment is the last that precedes it, and yet for ages to come it will be in advance of you. You are now standing on its borders and constantly threatening to leap over its confines. Its vast treasures of good and evil, although concealed from your view, are partly yours. As your history will be unfolding, Providence will roll them out from behind the mysterious curtain. It may be you will "fall heir" to "apples of gold in pictures of silver," to wealth and happiness, or to shame, disgrace and misery. For aught you know the future may fill your cup with wormwood and gall. But be thou not alarmed at this. Call not in the aid of "the soothsayer," nor of "the fortune teller." The future is as much hid from their view as from yours by the same mysterious curtain. Look to a higher source, and call in aid of a more substantial nature. Let God be your light and Truth your guide, and you have nothing to fear. Although your way, like Hagar's, lies partly through the wilderness, whose dark shades occasionally fill the soul with a horrid gloom, there shall no evil befall you. If God be your portion, the future cannot fail to pour on your head its richest blessings.

Still, you may be doubtful. The idea of an unending existence, extending into the future with all its hidden realities, fills your bosom with anxious thought. You think of the divine law of human depravity and of eternal destiny. With these you dare not trifle. They are of vital importance to you. Hence your uneasiness. Nor would we have you otherwise than deeply interested in this direction. No thought can be brought to bear with equal solemnity on the mind with that of *unending existence*. Around it cluster all the inquiries relative to the immortality of the soul and its eternal state. We think of the past, of its joys and griefs, its pleasures and pains. We think of the present, of our circumstances and prospects for the future. But here we must stop, unless we would proceed on the ground of conjecture. We know indeed that there are laid up in the future vast treasures of good and evil, but the manner of their distribution is unknown. Hence we again call it a land of darkness and uncertainty. Over the vast territory it occupies are found many "fountains and streams," some of pure and living waters, for the refreshment of weary pilgrims and strangers, and others from which flow (though often in deceitful disguise, to deceive and destroy the young,) poison and death, in all their varied and most horrid forms. No wonder, then, that the soul of the sober thinker becomes awestricken, as he sees himself suspended between the past and the future, on the thread of unending existence. Reader, that is your position. You are just commencing the long journey of your existence. You are inexperienced and limited in your attainments. Probably you are altogether indifferent as to the manner in which you are performing it. Dreams of future happiness and greatness may be flitting over your mind. Anticipation of a glorious future may be indulged in. So long, however, as the present is not improved, all such happiness and greatness must remain objects of a delusive hope. So long, too, the precious

days and years of the young are passing away in their history, whilst they remain unconscious of their true mission in the world. The vanities of life, the pleasures of the world, and the madness of fashion, occupy their attention almost constantly. Thus many young men and ladies, whom God has favored with fine natural talents, spend their best days. Be not offended then, dear readers of *The Guardian*, at a stranger who desires to say to you a word in season.

Unending existence!—such is yours. For a moment imagine yourself on the banks of some mighty stream. You look up the stream and down after its rolling waters, but see no end. You commence to move up the stream and continue on until finally you stand at the fountain-head. You retrace your steps down the stream to the starting point. You pass it and move on and on until finally you find yourself on the water's edge of the great ocean. Here your stream rolls its contents into the mighty deep, and you see it no more. Yet its waters continue in the ocean. So with your existence. You may find a starting place by going into the past. But no landing by moving down the stream of the future. You may follow on the stream of the present life until you lose it in the ocean of eternity. Although the inhabitants of time may no longer see you on entering eternity, your existence will continue to flow on. Will you seriously reflect on this fact.

The unending existence on which you have entered is one of constant development. Hence it has also a history. That history shows progress. This progressive history, however slow it advances, will conduct you in the future to an eminence in the development of your intellectual powers, absolutely incredible to all human calculations. In this unending process all your faculties for the accumulation of knowledge will expand, and all your reasoning powers be strengthened. What an inconceivably glorious eminence may not the human soul reach in its future history.

This development of our powers is conditioned on the proper and healthful exercise of the same. The mind, like the body, must have exercise or it will be a mere dwarf. In the case of the body, matter works on matter. In the case of the mind, although it has also to do with the world of matter, the pure regions of thought and faith form its congenial element. The finite contemplates the infinite. The mind may be cultivated by a careful study of the branches usually included in a liberal education, but will find no resting-place on this side the infinite. It is here only that the soul, in the exercise of faith, will find a pure and healthful atmosphere for the development of all its powers. The study of nature will always lead to that which is higher than nature. The material will always end in the spiritual. To exclude therefore from our thoughts the idea of God, and the sphere of spiritual existence and faith, is to throw a serious barrier in the way of that expression and development of our powers of which they are capable and for which they have been designed. The young, therefore, cannot well commit a greater error than to confine their thoughts and studies to things visible only, and not to the invisible also. Divine truth, grasped by the power of faith, which gives that truth a living power and actual existence in the mind, is the most healthful nourishment for the inner man, and best calculated to draw out and develop the moral and mental faculties of

the soul. Hence they who cultivate religion in its true form, in connection with their mental culture in the study of the arts and sciences, reach the highest eminence. And, true as this is when applied to this period of life, so true is it also when applied to an unending future. Would we then attain that high degree of moral and mental culture of which we are capable and for which we were designed, we must not confine our powers to the objects of sense only, but must extend them to those of faith also.

Again, this development will assume some particular form. It will be virtuous or vicious, moral or immoral. Whether it will assume the one or the other of these forms will be determined by the principles taken up and digested by the powers of the soul. By a regular process of mental assimilation, these principles give character to the development of our powers. Hence, if in early life we imbibe vicious principles such will also be the character of that development which will follow. This being the fact, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance for the young to guard against all unjust and unholy principles, and to cherish those of a virtuous nature.

The powers of man thus developing will be constantly engaged in some way or other. It is not possible for him, during the hours of wakefulness, to be altogether inactive. Man will be at work, either at the accomplishment of that which is good or that which is evil. He is capable of accomplishing much good or evil, as the case may be, in the short period of a single year. More will be done during a life time, and infinitely more still during that unending existence on which he has entered. Oh! who can form anything like a correct conception of that which he will yet experience and do in the future.

The activity of our powers as thus brought to view, will affect our inward state as well as our outward condition. The latter will be affected by the impressions produced by our actions on our fellow beings in the relations they sustain to us. The former by the relations we sustain to our Creator, and by those which exist between the divine law and human conscience. A course of action, found to be in strict conformity to the divine will and law, cannot fail to secure the favor of God and to produce an inward consciousness of moral rectitude. This is true whether applied in a legal or gospel sense. Hence such a course of conduct, whether in time or eternity, will in every case produce the same effects, namely, true happiness. Directly the contrary will be the result of a vicious, sinful course of conduct. It will incur the displeasure of God and bring into action all the evil passions of which we are capable. Connected with this is a consciousness of guilt, and this consciousness of guilt is ever productive in the creation of tormenting fear and misery! Thus an internal wreck is produced. The soul, like the mighty deep, is thrown into constant agitation. Its wild and confused action is continually exposing its own shame and misery. Passion burns. Wreaking vengeance seeks its victim. Envy tortures the soul. Lust craves the forbidden fruit. Covetousness reaches out the hand of fraud and falsehood. Oh! what misery is thus produced and endured in a single day. A petty quarrel, a pouty, fretful spell, a little envy, often embitter for days and weeks our existence. But who can bear the thought of enduring these evils, increasing as they will be in the case

of the impenitent and unbelieving throughout the ages of an unending future.

In the present life we are subject to many changes. By proper exertions and a reformation of life, we may improve our circumstances. From a course of sin and vanity we may turn to righteousness and serious thought. From a state of misery we may be changed to a state of happiness. Such changes indeed frequently take place. In most cases, however, they take place in early life, or before its decline under the pressure of old age. The sooner we turn our attention to wisdom's path the better. "Youth is the time to serve the Lord." If that period be passed by without a radical change for the better the prospects for future happiness and usefulness can by no means be flattering. Hence that deep anxiety felt by parents and others for the young. They are well aware of the fact that sin opens many enticing ways to the view of the young and inexperienced. They know full well, too, that many a promising youth has been enticed thither, whose steps have been retraced. With them it is an established theory, that if the morning of life be spent in profligacy and sin, the evening of it is most likely to bring with it despondency and despair.

Finally, dear reader, will you once more with me direct your thoughts to the momentous problem of your existence. You look on the past and exclaim, in the language of another, Man is but of yesterday. But I ask you to look into the future! Will he die to-morrow? He may. He may pass away in an hour. Yet shall he live. The separation of soul and body will not destroy the one nor the other. Death will separate them only to be reunited for ever in a more full and complete form of existence. You shall pass through death and the grave, but not cease to exist. Your exit from the present world to that of spirits will leave you in possession of all your mental and spiritual faculties. It will not change your character, whether good or bad, but your state. In that change a state of probation will cease, and that of destiny commence. What will that state of destiny be? It is now hid from your view by that mysterious curtain which hides the future from the present. For this reason you may, like crowds of others, give yourself but little trouble in reference to it. Yet come it will. Its realities will overtake you, it may be, suddenly and unexpectedly. In the midst of life, in a moment you may sink into the arms of death. What will be thy destiny? What your future history? "Whither wilt thou go?"

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

THIRTY-FIVE.

"THE YEARS OF A MAN'S LIFE ARE THREE SCORE AND TEN."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, weary heart! thou art half way home!

We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Youth started with us at the prow—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now:
One backward look—the last—the last—
One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To pleasure and her giddy troupe
Farewell without a sigh or tear!
But hearts give way and spirits droop,
To think that love may leave us here?
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—
Midway to death left sad and lone?

Yet, stay! as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightening light from far
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now, bless God! its golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows the dear hand clasped in mine!
But, list! what those sweet voices say:
The better land's in sight,
And by its chastening light
All Love from Life's midway is driven,
Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee on to Heaven.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

MORE constant than the evening star,
Which mildly beams above;
Than diadem—O, dearer far,
A sister's gentle love!
Brighter than dew-drops on the rose,
Than Nature's smile more gay;
A living fount which ever flows,
Steeped in love's purest ray.
Gem of the heart!—life's gift divine,
Bequeathed us from above;
Glad offering of affection's shrine—
A sister's holy love!

HUMBUG OF HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE readers of *The Guardian*, we can easily imagine, were astonished when they opened the September number and saw there, among the "book notices," a favorable and most flattering notice of the "music-book" edited by "Profs. Johnston and Frost," the heroes of the "musical conventions" in Pennsylvania; especially will they be surprised to hear the Editor praising these musical men in the highest terms, as not "selfishly retaining" their great musical wisdom, "but like true scientific philanthropists," scattering their rich sentiments abroad to "make us a nation of the most perfect singers upon which the sun ever shone!" The reader will remember that only a short time ago the same *Guardian* contained a long article entitled "Humbug Turned Pious," in which the Editor gave his opinion, *and the documents*, to show that said "musical conventions" were a humbug; and that the object of them evidently was not so much to give instruction to the choirs, as to get them together at the close, in a vast concert of "one hundred singers," to draw a large audience at a *quarter* a piece, which would richly pay for all the trouble! It was shown that these "conventions" begin piously in the churches and end in some hall, with a mixture of the most silly songs, "to show the difference" between social and profane music, but in reality to draw the young and foolish to the festival which the church was thus made to prepare and baptize as holy.

Now the Editor of *The Guardian* had no such high notion of these "scientific philanthropists," as to believe that Pennsylvania would be benefited by a "Keystone Collection" of music from them; and hence when the music-book was offered him gratis, with the request to notice, by the publishers, Murray, Young & Co., he declined to do so, stating that for the sake of the publishers he did not wish to notice it unfavorably. The chief member of the firm immediately appreciated the reply and laid the book away.

But now what will the reader think when he is told that only a few days after this offer of the book, and the refusal to notice it, *The Guardian* appeared with a most enthusiastic notice of the book and its authors! It was foisted into *The Guardian* without the Editor's knowledge and consent—and the page which contained it never came under the eyes of the Editor in the proof. This is not all; before ever the Editor saw *The Guardian* bound and finished, part of the same notice appeared in *The Saturday Evening Express*, quoted as *The Guardian's* recommendation of the book! That is not all; on the first day of September, the very day on which *The Guardian* is published, the same notice was already printed, together with its quotation from *The Express*, on separate slips and pasted on the inside of the cover of the note-book as *The Guardian's* recommendation of it, and thus sent out with the book! In less than five days after the Editor had declined to notice the book, he was *forced* to praise it in *The Guardian*, in *The Express*, and in the book itself, in the book store, and wherever the

book may go. Verily, if the first noticed by *The Guardian* was a humbug, then is the second one growing out of it, greater and meaner and less pious than the first.

In this way was the Editor made to contradict himself, and lay himself open to the charge of singular and criminal inconsistency. We were not at all surprised to be written to by a young friend in reference to that notice, as follows:

"When I read said notice I could not help but think of 'Humbug Become Pious,' and of the minister who refused—and nobly too—to publish from his pulpit the announcement for the great 'musical convention.' The thoughts which rushed upon my mind were very strange. 'What!' I thought by myself, 'is it possible that the Editor of *The Guardian* can have changed his mind so radically that he now puffs the very men whom he formerly denounced as humbugs.'"

There is nothing we endeavor more carefully to avoid than inconsistency. We were deeply grieved by the unfortunate occurrence, and desire the false impression to be corrected. Now, therefore, to all whom these presents may come, the Editor of *The Guardian* sends greeting: and he disowns the recommendation given of the book in toto—he protests against being *forced* to say what he does not wish to say—and asks that if any one wishes to buy said note-book, he do it, like General Jackson, "on his own responsibility," and not from any recommendation purporting to be from *The Guardian*, whether it be written, printed, pasted, preached, prayed or sung.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot-girl, who being extremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became a servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Amongst those who frequented the tap at the brewery was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and now at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, "Jamás as you have brewn, so you must drink," and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James the II. mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable consummation in the person of his amiable duchess. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William III., and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the *ci devant* pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

EARLY AUTUMN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Ah, me!

How pining Memory flies into the past,
And lives in the departed scene—so fond,
She cannot taste the pleasures of to-day!
Then were we children, and in hours like this
None were more happy. It is now the time
When slumber seems to hover on the air,
O'er all the veil of Indian Summer floats,
Blue, thin, and silent, lovely as a dream."

T. B. READ.

THE early Autumn is always a time of peculiar interest on the farm and in the neighborhood; and it lives in one's associations in a peculiarly pleasant way. The heat and heavy labors of summer are now past, and the spirit, braced by a firmer air, revives into a steady flow of life, which finds great congeniality in the sober scenes that now surround it. It is not late enough yet for the lonely and sad; it is the time for the earnest, hopeful and pleasant. Whether in business or in pleasure, this is the season when men have most heart to undertake, and dare, and do.

The last field is seeded. The early grain is already up. How prettily it grows in rows, and how green it looks when viewed toward the sun in the fresh morning, or in the calm evening.

The orchard still waits to be attended to. Some trees have been stripped, but the winter apples are untouched. It is now high time to gather them in. A bag is taken and an apple put into one corner, round which the strings are tied, and this is thrown around the neck. The mouth of the bag is now distended and kept open by a stick pointed at each end and made to span its mouth. Thus it is easy to pick the apples into the bag. Only the best are taken; the rest are shaken to the ground and afterwards gathered and turned into cider.

Hark! how the press groans as the solid apples press into its fearful jaws, as if eager to be devoured. O, be merciful to the swarming bees! Spare them in throwing back the ground apples. Let a boy stand there with an elder bush, and swing it kindly over the trough. Poor, innocent, busy little bees, they have come thither not to molest you, but drawn by that strong instinct of labor which makes them so useful to man. Say not impatiently, "Let them stay away;" you would not say so to your infant creeping under the feet of your horses. They know not their danger. God has given them no wisdom for self-protection, but only the instinct to love sweets for themselves and for man; but to you he has given eyes to see their danger and a heart that ought not wantonly to suffer you to tread on a worm. Therefore, be ye merciful and spare the bees.

The cider-press is a delightful place on a moonlight evening. The neighbor boys gather. Some one has just finished grinding his apples,

and is going home with his horses, while others have already finished their suppers. There is still some cider running from the previous making. This is free to all; and well do the boys enjoy it, while the evening is spent tossing about on the straw, and racing, by long circles, through the meadow. These are the smaller boys—and these are their sports in cider-making time.

Where are the boys of larger growth? They have all been invited to a neighbor's house to "an apple-butter boiling." All the young men and maidens of the neighborhood are gathered there. The severe labors of the day do not unfit them for enjoying this scene of youthful festivity. The horses and cattle attended to, supper over, every-day clothes doffed, the Sunday suit is put on—and away!

Do we transfer ourselves to the place, and what do we see. Two large kettles filled with cider have already been over fire since morning.

"Two great cauldrons o'er the fire,
Whilst on huge crane stretched from jamb to jamb,
Wide as a gate that lets the chariot pass,
Swing over the blaze with cider streaming hot,
Where the brown stirrer with its handle long
A ceaseless motion keeps."

The apples to be peeled are in large tubs, waiting for the company. The young folks begin to drop in one by one, and fall earnestly to work; for the sooner the peeling is done the sooner will playing commence. Therefore thanks to that ambitious young man who comes there with a peeling machine. He is invited to every party of the kind in the whole neighborhood. Let it not be thought that he is merely welcome because of his machine and its great usefulness; for this itself is only a fruit of his general generous disposition. Every one likes him, for he is always useful, and agreeable, and kind. See how he spins the blushing apple, and whirls it peeled into the tub. The poet must have seen this performance:

"Swift flies the apple to the paring blade,
While like a serpent falls the coiling peel."

The cider in the kettles is now ready to receive the cut apples, and they are accordingly poured in. But now stirring must also begin; and to this end one of the ladies must leave the apple-cutting party to stir—but not alone! Some one of the young men thinks, and says too, that it is too hard work for her alone. Kind-hearted, charitable, thoughtful young man! He flies to her assistance; and now with the sweep of the stirring movement there is caused also, or at least cultivated, a kind of harmony of hearts, which makes the moments fly swiftly and sweetly. They scarcely thank the lady who comes to relieve them; for she takes his place, as it would not be modest to take her's. But now, it is not right to let two ladies perform that tedious work alone. See a kind-hearted youth goes to relieve the first, out of pure pity, of course. So the changing goes on—each in turn relieved, and each in turn pleased to afford the relief.

Meantime the apple-peeling is over. The young people are not all needed to stir the kettles. What now? There is a youth—well he knows how to "begin the plays." We must not be asked to describe them, for almost all but the pleasant general recollection of them has

passed from our memory. The majority of them are of the most simple and innocent character—and not one of them half so foolish as dancing about on one foot then upon another; now, as if there were a thorn in one's toe, and then as if it were in the heel, bobbing up and down, like a cork when the fish bites, and then turning to one side and looking so languishing and interesting, so very beautiful, tender and sentimental with "love and longing." Not half so childish as this is any one of the apple-butter party plays that we have ever seen in the rural districts of Pennsylvania. The attachments that are cultivated in this kind of innocent country life are, we are sure, generally more virtuous and lasting, and oftener followed by a life of true social happiness than any that are formed amid the hot-bed sentimentalism of the ball room.

In these innocent rural parties no young lady is in danger of catching a pennyless, brainless, characterless fop, being distinguished only for his smart small talk, his nice clothes, and his unpaid tailor bill—one who is much more impressed with the praise of his moustache, than with the earnest duns of his poor washerwoman. Here an industrious, earnest young man is not in danger of being entangled in misery for life by a soft Miss, who can indeed "trip it gaily on the fantastic toe," talk languishingly, sigh to the moon, but knows not how to bake a loaf, sweep a room, or mend a garment. Such love and such gentlemen and ladies would do well enough for husbands and wives if houses had nothing but parlors in them, if love indeed were a dream, and the duties and trials of life only fancy and fun.

This seems to be a digression; but we hope it has legitimately grown out of our subject. Let it be regarded in the light of a moral attached to the tale we tell.

Early autumn brings with it many other rural delights, and innocent pastimes for country youth which poets have sung, and which moralists have not felt it necessary to rebuke or demolish. Nor do they painfully afflict the memories of those who shared in them in "boyhood's halcyon days."

"See where the joyous Hollow-ewe comes in,
And how the country is awaked to mirth!
While, far and near, the sleepless watch dog's bark
Responds from farm to farm, till oft the wife
Starts from her couch to peer with anxious eye;
Or, on her troubled pillow, dreams of harm
In cabbage plots or poultry sheds sustained."

Gradually, and more and more keenly are these days of calm, sunny quietness succeeded by nights of frost and cold. Dark clouds are in the heavens, and black shadows are on the fields and mountains. It must be so to protect the wheat from the fly, to ripen the whole family of nuts, and to prepare for winter.

"It is the season when the woodland trees,
Through yellow fingers, shed the plenteous nuts;
When happy children, from the school released,
Wander from grove to grove. Canst thou not yet
Bring back to fancy those departed days
When we, together, with our baskets went,
Shelling the walnuts till our little hands
Where like the autumn's brown? Or chestnuts found

Dropped from their starry burrs? or with the squirrels
 Beneath the hickory, shared the shellbark's store?
 How then we spread them in the loft to dry,
 Between the rolls of wool for winter wheels—
 The loft made odorous by the bundled herbs?
 Ah, yes, thou needs must often see it all,
 And seeing, sigh for the delightful hours."

Thus, and with equal beauty of other such-like things has READ very naturally and touchingly sung in his "New Pastoral"—not only a truly American, but a truly Pennsylvanian poem. Blessings always on the man who records the innocent pleasures of our own rural life, even as they are blest who bear the memory of them in their hearts.

KNOWLEDGE AND BERRIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

KNOWLEDGE, like wealth, is gathered by steady habits of economy—carefully retaining what we have, and gathering more, little by little. Every opportunity must be improved. We must increase our stock of permanent information on every occasion. We must learn from every man, and from every thing—not overlooking opportunities that seem small in themselves.

There is much in the way we take to secure the end. To learn always, and from every thing, and in every place is an art. Though a simple art, it is not learned by every one. Lately we went with a company into the mountain to gather whortleberries. When we got to the place where they were to be gathered, we struck in from the road, and sure enough there they were. Some stocks were pretty full; but upon the whole they seemed rather thinly covered with berries. Great success seemed rather improbable here. Yet there was one in the company who went right to work—moving on steadily, and gathering them into the basket. We moved on to find places *where the bushes would hang full!* There is no use, we thought, of spending time where they are not more abundant. The result was that the full places, as we expected to find them, were not forthcoming; and while we fooled our time away the other person filled his basket. When we got back to the general meeting place and compared baskets, we saw clearly that it was not by picking out full places, but by picking berries that the baskets were to be filled. We thought of the Irishman who had heard that this new country over the water abounded in money, and that it could be gotten by handfulls; when he left the ship, he happened to see a dollar, which some one had lost, lying in the street, whereupon he exclaimed in contempt: "Faith, an do ye think I'll stop to pick ye up! Nare a bit of it. I'll ga right ane till I come to the *hapes!*" It is scarcely necessary to say that he did not find the "heaps," even as we did not find the "full places" of berries; and as he found his pocket empty of the dollar

which he did not pick up because it was only one, so we found our basket empty of the berries which we did not gather because they did not hang so thickly on the bushes as we desired.

As the berries did not make our basket look bluer, we resolved that the experience, with the recollection of the similar folly of the Irishman, should make us wiser for the future. So now when we go forth to gather knowledge we do not seek the full places, or wait till we come to the heap, but we go right to work, picking up little by little as we find it scattered along our path. We have no doubt that the proverb will prove true that "many a little makes a mickle;" and after awhile we will see that what was gathered grain by grain will fill a storehouse, and do to live on.

Furthermore, having gathered this wisdom—not the berries—in the mountains, and having gotten it without cost, except ending the little mortification of being laughed at by our companions, we now communicate it, and earnestly recommend it to the young readers of *The Guardian*. Remember that every berry in the basket, even when it is picked where they thinly hang, is there, and is so much towards filling it. So every little item of knowledge secured and fastened in its place is there for future use, and does its part toward making you a wise man.

When I see a young man who professes to desire knowledge inattentive when wise men are speaking, or spending a little leisure hour in folly, fun, or idleness, because it is but a little hour, instead of using it in reading a useful book or periodical, I say to myself he is holding up for the "full places," or waiting till he gets to the "heap." When others are wise, he will be walking about with an empty head, seeking knowledge and finding none; always trying to learn, and wishing to learn, but never coming to the knowledge of anything.

Many little dewdrops,
Freshen all the plain;
And the little floating mists
Make the shower of rain.
By many little crumblets
The fowls are fat and fed:
So many little ideas
Fill the largest head.

If any of our young readers have hitherto belonged to the class described we commend to them this little song. We have written it for their special benefit, and it is herewith dedicated to them. They may sing it for pastime while they are in search of the "full places," and are traveling towards the "heap."

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a charm in beauty's smile;
There is a thrilling magic power,
To soften sorrow, and beguile
The dark gloom of misfortune's hour.
But there's a sweeter, holier tie,
Which wavers not, nor knows decay!
That tie is Friendship—heavenly power!
Which brighter glows from day to day.

FALL OF THE CHARTER OAK.

"A dirge, a dirge for the brave old oak,
That helped to make us free!
Let the vallies ring with the echo woke
By a dirge for the fallen tree!"

THE famous old Charter Oak of Hartford, Connecticut, so noted in song and history, fell with a tremendous crash during the great storm, at a quarter before one o'clock this morning, August 21, 1856.

This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wyllys' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forest to New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together.

Mr. Stuart had a stout door made to shut up the entrance, and he also placed tin caps upon the stumps of broken limbs, and for the past three or four years, fresh sprouts have grown upon most of its limbs, though other limbs were decaying. At the time of its fall, young and fresh acorns were growing on every part of it. Thousands of people are visiting the tree, and bringing away such sprigs and parts of limbs as Mr. Stuart permits.

Watchman Butler says he stood at the head of the street at the time of the crash. The wind had been blowing freshly from the northwest for an hour or more. He first heard a loud crack, and saw the Old Oak swaying in the breeze; a cracking noise followed, then the crash—all within the space of half a minute—and the famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Connecticut, was prostrate upon the earth! One thousand years ago, when it was in the prime of life—when its years were half numbered, its far reaching branches had sported in fiercer storms, and more swift-winged winds. But now, since full two thousand years have smiled and waned upon its youth, its prime, and its decline, it had become gray and decrepid, but it was still tenacious of its reaching roots, running a long way up into the beautiful hill side, and downward to the sharp cut below. Firmly, aye, proudly the Oak stood, seemingly conscious that nature had marked out for its own accommodation one of the most enchanting retreats in the State, and that destiny had accorded to it a notable and everlasting historic page in the story of Connecticut—one of the patriotic and original thirteen States of the Union.

Proudly it had stood, and when tottering with age, and reduced to a mere shell of a few inches, by the steady inroads of time itself, it still clung with fondness to the loved spot on which it had witnessed the decay and downfall of many of its associates—the path and the bloody

wars of the red man, and the redman's decay—the birth and death of generations of the white man, whose axe had cut away its towering comrades of the olden time. But while preserving a fair exterior, it was inwardly wasting away, and was obliged to yield and fall in a storm far less severe than many thousands that had preceded it.

Before Governor Wylls came to America, he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wylls' place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

The tree measured 33 feet in circumference at the bottom, and it has broken off so as to leave 8 feet of stump on one side and 6 feet on the other, the stump measuring 21 feet in circumference at its top.

The Charter of King Charles II., for the colony of Connecticut, arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared to "belong to them and their successors," and the people evinced their gratitude by appointing a committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath, and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State's office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present constitution took its place in 1818.

In 1686, the general government of New England was dissolved by James II., and a new government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warranto* was sent to her, Gov. Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new king. They still held to their charter. In March, another special session was convened, but still the Representatives of the people refused to "surrender." In May, they met again in regular session, under the charter, and re-elected Treat as Governor.

On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his council, and a body guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and a total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Capt. Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those

times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wyly's Oak, now known as the Charter Oak.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year Gov. Treat and his associate officers resumed the government of Connecticut, under the charter which had been preserved in the old Hollow Oak.

Mr. Stuart had Colt's armory band come up this noon and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen monarch of the forest. He is a genial-hearted man—a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

A daguerreotype likeness of the fallen tree was taken to-day.

The city bells are to be tolled at sun-down, as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen "monarch."

CHEERING WORDS.

Hear what a friend says. It is strange how such words cheer the heart of an Editor. Many, many similar cheering words have we nicely filed in our bundles of letters—keeping them for the light and love they bring. We give this one as a specimen—for to print them all would fill a number of *The Guardian*, and some green-eyed persons might suppose that our pet loved to praise itself:

"By the way, I would remark that *The Guardian* is always welcome when it comes. Its periodical visits are looked forward to as the visits of a dearly beloved friend—to which fact my diary bears testimony. I find the following notice of it in my diary: '*August 8.*—This evening my dear friend *The Guardian* came to see me in my new home. Welcome to my humble, my quiet sanctum, dear friend. I love to commune with thee at the twilight hour, for thou hast always something good to tell.' I state this merely to show that *The Guardian* is very acceptable to me. It cannot fail to do much good among the young."

HOME.

I never left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
When the chords of fondness drew me,
And have gladdened me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom,
For the days that are departed
And the place I call'd my home.

I am not of those who wander
Unaffectioned here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of my sites of joy or care;
And I point sad memory's finger
(Though my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger
In the place I call'd my Home.

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THE GREAT AUTUMN.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

“For the fashions of this world passeth away.”

It is said that actors upon the stage frequently become so interested in the play, that they imagine it to be real. It is the same also with the spectators; they are drawn along by one scene after the other, until forgetting themselves, they fancy what they behold to be real events. Their hearts are interested, their affections are moved, until the whole sham seems to them an earnest reality.

This is a picture of the world, and of human life, as it lives and moves upon its bosom. Men act earnestly—toil busily—run hastily to and fro—become interested and absorbed in the business cares and pursuits of this world, until at length they fancy it to be a soul-satisfying and an ever-abiding reality.

The same illusive feeling gradually creeps into the hearts even of such as would be mere spectators of the worldliness around them. They gaze upon the play of worldly life, until it seems to them a reality. What seems at first only shadow, soon takes the form of substance. They fall in with the general pursuit; and become as earnest as life itself in the chase of vanities. “Surely every man walketh in a vain show: Surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.” Ps. 39, 6.

The things which now surround and engage us are not real—they are not what they seem to be—they are not abiding; nor are they satisfactory while they do last. The things which are seen are all temporal. “All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass.” In the expressive language of Paul: “The fashion of this world passeth away.”

We cannot well have too profound a sense of the vain and vanishing character of all earthly things. It often becomes at least the occasion of that “godly sorrow” which worketh repentance unto life. Though it cannot of itself change the heart and the life, it often does turn the heart to the true and abiding source of help and hope. We are by nature prone to the undue love of life, and of this present world; and we need,

therefore, the constant admonitions of wisdom, reminding us that "the fashion of this world passeth away,"—and exhorting us not to "lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven."

The holy scriptures abound in passages which are designed to impress us with a just sense of the transient, changing and passing character of all earthly things—passages admonishing us to cease fixing our hopes and our hearts upon them, and pointing us to that sure inheritance in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which abides when earth, and men, and change shall have passed away.

How little, however, are the teachings of God's word on this subject heard and heeded! They are read, the Book is closed—and the heart is full of the world again.

Hence God directs our attention to a picture of this solemn truth, pencilled upon the world around us. The whole world is a commentary on vanity. It is written upon every falling leaf—upon every fading flower—the face of the landscape pictures it—the moaning of the autumnal forest preaches it—it is reflected from the human countenance—it utters its voice from grave-yards—it is spoken in mournful words, from desolate shores, from ruined cities, and from the mouldering heaps of departed greatness and glory. In short, when history gathers up its mighty burden into one sad and gloomy sentence, it is this: "The fashion of this world passeth away."

Let us take the word "FASHION" in its literal sense—in its common acceptation, as indicating the outward decorations of dress, of furniture and equipage.

Take it in this sense, and what is more true, than that "the fashion of this world passeth away." What is more changeable than fashions—outward decorations?

Behold the votaries of pride and vanity! Scarcely has some new decoration been introduced in one circle of fashion, when the whole surface of society moves in the same direction; and all join, with quick earnestness, to bear their part in the mimic show. Scarcely has the last one, with uniform, matched like the rest, stood in the row, before a new movement commences—then begins a new unclothing and a new being clothed upon, and the same mimic scene is acted again throughout all the circles of fashionable life. It is safe to say, that one-fourth of the human race employ one-fourth of their time in preparing for and in carrying out these changes of fashion.

How trifling, how vain, how evanescent is all this restlessness of human vanity. It has nothing solid—nothing abiding. These outward decorations—what do they cover? A poor, perishing body—an empty head—a sinful heart—a soul in which slumber the fires of hell. Whited sepulchres!

But a little while, and the painted cheek is pale in death! The rich rustling robes of fashion are exchanged for the plain winding sheet—and the limbs that moved in stately pride in the halls of fashion, are composed in the narrow house where there is none to admire, none to praise, and none to envy!

Changes of raiment cannot ease the pains of the bed of sickness—cannot drive away the earnest horrors of a dying hour—cannot cover peacefully in the swellings of Jordan—cannot light up joy amid the gloom of

the grave—and cannot take the place of the white robes which the sainted wear in the kingdom of the pure! All the fashion of this world must pass away!

Behold the Dives of fashion! He is clothed in purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day! His robes rustle, and the colors of his rich garments change with the light as he sits in state. Hundreds gaze, admire, and fall in servile dependance at his feet. See again! His gay attire lies composed in its place—and he lies in the hands of the king of terrors. His limbs quiver—his pulse grows faint and slow—he gasps—he dies! “and in hell he lifts up his eyes, being in torment.”

There lieth, moreover, a moral lesson in these changes of fashion. Are they not an evidence of the restlessness of the human heart? Does not this never-ceasing desire after change, proclaim the great truth, that nothing earthly can long satisfy the human heart? It is ever eager to exchange one bubble of vanity for another—hoping still, and hoping ever, to find solid satisfaction in the fashion of this world which passeth away. How can the beauty of the feathers satisfy the hunger of the bird? How can the decorations of the body fill the spirit with that which it needs forever.

We have also a commentary on the passages quoted in the shiftings and changes of the physical world.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see the prophecy of that awfully solemn fulfilment proclaimed in the scripture. Things visible shall perish. “They all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed.” The grandest organizations of the physical universe, shall tumble together into their original elements, “even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.”

The physical universe is fallen with man. It is, with him, doomed to a dissolution. We need but look at the phenomena around us, and we shall discover disturbing and dissolving forces at work, under the power of which the fashion of the physical world is constantly passing away.

These destructive forces are very comprehensively designated by our Saviour, under the names of moth and rust, and thieves. Moth, designates all those living animals and insects, which prey upon existing organizations, and gradually, silently, but certainly cause them to pass away, while they themselves pass away with them.

How extensively are these living agents of destruction at work over the face of the physical world! How vastly do they change the fashion of the face of the earth! Who can number them? They eat the springing germ—they gnaw the flourishing gourd, and it withers over our head at noon-day—they sting the leaf, and it grows pale and dies—they work themselves into the heart of the apple and the nut, and make them useless to man—they bore the giant oak, and work disease into its very vitals, so that though it has braved the storms of a thousand years, they make it a heap of ruins! In short, every living organization which beautifies the face of the earth, is but food for insects and worms. They seem to rush upon all living forms as the commissioned of Heaven, crying “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!”

Rust, designates all these chemical forces and agents, by which the face of the physical world are constantly made to change and pass away.

These prey upon unorganized matter and inanimate objects, which the moth pass by. These, with their dissolving power, penetrate the most solid substances, and bid them return to their original elements. They lay hold upon the solid portions of animal and vegetable forms, when the moth have already destroyed their life, and level them with the earth. The hard rocks, the solid mountains, and the still more solid metals, all yield to the power of these chemical forces. Monuments and towers, and walls of defence, and palaces of pomp and power, all grow old, and change, and waste, and are dissolved, and the fashion of them passeth away.

What in the physical world, which disturbs its order, can better be denominated "thieves," than those various incidental forces which break in at intervals upon the regular order of existing things to devastate them, and to lay them low? Such are hurricanes and storms, which fall in like highwaymen upon the orderly progress of the physical world, to rob them of what they are, what they have, and what they promise. Such are floods and flames, which break through and devour. Such are ravenous beasts and hostile armies, by which thriving cities, peaceful homes and fruitful fields, are turned into solitudes and dreariness. Such also are pestilence, drought, and famine, which ride over the land like a burning curse from the angry breath of an insulted God! These are the outlaws of the universe made the executors of judgment, commissioned to seize and bear away what man has forfeited, and what God has cursed because of sin!

It is all these together—the moth, rust and thieves, which dissolve and waste all that is beautiful and permanent in existing physical forms on the face of the earth. It is these which bring on the great, solemn Autumn of the universe. It is these which execute the sentence of death and decay upon all that lives and blooms around us. It is these which stand like solemn priests at the grave of nature, pronouncing the solemn service of its burial: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Thus "the fashion of this world passeth away."

History will also aid us in the interpretation, and in the illustration of the passage.

The history of nations—what is it, but a running commentary upon the words: "The fashion of this world passeth away." The most solemnly interesting objects in the past are its mighty ruins—its moldering cities—its ruined capitols and temples—its crumbling monuments and sepulchres. The vast plain of history, as it stretches eastward before us, back into the morning twilight of the world, is nothing but the graveyard of nations; and, in some places, it has been buried over and over; empire has crumbled upon empire, and nation upon nation—kings have been buried upon kings; and the ruins of one palace have become the foundations of another, only to be itself again covered with new power and glory, as blossoms upon its own tomb! Behold the skeleton march of nations, treading upon each others, heels, as they go down in gloomy succession into the land of silence, and the shades of death!

Over and over, in the history of nations, has the divine prophecy been fulfilled in reference to the glory of Idumea and Babylon: "wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and the owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And

the wild beasts of the island shall cry in the desolate houses, and the dragons in their pleasant palaces." Is. 13, 21, 22. Is. 34, 11, 16.

The history of science. What is it but the revolution of systems? The embodiment of the wisdom of one age is found, in the age to come, forsaken upon the shelf in unopened and dusty volumes. How true it is: "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Thus the sentence of vanity is applied to the outward form of science, and executed age after age—executed, thus, upon the world in its highest and most respectable form. The wisdom of this world is not an end, but a means; and as a means it is even left behind in the progress of the human spirit towards its glorious perfection and bliss in another life.

Science unsanctified, is but as the scaffolding to the building—as the first coarse leaves of the plant which fall away—as the shell of the insect, which it casts off when it begins to soar. Its greenest laurels soon become as the leaves of Autumn; and the ornaments which it hangs over itself are but as vines which grow out over ruins, to cover their hideousness but for awhile, and are doomed soon to become part of the desolation which they cover. Surely the wisdom of this world cometh to naught; and the fashion of this world passeth away."

The history of man! What is it? How soon is the form of his body and the fashion of his countenance changed! He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

"Life like a vein amusement flies,
A fable or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long."

Thus, in whatever way we look upon the world, it is a fleeting show. Upon all its treasures, its honors and its pleasures, is written vanity of vanities—all is vanity. Surely the fashion of this world passeth away.

The power of this world soon becomes perfect weakness. The wealth of the world is not worth as much as one cooling drop to a fevered lip in the hour of death! Nor can houses, and lands, and millions, purchase a smile from the angel that guards the gate. Science cannot deliver—art cannot please, when man giveth up the ghost. Fine furniture cannot make the funeral house less gloomy. The glittering decorations of gold and jewels will shine but dimly through the pall robes which cover those that go to their long home. The smile of gaiety—the glad light of the eye—the glow of health—the power of beauty—

"Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies!

And now let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. This subject addresses itself to all such as love this present world, and the things that are in it. O ye who bow to the god of this world! O ye votaries of earth, and sense, and sin! O ye who, without God and without hope, move so light-hearted and gaily into the presence of eternal realities!

Behold the shadows of a long night are appearing ! See, the grave opens ! See, the earth, with its vanities, recedes and disappears ! See, the years are drawing nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them ! Wo unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep then !

Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue !
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

"The fashion of this world passeth away." Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." "He that believeth not shall be damned ! "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."

Henceforth, oh, world ! no more of thy desires,
———Now other cares engross me ;
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for Heaven.

A U T U M N W O O D S .

BY MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

The wild flowers struggle with the frost ;
The cedars wail in pain ;
The grass bows down beneath my feet ;
It will not rise again—
In the old forest where I walk,
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The spider's bridge breaks in my path ;
The cricket's legs are stiff ;
The sleepy adders hiss no more ;
The bugs are in a miff—
In the old forest where I walk,
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The tangled vines writhe on the ground ;
The dead leaves flutter down,
Upon the bed of last year's dead ;
The bald rocks grimly frown—
In the old forest where I walk,
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The crow croaks on the high tree top ;
The wren has news to tell ;
The flapping fish-hawk screams aloud,
The robin sings farewell—
In the old forest where I walk,
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The outside world of trading men
I neither see nor hear :
The woodland elms and I would hide,
If any should come near—
In the old forest where I walk,
And with dame Nature try to talk !

THREE WISHES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

A YOUNG married couple lived very happily together ; but they had one fault, which dwells more or less in every human bosom. It is this : When we are well off we are anxious that well should be a little better. From this fault arise many foolish desires ; and into this folly fell also our Hans and his Liese. Now they wished for Shultz's land, now for Loewenwirth's money, now for Meier's rural possessions, house, home and cattle, and now for a hundred thousand million Bavarian dollars in cash !

One evening whilst they sat in happy peace at the stove cracking nuts, having already worn a deep hole into the stone in this cheerful winter pastime, there came in at the room door a very small white woman, not more than an ell in height, but wonderfully beautiful in form and features, and the whole room was filled with the fragrance of roses. The lamp-light was extinguished by her advent ; but a glimmer like the bright morning sky at sunrise, streamed forth from the little woman and illumined the walls of the room. Such a sight will somewhat awaken one's fears, beautiful as it may be. But our good couple soon revived from the slight shock, when the little woman, with a wonderfully sweet and silvery voice, said : " I am your friend Anna Fritz, the mountain fairy. I live in my crystal palace, in the midst of the mountains, where with an unseen hand I cast gold into the sands of the Rhine, and more than seven hundred ministering spirits wait to do my bidding. Three wishes you may express—three wishes shall be fulfilled to you !

Hans haunched his Liese with his elbow, as if to say : that sounds not badly. The good wife was already in the act of opening her mouth to suggest a half-dozen gilt-laced head dresses, silk handkerchiefs and such like, when the mountain fairy lifted up her finger in warning. " Eight days," said she, " you have time. Consider well, and be not too hasty in making up your minds." This is not bad, thought the man, as he quickly laid his hands on his wife's lips ; meaning thereby that she should keep silence. The fairy vanished. The lamp burned as before, and instead of the rose-fragrance, the smoke of the oil lamp rolled up again over the room, like clouds along the heavens.

Our good couple were now as happy as may be, in glorious anticipation. Every star in the firmament seemed to them a violin, making music for the rest to dance by in their joy. Yet they were in an exceedingly anxious situation ; because they did not know what to wish for ; and they had not even the heart rightly to think or speak on the subject, for fear their thoughts might be taken as a wish, before they properly considered it. Well, said Liese, we have time till Friday.

The next evening, while the potatoes for their supper crackled in the pan, both husband and wife stood together cheerfully before the fire, and saw how the little sparks of fire played hither and thither on the sooty-side of the pan, now blazing and now dying ; and without speaking a word, their thoughts were buried in their future happy fortune. But when they

emptied the roasted potatoes into the dish, and their odor stole agreeably upon their senses—"If we only now had a fried sausage with our potatoes," she said, innocently and without any reflection; and alas! there was the first wish made! Quick as the lightning comes and goes, came again the fairy visitor, and like the orient sky at sun-rise mingled with the fragrance of roses, it spread over the hearth—and upon the roasted potatoes lay the most beautiful fried sausage! As the wish was, so it was done.

Who would not feel mortified at such a wish and such a fulfilment of it? What man would not feel aggravated at his wife for such an inconsiderate act? "If only the sausage was grown fast to the tip of your nose," spake Hans in the heat of surprise, and with the greatest innocence—and behold! as the wish was, so it was done! Scarcely had the last word left his lips, when the sausage hung fast at the nose of his good wife, as if she had been born with it, turning gracefully down on either side like the moustache of a hussar.

Now the miserable perplexity of the married pair, stood at its height. Two wishes had been made and fulfilled, and as yet they were not a far-thing nor a grain of wheat richer. Their possessions were only increased by one single sausage. True, there was one wish left. But what joy would there be in all wishes and fortunes with such a sausage ornament at the housewife's nose. For better or for worse, they must wish that the mountain fairy would, with unseen hand perform the work of a barber for the good wife Liese, that she might be relieved of the accursed sausage. So wished—and so done. The third wish was also past, and the poor pair looked at one another, and were the same Hans and the same Liese as before; and the beautiful mountain fairy returned no more.

NOTE WELL: If ever the mountain fairy shall come to you in this way, be not covetous, but wish—

Number one: For good sense, that you may know what—

Number two: you ought to wish for in order to be fortunate. And since it is easily possible that you might then wish for that which would after all make you neither happier nor better, wish—

Number three: for abiding contentment and no sorrow. Be also assured that no opportunity to make a fortune, is of any avail to them who have not sufficient wisdom to make the proper use of it.

H O M E .

I never left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
When the cords of fondness drew me,
And have gladdened me of yore;
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom,
For the days that are departed
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander
Unaffectioned here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of my sites of joy or care;
And I point sad memory's finger,
(Though my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger
In the place I call'd my Home.—TUPPER.

JOHN RANDOLPH ON DANCING.

"You have omitted dancing, Mr. Randolph, in your list of accomplishments," said Mrs. Stanley.

"It was designedly done, madam," he replied. "I do not consider it an accomplishment in a lady. The ease of manners, which, it is generally supposed, is acquired by a knowledge of dancing, is all artificial, and very different from that arising from a consciousness of innate propriety. The lady, whose manners are formed by dancing, is noted for an oversprightliness—a hop and skip sort of motion, an effort to attract attention; whilst, also, the movements, changes of position, motions of the limbs, and familiarities sanctioned by the figures of the dancer, have no very favorable tendency, in my opinion, to preserve the maidenly diffidence which so greatly enhance the charms of female loveliness. In a word, I detest it; nor can I see it, but in my imagination, I see the dancing girls of the East."

"This is very severe, Mr. Randolph," said Mrs. Stanley.

"But it is just, madam," he replied. "The welfare of society rests upon female influence in a far greater degree than is generally supposed; and female education, in every way, should be of such firm texture, that it cannot be torn or worn out. No tinsel for woman's minds. This is my opinion, for it is unquestionable that the first principles of good or of evil are engrafted into the young heart by maternal instruction, or suffered to grow up there by maternal neglect. I perfectly remember my own mother, when she called me to her, and explaining to me, in language suited to my age, my relation to the Supreme Being as my Creator and Father, made me kneel and place my little hands together, while she taught me the comprehensive prayer, which our Lord gave for the instruction of mankind. This was the first lesson, followed up by others, as I grew older; and the impressions thus made, nothing, as yet, has effaced. No: I do not estimate too highly the influence of woman upon society; nor am I too severe upon any sort of education which might tend to lessen their favorable influence upon morals, by substituting what are called accomplishments, in place of real virtues."

MATINS AND VESPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PRAY at the Morning hour—
Grace, like the light and dew,
Is richest on the spirit shed
When thoughts are fresh and new;
The rising light shines up the heavens
Before it shines below:
So first to God and then to earth,
Should we our thoughts bestow.

Pray at the Evening hour—
Grace, like the golden light,
That opens when the sun is set,
Will smile upon the night;
The light still lingers on the sky,
When all is dark below:
So last on God, and not on earth,
Should we our thoughts bestow.

NAPOLEON ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The remarkable conversation of Napoleon while imprisoned at St. Helena, with Gen. Bertrand, on the Divinity of Christ and the Christian Religion, though often alluded to, has seldom been read. It is an exceedingly terse and conclusive argument, and the circumstances in which it was uttered, gave it additional weight.

THE conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the Divinity of Christ, when Gen. Bertrand said :

I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, face, mouth and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed. I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored, because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time, was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude—if he has revolutionized the world—I see in that only the power of genius, and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world, as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, Mohammed, with a sword.

Napoleon replied :

I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

We can say to the authors of every other religion, “ You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, molded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.” Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and doctrines of the gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators, who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals Divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing

announces them Divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself; foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; his gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms—everything is, for me, a prodigy, a mystery unsoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape—a mystery which is there before my eyes—a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine; everything is above me, everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles; and from the commencement his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart, than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the master of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*.

What a master, and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief. And no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *No* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous. But no one can venture to say, *It is not so*.

Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died, the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.

"They are about to take me, and to crucify me," said He. "I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, Divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me; for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies; and I shall send to them, from heaven, a Spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my gospel. In fine, they will believe it; they will preach it; and they will convert the world."

And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul, the "foolishness of the cross," this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished. And the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. It is the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; individuals scattered here and there, in all the parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the Man-God. His disciples were armed with it. "The Christ," they said, "God, has died for the salvation of men." What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the punishment of the Man-God. On the one side we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence. On the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory. My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal Emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage, and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius! Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him.

In every other existence but that of Christ how many imperfections? Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same; majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words '*I am God.*' He declares it. What an abyss He creates by that declaration, between Himself and all the fabrications of religion. What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God Himself, would be a plausible excuse, and the proof of atheism.

Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with nature which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and destiny of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades everything which opposes its extension. Behold it upon this temple, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor deferentially placed his hand upon it); I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotions which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night, with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirits, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, He has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union of that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by stricter, closer ties than those of blood; by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all

unions. He lights up the flames of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is, the reign of charity.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

But, after all, my presence was necessary ; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me ; then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess a secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

Now that I am at St. Helena ; now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me ? who are the courtiers of my misfortune ? who thinks of me ? who makes efforts for me in Europe ? where are my friends ? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued :

Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne ; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came ; the gold gradually became dim. The rain of misfortune and outrage, with which I am daily deluged, has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

Such is the fate of great men ! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an Emperor is a college theme ! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me ; assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time ; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for the worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him whom the world called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die ? Is it not rather to live ? The death of Christ ! It is the death of God.

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a General.

IN private, we must watch our thoughts ; in the family, our tempers ; in company, our tongues.

Our hearts are like instruments of music ; they make no melody in the ear of God, unless gently touched by the finger of his Spirit.

TAKE NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Not a day without a line."

YOUNG members of the church, we think do not improve in religious knowledge as much as they might. This results no doubt from the fact that many are not as diligent as they should be in reading the scriptures and other religious books. The Holy Bible ought to be read regularly by every young Christian; from it the mind must derive its daily food. Good books ought to be read because they explain religious truth, and bring it in a plain and practical way before the mind.

There is one particular source of religious knowledge, which is open to all, and which we think is not as wisely used as it might be. We mean preaching. All who are in the habit of hearing a faithful pastor's instructions from Sabbath to Sabbath, ought in a short time to be well instructed Christians, familiar with all the points of christian truth. Yet how few even of those who regularly hear, are thoroughly indoctrinated in all necessary truth. What a vast amount of religious instruction is brought out by an industrious pastor in the course of a year. If this were properly treasured by the hearers, there could be no lack in christian knowledge. Here is the fault: it is heard and forgotten.

Now we wish to propose to our young friend a plan, by which this evil can be greatly remedied. It is this—*take notes of every sermon you hear*. You need not do it in church, while the sermon is being delivered; you can do it afterwards. Keep the train of thought in mind, and when you get home write down the points so far as you can remember them. Keep a book for this purpose; and make it a point regularly to record in it what you hear on various religious points. At first you may not succeed to your satisfaction; but you will improve by practice; and ere long you will be able to retain all the principal parts.

This course will improve your memory while hearing; you will listen intently with the earnest endeavor of retaining what you hear, and this exercise will strengthen your mind. Writing it down will be an exercise which will aid in fixing the matter of the discourse in your memory, so that you will not easily forget it. Then, too, you will have your notes to which you may refer at any time. Years after, the subject which you once heard discussed may come up for consideration; and when you refer to your notes, you will find there much more than you could have remembered, and what you have written will aid you in calling up the rest.

A faithful pastor frequently brings matter into one discourse, which it took him a whole week to think out and gather. He brings together the substance of all that bears upon it from various sources. He consults books to which you cannot possibly have access. What an amount of religious knowledge you have therefore in one sermon—how important that you should retain it. Are you not frequently reminded when a particular point comes up in discoursing with others on religious topics, of a sermon which you once heard on the subject, and which was fully

satisfactory to you? You are sorry that you cannot remember it. Your mistake was that you did not take notes, when it was fresh in your mind.

Habituate yourself to take down important things which you hear in the pulpit and elsewhere. What you thus record you will know better than you could possibly know it without. Besides, it will accustom you to write and express your thoughts on paper, while it exercises your judgment and memory. Let not a day pass without writing something, however little it may be. You will be astonished at your progress at the end of the year.

We have a book of this kind, filled with notes taken down every day in boyhood when on the farm, which we would not sell for money. We found it profitable then, and find it a great pleasure to review now what we then wrote. What we know from experience to be good, we earnestly recommend to all our young readers of *The Guardian*. Get your book—get your pen—and at it this day!

THAT NOBLE BOY!

BY THE EDITOR.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy—
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy."

SEE! there is an interesting boy. He is about ten to twelve years of age. He has been carefully trained by pious and anxious parents. He has grown up in good habits. He is modest and quiet. What sweet affection dawns in his looks; how courteous are all his replies when some one speaks to him. What a beautiful and attractive simplicity there is in his whole manner. How promptly obedient he is to his parents, and how kind and obliging to his sisters. He is especially fond of his mother; for he has not yet lost that feeling of child-like dependence, which causes him to feel that his comfort and safety is near her. He loves to go with her to church, and to accompany her on visits.

Have you seen such a boy? Have you seen, too, as he quietly grew older, and got to be from twelve to fifteen years of age, how he gradually changed. Have you seen, and mourned over the sad change! He is losing his fondness for home and parents. He is growing rough in his manner, harsh in his replies, and surley in his disposition. What he before loved in the circle of home, seems now an unpleasant restraint. His sweet simplicity has left him. When his mother wishes him to accompany her, he goes with a shy manner, which says that he does not wish to go at all. When, on Sabbath, he is reminded that all are ready to start for church, he says "I am going," but does not wish to go in the group as he used to do. Instead of choosing the family pew, he would rather be in some remote corner, or on the gallery. Now and then he is seen to be in a kind of private stolen interview with boys that have not been trained in the same religious way as he has. It is evident that he begins to prefer the bosom of strangers; and the boy of fourteen is no more the innocently interesting boy of ten.

Have you seen these two pictures! Have you marked the contrast which they portray? Ah, this is the dangerous period in a boy's life. This is that *transition* time which, if not safely passed, becomes the beginning of wreck and ruin to many a noble lad, around whom the fondest affections and hopes of parents and friends has clung. This is the point in the path of life where the dark stream often rises, after which it has no more forever, the pureness, and freshness, and beauty which it had before.

The Guardian is read by many a lad of that age, who is just passing through that critical period of his life. O that my words of warning were written upon his heart as with a pen of iron in the rock forever! Sell not your boyhood innocency, my noble boy. Respond to the sweet affection of your mother. Cherish still the affectionate smiles of your sister. Cast not from you the holy influences of home. Seek only the society of the pure and good. Above all, give your heart to piety, and live in the fear of God. So will that which is the charm of your boyhood be your ornament and glory when a man.

E N E R G Y .

If small discouragements frighten you, you will not be likely to make such a man. Let the great naturalist, Audubon, tell *his* story:

"An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my studies in ornithology. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I lived for several months, and went to Philadelphia, on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a friend, with directions to see that no injury should happen to them. I was gone several months; and when I returned, after enjoying the pleasures of home a few days, I asked after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasures. The box was produced, and opened; but—feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had brought up a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which but a few months before represented a thousand birds in the air!"

The blow was a heavy one. So much labor so miserably destroyed. His brain reeled. For days he was almost unconscious. "But through the strength of my constitution, rallying again, I took up my gun," he says, "my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth into the forests to repair the loss, and begin my work anew."

THE WILD APPLE-TREE.—A swarm of bees made their home in the hollow trunk of a wild apple-tree, and filled it with their treasures of honey; whereupon the tree became proud, so that he despised all other trees.

Then the rose-bush called to him, and said: "Miserable vaunting tree that art proud of borrowed sweets! Is your fruit therefore the less sour? Make the sweetness of the honey flow up into your fruit if you are able. Only when you have done this will men bless you."

CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is the style of Christianity to use the tenderest language in speaking of the dead. It says they are "gathered to their fathers." It says they are not dead but sleep. It says they rest in hope—rest in their beds. It says they sleep in Jesus.

The Church has called the places of their repose *Koimeteria*, from which is derived our word cemetaries—domitories or sleeping places. The German word "Gottes-acker" is equally beautiful. Yea, it excels the other as having more of life and hope in it. It is not only a sleeping-place, where God gives his saints a sweet repose; but God's acre—God's garden, in which lie the bodies of the saints as seeds, to spring up in the resurrection, to bloom with the fragrance of bliss, and bear eternal fruit in the Paradise of God.

A tender respect for the body, as the organ of the soul, and a desire to have it decently disposed of after death, has manifested itself in all ages in connexion with religion; and so to dispose of it has always been regarded as a solemn duty among the pious. This attention every one instinctively desires for his own body. The thought of lying unburied is shocking to our nature; and so also is the thought of being buried in any way or in any spot that is not pleasant to us while living. Religion, moreover, quickens and increases this instinct, instead of abating it. This then we all desire for ourselves, and this we ought piously to grant to those whom we love in life.

Of this tender respect for the dead we have an instance quite early in the world's history. I refer to Abraham's affecting appeal to the sons of Heth, that they should sell him in their land, where he then sojourned, a burying place for his dead, and their prompt and humane compliance with his request. Gen. xxiii. We must ask the reader to turn to this affecting chapter, and read it with attention.

Here some things may be noticed to show how important a matter the purchase of a burial-place was to Abraham. Fearing as it would seem that his proposal might be rejected by the sons of Heth, he takes a very affecting position when he is about to make his appeal to them. "And Abraham stood up before his dead!" What an affecting sight! who under these circumstances can refuse him? He appeals also to their sympathies: "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you." Shall a stranger, standing before his dead, pleading for a place to bury them, be turned coldly away? No. Abraham was in earnest, and he took the best way to succeed.

Notice, too, what their reply is: "Thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead: none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchres, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." This was a kind offer. Abraham felt that it was kind; but it was not in accordance with his wishes and feelings. So he "stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land," and declined that kindness. He noted a place as *his own*, which he should himself possess, and which

he might consecrate as a place of sacred repose for his dead for ever ! Therefore Abraham communed with the children of Heth, and said that if they were kindly disposed towards him, they should entreat for him with Ephron the son of Zohar, that he should sell him the field and cave of Machpelah, "for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying place among you." There was the secret ; he did not only wish to bury the dead out of his sight, but he wished to possess the place where they lay. When he was offered the choice among the sepulchres in the land, he bowed and declined ; but when Ephron said he should have the field and the cave, "Abraham hearkened unto Ephron," and immediately weighed to him the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." After he had paid the money, he took proper steps to secure it for himself by a well-attested title. "The field and the cave that was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city." The trees, too—a good hint !

The conduct of Abraham in all this transaction, shows that he had a great respect for the body of his dead, and that he wished, at any cost, to secure a permanent burying ground, where there was the least probability that it should ever after be desecrated and disturbed.

He might have buried his beloved Sarah in the "choice sepulchres" of the people of the land, but those were not his own ; and as once in Egypt another King arose which knew not Joseph, and did evil to the children of Israel, so in the land of the Hittites, another generation would soon arise which might have no respect for the dead of Abraham. How, too, in that case could Abraham be assured that he would be permitted once to lie by her side in death ? And, above all, how could he then seek her grave, as Mary did the grave of her Lord, and undisturbed, shed the silent tear of affection to her memory ? No wonder that he persisted : "for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying-place."

It was Abraham's design, also, no doubt, to make this the place of burial for himself, and for his posterity. In this he succeeded. When he died, it is particularly mentioned that he was buried in the same place. "His sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre ; the field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth ; there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife. Gen. ix, 10. In the same place, long afterwards, they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife." There Jacob was buried still later (Gen. i, 13,) according to his own request, and there he himself had buried Leah. It is stated, by Josephus, that in his day this place was still in good repair ; that the posterity of Abraham erected splendid sepulchres there, which were in his day yet to be seen. Mention is also made of this place by Eusebius and Jerome, and also by other church fathers down as late as the eighth century. Even at this day the sepulchres of the patriarchs are pointed out to the pilgrims to the holy land, by the monks on Hebron ; and so well do all the circumstances around it agree with scripture notices, that travelers the

most intelligent—as, for instance Robinson—see no reason to doubt but the graves which they see are those of the patriarchs.

The field is called Machpelah, which means “double.” It was beyond doubt some characteristic about the field which gave it this name. I could not think what it might be to which this “double” refers, until I met with the following, from a Spanish Jew, who visited Hebron in the twelfth century, which does not only explain this, but also beyond doubt serves to identify this place as the Machpelah of Abraham. In the valley there is a duplicate, that is as it were two little vallies. It seems that a ridge divided this field; in this ridge was no doubt the cave, and bordering the valley on each side were the “trees” that “were made sure,” and which “were in all the borders round about.”

Now we may ask, where are the “choice sepulchres” of the Hittites? and who would point out the place where Abraham’s dead repose, if he had buried them there? The field, however, and the cave are still before Hebron, as they were some four thousand years ago; there the pious pilgrim may still stand in silent meditation, while his heart whispers,

“How many, many memories
Pass o’er my spirit now!”

We have the same feeling manifested by Jacob. When death is about to call for his soul how tender is his concern for his body! It was long the tent in which he abode, the companion of his long and tiresome pilgrimage on earth, and now, as he is called upon to lay it down at the grave, he desires to have it laid aside decently. How affecting is the language of the Bible! How beautiful is the scene before us! “And the time drew nigh that Israel must die: and he called his son Joseph.” There must be something important still on the dying patriarch’s spirit. What can it be? Listen!—“and said unto him, if now I have found grace in my sight”—how courteous, but how earnest is this language!—“put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh.” This was the mode among the Hebrews of administering an oath. Joseph then is to swear that he will deal kindly and truly with his father, in reference to this his dying request, which he is now about to make. We can fancy to ourselves Joseph standing by his father’s bedside, in anxious and trembling suspense, waiting in willing and affectionate submission to hear his father’s dying request. Dying Israel turns his fading eye-balls towards his beloved Joseph, the child of his greatest sorrows, but also of his greatest joys, with anxious desire. And what is his last wish? “Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place.” Joseph said, “I will do as thou hast said.” And Israel said, “Swear unto me: and he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed’s head.” Afterwards he made the same request of all his sons, standing together around his bed: “And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.”

Are you a painter—can you throw this scene on canvass? Are you a poet—can you describe it? Have you refined and Christian sensibilities—can you feel it? Are you like-minded with dying Israel—do you commend it?

That the manner how, and the place where, his body should be buried, was a matter of deep concern to Jacob himself is abundantly evident. The whole transaction is as earnest as it was possible to make it. The moment when he manifested this concern, is a moment when matters of light import do not concern the mind—it was the moment when Israel must die! The preface to his request shows how earnest he was: “If now I have found grace in thy sight”—that is, if you have any disposition to do me a favor. The oath which he demanded of his son shows the same: “Swear unto me.” The language itself, is emphatically earnest: “Bury me not, *I pray thee*, in Egypt.” That he was earnest is also seen from the fact that he afterwards renews his request in the presence of all his sons. “And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel, your father. And, after having blessed each, he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittites, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite—how carefully he described it, that there may be no mistake—for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah!”

In what shocking contrast with this touching tenderness, stands the cold and cruel spirit of paganism. “Diogenes,” said one, “when you die, what shall be the disposition of your body?” “Hang me up,” said the Cynic, “on a tree, with my staff in my hand, to scare away crows!”

The respect for the dead which thus manifested itself so strongly in the “father of the faithful,” continued to possess the minds of the Jews in latter ages.”

When Joseph was about to die, he manifested the same abhorrence at being buried in Egypt, as his father Israel had done. “And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt. Gen. i, 25. After this, when Moses brought the children of Israel forth from Egypt, we are told that they brought with them the bones of Joseph, according to his request, and buried them all in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.” Josh. xxiv, 32. In the epistle to the Hebrews, this act of Joseph in giving commandment concerning his bones,” is commended, and mentioned as an evidence of his faith. So firmly did he believe that Egypt would be in time entirely forsaken by his kindred, that he was not willing that his bones should remain there, when there was none left to whom the place where his ashes reposed would be sacred.

After the death of Saul, some valiant men of Jabesh-gilead took and buried his bones under a tree. David afterwards, when it was told him who had buried Saul, commended the act highly, and requited the humane act with special kindness towards the men who did it. Jonathan, too, it seems was buried in the same place, for we are told that “in their death they were not divided.” After this some brutish men of Jabesh

gilead committed sacrilege upon their graves, stealing their bones and carrying them away; but David interfered, secured the bones of Saul and Jonathan again, and buried them decently in Zelah, in the sepulchre of Kish, Saul's father. 2 Sam. xxi. 12 et seq.

This tender respect for the bodies of the dead continued still later among the Jews. To bury the dead among the poor and unfortunate, was considered a pious duty, and he who excelled in devotion in the discharge of this duty, was revered for his attainments in piety and excellence. For proof of this we need but refer to the first two chapters of the Book of Tobit. Tobit diligently performed this duty, in the true spirit and devotion of Scott's *Old Mortality*. He rose up from his table, before he had finished his meal, when he was told that one of his nation was strangled and lay unburied in the market place. He suffered the loss of all his goods, and even exposed himself to the penalty of death in performing a duty prompted by his religious feelings, but which the laws of the land forbade as a punishment of the Jews. By night he stole out, where he knew the body of one slain had been left, carried it away and buried it decently!

The Rabbis, we are told, taught that it was not lawful to demolish tombs, or to disturb the repose of the dead, by burying another corpse, even a long time afterwards, in the same place. It was also considered by them a desecration to suffer cattle to graze in cemeteries, and thus to feed upon the grass which grew over the slumbers of the dead. Perhaps the reason of this is founded upon a sentiment thus expressed by Osborne, an old author: "He that lieth under the herse of heavenue, is convertible into sweet herbs and flowers."

Why should brutes be allowed to eat or tread under foot the green grass, and the beautiful flowers which God causes year after year to renew their freshness and beauty over the lonely dead? Rather let them grow and fade, bloom and die, and by this unceasing renovation, be a fit emblem of the final resurrection of those who sleep beneath, and a pledge of that immortal renovation in the glorious prospect of which they are now only feebly held in the arms of death. I find no fault with this law. Let no unfeeling foot, much less a brutish one, tread upon the sacred ashes of the dead!

In the New Testament, we have the same tender regard for the body manifested. How touching is the conduct of the disciples of John, after he was beheaded in the prison to satisfy the caprice of a foolish girl. And his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus. John xiv, 13. Who does not admire their devotion? who does not commend their conduct? Their sorrow was great, and they were anxious to tell Jesus: but they buried the body first!

The tender care which was bestowed upon our Saviour's body is known and admired by all. How moving is the story of his burial! Joseph of Arimathea (being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews) besought Pilate that he might take the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus (which at the first came to Jesus by night) and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new

sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus." John xix, 38. This was not all the respect which it was intended to show to our Saviour's body. He was crucified on Friday, and that evening he was laid in Joseph's new tomb, and when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had brought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. Mark xvi, 1. They were, however, not enabled to perform their intentions of love, for he had risen, and they could only behold the place where he had lain. The great stone which was rolled against the door, shows also how anxious they were to secure the body against desecration. All this shows that the body among the Jews was considered a sacred treasure, which should be laid decently away. This was not an isolated instance of such respect for the dead, for the tomb where he was laid was Joseph's own new tomb, which he had hewn out of a rock in one part of the garden for himself: thus it shows also the desire of Joseph to provide a beautiful resting place for his own body. We are told also in the same history, that this was the manner of the Jews to bury.

The early Christians as well as the Jews were distinguished for their respect for their dead. To bury them decently was considered an urgent religious duty, which they performed with peculiar promptness and devotion. This is one peculiarity about them which was so striking and prominent as to attract the attention of Julian the Apostate; this trait in them was by him admired and commended. In time of persecution, the Christians buried their dead by night, their persecutors not allowing it if known. The fact that they were prohibited from burying their dead, as a punishment, proves that their persecutors considered this their tenderest point, and believed that in no way could they afflict and pain them more. It seems from this that a desire to inter their dead was their strongest passion, to which their hearts clung longest and last. For this, in the spirit of Tobit of old and Old Mortality of modern days, they braved danger and death!

The early Christians had a great horror for the practice of *burning* the bodies of the dead, which was a custom at that time prevailing in the Roman Empire. It was no doubt the doctrine of the resurrection of the body which inspired this disgust at such a practice. They had, moreover, precedents in sacred history for interring or depositing it in a vault or cave in the earth, which practice was most accordant with their own feelings. Accordingly it soon became customary to employ for this purpose a piece of ground in connection with the church property; all of which was consecrated by religious solemnities as a sacred place of repose for the dead. On their graves, the anniversaries of their death was celebrated by their friends with tender devotion. This practice, and the feeling which occasioned it, are beautifully seen in the conduct of the congregation of Smyrna, in reference to the body of Polycarp their bishop, after he had suffered martyrdom; "We take up his bones (was their language) which are more precious to us than gold and precious stones, and we lay them down in a becoming place; and God will grant that we may gather together there in peace and joy, and celebrate the birthday of his martyrdom, in remembrance of the departed warrior, and for the practice and exercise of those whom the battle still awaits." Who does not admire their simple devotion, and their tender affection for their

teacher, who had not only taught them how to live for Christ, but who was willing for their sakes and for Christ's, to seal his teachings with his blood. Let the place where his bones repose be honored for ever ; " for the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Often, among the ancient Christians, on the anniversary of the death of some eminent saints, a congregation was formed around their graves, exhortations to faithfulness were heard, and the Lord's supper was celebrated, in the consciousness of an inseparable mystical union in Christ, with those who had died as his faithful witnesses. Whether this is all to be defended and practised when times and modes have changed, we need not now determine. That it deserves our admiration more than that cold neglect of the bodies of the dead which we sometimes witness in our time, must be plain to all. It serves to show the strong conviction which reigned in their bosoms, that the bodies of the dead ought to be laid aside decently, and cared for piously, as peculiar treasures to be called for again in due time. The question is not whether we manifest the same spirit in the same way, but whether that spirit is yet among us at all, and whether it is not highly proper that it should be.

COMMUNION SABBATH.

BY THE EDITOR.

TO-DAY the holy communion is to be administered. What an interesting day—what a solemn, yet joyful occasion ! What a penitential sadness steals over my spirit. My heart remembers my sins before the cross. The view of my dying Lord causes my spirit to tremble, and a strange sadness, for a moment, fills my soul. But how soon it is again sweetly driven away ; and every dark fear that comes to rest upon my heart, flies before the tender melting look of the sufferer, like as shadows are chased before the advancing sunlight upon the landscape in Autumn.

Faith has carried me back over many centuries. Faith has set aside time and space. Faith brings me into the presence of that awfully glorious scene, where the sinless one bore my sins in His own body upon the tree. Faith makes it all real to me—it hears the groans, sees the agony that works upon his sacred brow, and the purple drops that fall from his hands, his feet, his side.

For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

Love draws me to the cross. Love longs after communion with the unseen, fairest among ten thousand. Love finds rest and peace in joyful communion with Him who makes us one with Himself, and the Father, in one spirit. Love hears Him say : He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. Love constrains me this day.

O for such love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break ;

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Hope points upward, and promises to me the full fruition of what is here begun. Hope waits, praying and praising, till I drink anew of the fruit of the vine with Him in his father's kingdom. Hope cheers every fainting and feeble energy, and gently reproves every dull delay. Hope anchors the soul in the eternal haven of peace.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
And cleanse the heart from flesh and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

I am to remember the sufferer always, but especially on this day. The bread is to show me His broken body—the wine is to set before mine eyes his shed blood. In my heart the whole scene of his sufferings is to be reproduced ; and I am to feel all the tenderness, and sympathy, and sacred love which was felt by John and the Mary who stood near Him—and gazed upon the cross. But of myself I cannot do it. Grace must do it—the same love which died for me must touch my heart and make it live. He has touched me with his power of love. To him be gratitude and praise forever.

Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room ;
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come.

O the cross—what a melting power there is in the cross. That which was the symbol of shame, has become the symbol of glory. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I am crucified unto the world. As when the sufferer hung upon it so still, let all the world veil itself in darkness before the cross—and when all is dark, let that alone be bright in the midst. This is the star of hope to guide weary wanderers home.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Previous drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial ground God's Acre ! it is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER, one of the most truthful "poets of the sea," was the son of a poor Edinburgh barber. He was born in 1730. Two other children, who with himself made up the family of his father, were deaf and dumb. His education, as he himself said, was confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; but he eagerly grasped after whatever knowledge lay in his way. He was, however, early shut out from even his small opportunities for learning, by being sent to sea on board a Leith merchant ship. To this, he is supposed to refer in a passage in one of his poems.

"On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But soon adversity, with freezing blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast,
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemn'd *reluctant* to the faithless sea."

Before he was eighteen years of age, he had risen to the rank of second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel engaged in the Levant trade. In one of his voyages in this vessel, he was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece; and it is here that he lays the scene of "The Shipwreck," the poem by which he will long be remembered. In 1757, he was promoted to the *Ramilies* man-of-war; and as an opportunity was here afforded of improving his literary taste, he is said to have studied with great assiduity. Certain it is that he gained a very good knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and learned something of the German. In the *Ramilies*, he was subjected to a disaster of more magnitude even than his former shipwreck. While making for Plymouth, the ship struck upon the shore; and of a crew of 734 men, only 26 escaped with their lives; among these was the poet. He had already given some evidence of poetic talent, and, two years after this, in 1762, he published the *Shipwreck*, which he dedicated to the Duke of York. It was subsequently greatly enlarged and improved, and has taken rank among the classical poems of England. Few poets have had such opportunities for observation of nautical life as Falconer enjoyed, and fewer still have had the experience which would enable them to commemorate so fearful a disaster.

The poem seems to be a picture of real life. The sights and sounds of the sea—the gentle calm at sunset, when the ocean

"Glow in the west, a sea of living gold!"—

the still evening—the silent, sombre midnight—the stories and songs of the sailors—the call of the boatswain—the sudden rise of the tempest, the groaning, heaving, straining, of the storm-driven ship, and its final destruction upon the romantic promontory of old Sunium—these are but a few of the points to which the genius of the poet directs the mind of the reader. The scene of the poem is not among the least happy circumstances of the work. It is laid in one of the most charming portions of the shore of a country whose bare name is suggestive of almost all that is beautiful or profound in ancient literature and art, and of

much that is exciting in the history of modern freedom. "In all Attica," says Byron, "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns [the remains of an ancient temple] are an inexhaustible source of observation and design: to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveler will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'isles that crown the Ægean deep;' but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

'Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

A peculiarity of this poem is, that, while its poetic merits are great, it is a safe guide to practical seamen. It shows a thorough acquaintance with the art of navigation, and is replete with directions which have been approved by naval officers of distinguished character. Falconer was himself a thorough seaman. The "Shipwreck," in the words of one of his biographers, "is of inestimable value to this country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of navigation; if not sufficient to form a complete seaman, it may certainly be considered as the grammar of his professional science. I have heard many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this poem, for the conduct of a ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only opinions which a skilful mariner should adopt." This very characteristic, which adds much to the reality of the scene described, has been thought to detract a little from the interest with which a landsman would read the poem. To *his* ears, "bow-lines" and "clue-lines," "clue-garnets," sound technical and barbarous, while to the sailor they afford so many proofs of the capacity of the poet, and the truth of his story. We shall give a few quotations to show the character of the poem. He thus introduces the doomed vessel to the reader:—

"A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.

* * * * *

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying, wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hopes, foresaw;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near."

The ship arrives at Candia, evening come on, and midnight:—

"Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise;

The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud;
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd portentous shone.

* * * * *

Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapors, Ida's height—
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales;
The swelling stud-sails now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend.
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced."

The ship at last leaves the harbor, and sails away.

"The native, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas;
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal wave that roll'd below;
Where'er she moved, the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.

* * * * *

High o'er the poop, the fluttering wings unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest;
Then tower'd the masts; the canvass swell'd on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan she cleaves the watery plain:
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main."

Their hopes of a prosperous voyage were soon shaken. The breeze freshens into a gale; the clouds become blacker and blacker; the main-sail splits; the crew are all upon deck, and all anxious.

"His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray;
His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immersed the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast;
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd."

To relieve the laboring vessel, the guns are thrown overboard; but the relief is but temporary. She springs a leak, all hands man the pumps, but the leak gains upon them. The mizen-mast is cut away. Still the storm swept them along, by "Falconera's rocky height," and towards the main land of Greece itself.

"Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.

So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveler, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before.

And now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed
A range of columns, long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane,
Foams the wild beach below, with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.

And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent clouds the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night.

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;
Fate spurs her on; thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs forward with accelerated course.
When mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.

The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring;
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore."

The ship is near its end.

"Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground—
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound.
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull, beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges: hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock.
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides."

If we had not extended these extracts almost too far already, it would be pleasing to give more of the separate pictures of beauty in which the poem abounds. Of the crew, but three were saved, and Falconer was

one of them. His genius has invested Cape Colonna with an interest not its own, and the wreck of the *Britannia* may be remembered as long as the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

After publishing this poem, Falconer, by the advice of the Duke of York (to whom, as before mentioned, he had dedicated it), left the merchant service, and entered the *Royal George* as midshipman. After this ship was paid off, rather than wait until his time of service would allow him to become lieutenant, he accepted the appointment of purser on board the *Glory* frigate. It was not long before this vessel was laid up in ordinary, and the poet (who in the mean time was married to an accomplished lady) engaged in various literary pursuits. The most important of them was the compilation of a *Universal Marine Dictionary*, a work which has been approved by the professional men of the navy, as of great utility.

Falconer is said to have been in person slender and somewhat below the middling height, with a weather-beaten countenance, and an address rather awkward and forbidding. His mind was inquisitive and keenly observing. He was prone to controversy and satire, but full of good humor, and, like most of his profession, frank, generous, and kind. Having removed to London, he seems to have suffered from poverty. Entering into the politics of the times, he wrote a satire on Lord Chatham, Wilkes, and Churchill, which failed. In 1768, Mr. Murray, a bookseller, proposed that he should unite with him as a partner in business, which it is probable that he would have done, had he not been appointed to the pursership of the frigate *Aurora*, bound to India. The frigate was to carry out three gentlemen, as supervisors of the affairs of the East India Company, and he was promised the office of private secretary; so that his prospects seemed favorable. The ship sailed from England, Sept. 30, 1769, touched at the Cape as is usual, and thenceforward was never heard of. She probably foundered in the Mozambique Channel, and no "tuneful Arion" was left to tell the melancholy fate of the lost. It seems singular that he who most eloquently and beautifully commemorated the perils of the sea, should himself have been so often subjected to them; and should, at last, be mysteriously gathered to the profound and secret caverns of the deep, as if the waves were greedy of the whole of him who had so well sung of their smiles and their wrath.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about an inch and a quarter in length, and, what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day-time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

THE TIME OF THE FALLING SNOW.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE tears come into my eyes when the snow falls, for it was in the time of falling snow she died. A dreary morning, cold and desolate, with sleet pattering on the window pane, and snow upon the frozen ground. The tower of the church, which you could see from the window of the dead chamber, rose drearily and alone into a leaden sky. And I can see her now, by the light that comes but dimly through the half-drawn curtains. The face stricken by death—those eyes turned yearning to Heaven, and filled with light that shone upon them from the better world; those cold, thin hands, clasped over the sunken breast—I can see her now, even as she looked in the moment before she died. Oh, if you had all the power of expression that language in its brightest flights afford, you could not paint the agony and rapture of the dying face.

She knew us all—knew that she was the last of many we had given to the grave. She called us by name, and told us how hard it was to part with us, and in the same breath, a quick gasping breath, for she was struggling between time and eternity; she told us how good it was to go home.

We watched her as she died. One moment her eyes were all light, the next they were filmy and cold. And I can remember how I went from that death room leaving her upon her death bed, even as the life had just passed her lips. How I hurried out into the cold, and felt it good to feel the sleet upon my face, and drink of the cold winter air with delight. How I went to work, and amid the care and clamor of work, endeavor to drown the thoughts of her who all the while lay cold and beautiful in my home, attired for the coffin and the grave-yard, her thin, white hand enfolded on her shroud. And I can remember how I came home at night, and went into my room and wrote—still cherishing a latent thought that she was not dead, but only waiting for me to come and read to her what I had written. And when I had written—I remember it yet—I rose up and took the manuscript in my hand, and placed that hand upon the door which led into the next room. I had forgotten she was dead! It had been my custom to read to her what I had written, and I had unconsciously fallen into the old habit. My hand was on the door—then, and not till then, did the truth rush on me, that she was not sitting in her chair awaiting me, but that she was laid upon her bed, with her hands upon her bosom. That she was dead? The thought, I say, rushed upon me—it crushed me back against the wall like a blow from a strong arm, and for a long time held me there, choking and gasping without power to say a word.

And I can remember how we took her forth on the last day of the year, when the sun was out, and snow glistening in his beams, and the blue sky was over the wintry earth—how we took her forth and laid her in her grave, amid the graves of her people, and heard the rattling of the frozen clouds upon her coffin lid.

And also do I remember, that for days, and weeks, and months after she was gone (I cannot say dead,) I would come home at evening, ex-

pecting to find her there as of old. And how when I saw her place vacant, the truth would rush upon me fresh; just as though she had only died the moment before.

This is why tears comes into my eyes when the snow falls.

And when I sit in my room and look out upon the leaden sky and new fallen snow, I see her dying face again. I see the book in which she wrote her name the day before she died—I see the door which opens into the room, and through the panels I can see her sitting there, waiting for me to come and read to her. But, for all this, I feel, I know, that she is not dead. For I can see her young and beautiful, sitting by calm waters in the other land, and in her hands she holds a child whose soul has just escaped from clay to God. And I know that they are there together—the sister who died in autumn. And I know that I shall meet them there.

CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Few scholars, even, are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. We give from the British Banner, specimens of the Lord's Prayer, as used at various periods in English history.

A. D. 1158.—Fader ure in heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune, and in erthe. The eueryeh dawe bried, gif ous thilk dawe. And vorzif ure dettes as viyorsifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temtatioun, bot delyvor ous of avel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Fadir ure in heavene, Halewyd by thi name, thi kingdome come, thi wille be don as in hevене and in erthe. Oure urche dawes bred give us to dape. And forgive us oure dettes as we forgive our dettours. And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyver us of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1380.—Oure fadir that art in heunes, hallowid be thi name, thi name, thi kingdome come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day our breed *oure other substaunce*, forgen to us our dettis as we forgauen to oure dettouris, lede us not into temptation; but delyuer us yeul. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O oure father which arte in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdome come. Thy wyall be fulfilled as well in earth as it ys in heven. Give vs this day oure daily brede. And forgeve vs our treaspases even as we forgeve our treaspacers. And lede vs not into temptacioun, but delyver us from evell. For thyne is the kingdome and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1581.—Ovr father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdome come. Thy will be donef as in heauen, in earth also. Gine vs to day our supersubstantial bread. And forgive vs our dettis as we forgive our detters. And lede us not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdome come. Thy will be done ie earth, as it is in heaune.—Give vs this day our daily bread. And forgive vs our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs from euil. For thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory for euer. Amen.

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CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!"

WE would fail to communicate all we desire, and all we regard as necessary to be said on this subject, did we not yet show that according to the sense and spirit of christianity, christian burial must be distinctively, wholly, and decidedly christian.

Burial must be in all respects a religious act—an act of the church. The dead must no more be sundered from the church in their death than in their life. They are still in her hands—they die, rest, and rise in her communion. The church takes care of their souls while living, and of their bodies when dead. The offices of the church ought to be administered to the dying, devout men of the church—ought, as they did Stephen, carry them to their burial; the pastors of the church ought to pronounce the office of burial over their graves, and the church ought to possess and control, consecrate and preserve, ornament and visit, the sacred ground where their bodies rest till the resurrection of the just.

Whoever takes a correct view of the church will need no farther argument on this point. Her communion is not broken by death. The church militant and triumphant are one:

"All joined in Christ the living head
And in His grace partake."

The saints have their home in this communion here; rest in it in the hopeful slumbers of death, and rise and live forever in it in heaven; and in this communion the body as well as the soul is included. It would be the strangest contradiction of her claims and promises, should she hand over the bodies, whose resurrection in union with herself she proclaims, into the hands of the world for burial and protection—planting the germs of the resurrection into the uncovenanted commons of the world.

We find this desire for a distinctively christian burial common and strong in all ages. We have already seen how Abraham, with a solemn vow, declined the offer of the choice sepulchres of the Hittites for the burial of his dead, and insisted on buying it as his own. We have seen how earnestly Jacob gave charge: "Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place." We have seen how Joseph, when he died, gave commandment concerning his bones. All this means: Bury me not among the Pagans, but among the pious. We have seen, also, how carefully it is mentioned that the tomb in which our Saviour was laid belonged to one who was pious, a disciple, who waited for the kingdom of God. It was a wonderful Providence, and the fact is deeply significant, that though he died like a malefactor, yet no wrath of his enemies could doom his sacred body to the potter's field. He sanctified not the field of blood, but the graves of the pious.

All our associations, as connected with the dead, must, in order to be pleasant, be connected also with religion and the church. Profess what we will, deny what we may in religion, our thoughts will take a pious direction at the graves of those whom we love. Whatever was holiest in their lives will come out most prominently and pleasantly to our memory. We wish not to think of their sins and follies—we wish not to see them in their secular or worldly social life. We wish only the religious side of their life to come up before us. We see this desire come out in notices of deaths, in resolutions of condolence, in obituaries, and in the conversations of the bereaved. The associations which bind us to the dead must be religious—must cluster around the church—must call up the devotions of life: and every object that catches our eye, and every thought that stirs our bosoms in a cemetery must be the same as those which are produced by the church. It is easy to see that the more direct and intimate is the connection between the grave-yard and the church, the stronger and holier will these associations be.

It is only by keeping up this connection that cemeteries can have their legitimate moral and religious influence. Men ought to feel the powers of the world to come when they stand among the dead—it ought to be to them a solemn exhortation to piety. It ought to awaken in their minds no mere vague sentimental emotions; but earnest and holy purposes. Their meditations ought to direct them to the importance of a dedication of themselves to God in union with the church. They ought to feel that neither their souls nor their bodies are on consecrated ground, and in a position of hope, except in the bosom of the church. They ought to feel, when they stand at the grave of their dead, that Christ the resurrection is only in the church, which is His body, the home of the spirit, the mother of grace, the ark of safety amid the flood, and that such as live not in her grace die not in her arms, rest not in her communion of hope, will be confounded instead of comforted by the voice which awakes the dead.

There are certain proprieties to be observed in christian burials, and a certain sanctity to be guarded in christian cemeteries, which are only effectively maintained where the spirit of the church reigns. There are classes of persons to whom the church in all ages has denied christian burial: as, for instance, whoremongers, harlots, illegitimates, suicides,

and murderers, were not allowed burial in the ground of the church; nor was the minister allowed to officiate; nor was the bier allowed to be used; nor was the bell allowed to be tolled—"Kein Klang, und Kein Gesang." This law reigned in all ages; it has stood enacted and re-enacted in the congregation which the Editor serves for one hundred and twenty years.

This is not the place to vindicate this rigid law; it is enough to remark that it has too long and too universally reigned to need vindication. The world may not be convinced—a christian asks no reason in regard to that which is at once repugnant to all the delicacies of his heart. Who that has the cultivation of piety would wish to lie in death within one foot of a harlot or a murderer. This thought is shocking. It is not to be endured. The church respects this feeling, and solemnly guards against offense to it in all her burial places. This safeguard is not, and cannot be maintained in cemeteries that stand not in connection with the church, and in burials where the christian element is not predominant.

We have, moreover, no adequate assurance in regard to the preservation and perpetuation of a burial place except in connection with the church. No where are there lodged such principles of perpetuation. This is the only tabernacle that shall not be taken down. No where else are there found such high motives to care for the remains of the departed. It has been shown that colleges do not flourish, but waste away, where they are not under the care of the church. It is the same with all other interests. The world has no permanent vitality outside of christianity. Nations, systems, families, and individuals go to wreck and ruin when they have not this salt of the earth. It is the same spirit of piety which blesses the living that protects the tombs of the dead. The spirit of the world, like the Roman watch at our Saviour's sepulchre, falls asleep when it is set to watch the dead; and while they sleep the tide of the world steals away the memorials of the departed. Give this holy business into the hands of the Church, and she will set over it her devout Mary's, her vigilant Peter's, and her John's, faithful in love.

The fact is capable of abundant proof from history that no name, or fame, or position, insures honor and care to the tombs of individuals that are not watched over by the devout heart, and the diligent, tender hands of the church. Take one striking example. We refer to the grave of Jefferson at Monticello. If the world ever had a fair opportunity to show her loyalty to the dead, it was when Jefferson entrusted his bones to its care. The framer of the Declaration of Independence—the Third President of the United States, having no faith in christianity commits his fame and his grave to the protection of patriotism. Surely so great a man may safely do this. Surely his country will bless the sod around his tomb, and keep it well watered and green by the tears of patriotic affection! So we would suppose. But hear the facts as stated by the venerable Iraneus Prime, who visited the spot in 1847: "As you descend the mountain, you pass an enclosure without a gate! that contains the grave of Jefferson; and a more neglected, wretched burial-place you will seek in vain. If Campbell's "last man" had been buried here, he could not have been less cared for.

"A granite obelisk, battered by Democratic pilgrims, but without a

name or epitaph, is doubtless the monument of Jefferson. It was here placed by his executor; and the panel on which was to be inscribed the epitaph which he wrote for himself, has never been inserted in the stone! I was told that it is lying with the iron gates designed for the enclosure on the bank of the river where they were landed, and that no man has troubled himself to see that they reach their destination!"

After such a specimen of its tender mercies, and devotion to the remains of its dead by the world, who will commit to its care the homes of the departed? No, the Spirit of the world is the Spirit of Judas: it begrudges the pence which piety freely devotes to the purchase of precious ointment, with which to anoint the bodies of loved ones for their burial.

A B U D .

BY THE EDITOR.

"A thing of beauty, is a joy forever."

A beautiful child!

In form tender,

In aspect mild.

Thanks to the Sender,

Said the parents, and smiled

On the promising child.

As it grows each day,

In size and beauty,

The parents' pray

The pleasant duty,

Of caring for it, may

Not be taken away.

Soft lustre and light

Beam from its eyes

Meekly and bright:

So dawns from the skies,

On the wanderer's sight,

Sweet morn out of night.

As clouds in the morning

Hang like an awning

Around the sun,

And turn, at its dawning,

Bright sides to the light,

Round the bosom of night:

So turn to that child,

Hearts that now know,

By its love,

What it can bestow.

For it is the bright sun,

And hope's dawn is begun.

Joy to the sweet child,

So young and Sender,

So meek and mild.

Thanks to the Sender,

Said the parents, and smiled

On the beautiful child.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

BY REV. W. E. LOCKE,

Principal of the Lancaster Female Collegiate Institute.

BUT comparatively few of the great and noble, as commonly denominated among men, have been actuated in the achievement of their famous exploits by a higher motive than the desire of popular applause. To obtain this, various means are taken, and different courses are pursued. The warrior aims to acquit himself "gloriously" on the field of battle—the lawyer seeks pre-eminence in the judgment hall, and the statesman in the council chamber—the scholar desires to be distinguished for his learning—the orator for his eloquence—and the philosopher for his wisdom. "Glory" is the great object for which most men are laboring—the praise of their fellow men. This hungering and thirsting is not confined to men of exalted rank. The poor and illiterate oftentimes feel its force as powerfully as those who are more elevated in society. It distinguished Diogenes in his tub as clearly as it did Alexander on his throne. And surely the angelic host, who witness this ambitious strife, must be pained in heart at the ignorance, vanity and folly of man, who thus wastes his existence at chasing a shadow. A noble mind should scorn to place reliance merely on the acclamations of the populace. The idol of their affections may be highly exalted, only to receive a more terrific fall. The huzzas of the multitude may shake the forum, only to be followed by angry sneers and serpent hisses. The page of history presents numerous instances of individuals, elevating themselves above the masses of men, and encircling themselves with a radiant halo, which promised to increase in brightness through all time. But, in a short period storms arose; dark clouds enveloped the popular demi-god—the elements raged, and the rising meteor vanished, or fell, like Lucifer to the earth, to muse over defeat and anticipated ignominy.

We have read of the Carthaginian hero, who, assembling his hordes of mercenary allies, like the agile chamois, leaped over the snow-crested Alps, and, as a sweeping mountain torrent, poured his numerous legions upon the Latin plains. As if riding upon the winds, he swept all before him, almost to the very gates of Rome. The scene changes, and the same Hannibal, expelled from his own country, is seen an humble suppliant at the feet of Antiochus; or swallowing a poisonous drug, and perishing ignominiously in the obscure kingdom of Bithynia.

History makes mention of one, who, from the lower rank of life, ascended to the highest pinnacle of power. Exalted far above his compeers he seemed to meditate supreme dominion. But, fortune frowned, and the Pope's most noble Cardinal, the prime minister of his "majesty," King Henry VIII. of England, and the renowned favorite of the French and Spanish courts, was hurried from the presence of his king to his private palace, from thence to the tower, and to his grave.

But a few years have passed since the Corsican Chief trampled upon the destinies of Europe. The frosts of Russia, as well as the heated sands of Egypt, witnessed his tremendous power. He went forth the

idol of the French nation, the terror of the rest of Europe, and the wonder of the world. But, what was his end? The dilapidated walls of a solitary cottage on the sea-belt rock of St. Helena give answer. "He was, but is not." He has passed away like a dream of the night. His name is handed down to posterity, as a warning to political aspirants and ambitious heroes. But few of the vast number, who have been highly exalted in worldly honor—from Nimrod the mighty Hunter to Napoleon the scourge of nations, abode the final sentence of their own age, much less that of succeeding generations. Their names, they may have engraved upon the page of history, but their glory has departed.

Human greatness may charm the carnal fancy of men, but like the apples of Sodom, it shall reward him who obtains the glittering prize with only worthless ashes.

There are two kinds of nobility among men—hereditary and self-acquired. The former descending upon the heirs of noble parents, is marked by high sounding and empty titles. Individuals of this class, by a physiological fiction, are supposed to be of nobler blood than the humbler mass; but real elevation of character, vigor of intellect and all the characteristics of a truly noble mind are, by no means, the uniform attendants of this "noble blood."

By far the most of those who have astonished the world by the efforts of a powerful intellect and a wonderful genius, have ascended by their own exertions, to inscribe their names on the "Temple of Fame." It is true that we have had an Aristotle, a Bacon and a Byron, ennobled by the rank and fortune of their ancestors; and in whose sphere of intellectual attainment, very few, if any, have ever been able to surpass them. Yet the list of those who have attained to lofty eminence from the lower ranks of society is vastly greater. Among these may be named a Homer, a Demosthenes, a Horace, a Shakspeare, a Johnson, a Franklin and a Fulton. If any deserve the appellation of "great," these are they, who, by dint of mental energy, in the face of numerous obstacles and immense difficulties, ascend to the lofty summit of popular favor. The public approbation may follow the names of such men down the stream of time, and invest them with an honored dignity upon the page of history; but could even they return from the other world, they would join in earnestly exhorting the young to set up before them a nobler aim than the acquisition of mere worldly fame, a beautiful, but empty bubble! to be relied upon by no one—to be earnestly sought for by no honorable mind.

If we inquire into the causes for this instability of human greatness, we shall find that jealousy and envy have much influence. Self-love is a predominant feeling in the human breast. It may be manifested in the exertions of an individual to exalt himself, or in causing the downfall of those above him. He, whose feelings are controlled by this passion, cannot look upon the efforts of his inferiors to elevate themselves without jealousy, or upon the noble achievements of his superiors without envy. Every splendid action of the former class especially, sounds in his ear as a reproof to his sluggishness or mental imbecility. Let one such ascend the ladder of popular favor—let him deck his brow with the victor's laurel, the ivy or the olive, and a host of antagonists will arise to drag him down to their own level, and to riot over his fall. Some, perhaps, beholding his success, and burning with an ardent desire for distinction,

may follow in his steps, and overtaking him, will hurl him from his seat, to gratify their own inordinate passion for superiority. It is almost impossible to be long beyond the reach of such rivals, and great indeed must that man be who can withstand their determined onset.

To a fondness for change may also be ascribed one cause of this instability. There is a peculiar restlessness among men, which is constantly seeking for gratification in new objects. Any charm, however lovely, soon loses its power. Any object, however beautiful, is soon neglected. Any name, however exalted, becomes by frequent repetition, harsh and dissonant to the ear. The Grecian peasant manifested this spirit when he condemned the virtuous Aristides to banishment, because he was tired and angry with having every body call him the "just." An individual may continue for a considerable time the favorite of the public, by performing a long succession of noble exploits, but when his work is finally done, he is frequently consigned to neglect and oblivion, while the giddy world are exalting and adoring some new idol of their worship. At his death, his name may be engraved in the imperishable marble, and over his tomb a splendid monument may be erected to perpetuate his memory. But he is remembered as one that once was. The sleeping dust, the tomb and the monument may be revered, but the man himself is literally passed into the land of forgetfulness. The adoration that is rendered to his remains is almost entirely selfish. Perhaps some misanthrope, tired of the world, may pause at his tomb, but it is only to administer a soporific to his own feelings. Some passing traveler may stop and gaze at the place of his repose, but it is only to admire the splendor of the monument. Some sentimentalist may visit his sepulchre, but it is to please his own fancy, or gratify a poetic imagination. The rising youth may be led to the tomb and pointed to the towering marble, but it is only to instil into his inquiring mind a desire to imitate the actions of the deceased, so as to secure like praise for himself. The sleeping dust is insensible to the selfish adoration of its visitants, and the departed spirit, if permitted to discover the motives of human conduct, would probably be stung with anguish in view of the emptiness of that honor, which through so much anxious labor it had acquired. Another cause for this instability, is found in the want of a harmonious development of greatness in its subject. No man can be equally great on all occasions.

Extremely strange, indeed, it would be, if a weakness was never discovered in the popular favorite. The least manifestation of frailty dissipates the fancies of a warm imagination, and reduces its subject to the dimensions of ordinary men. A few slight failures are oftentimes disastrous. What was at first regarded only as a slight mismanagement, is magnified into a crime, which becomes the watchword of action to the enemy. The unthinking multitude swim along upon the current of public opinion. To them a man is great when his fame is loudly proclaimed. But the proclamation of one fault will sometimes convert a multitude of such friends into enemies, and the fickle public may change front, even before their presumptive favorite had become aware of any fault worthy of their disapprobation. His secret adversary, finding his opponent vulnerable, redoubles his activity, while the object of his enmity, like a stone falling from a precipice, sinks with accelerated velocity. At the bottom of the precipice, he discovers, oftentimes, to his sore dismay, that his

present and his future happiness are alike blasted. Prompted by ambition, he had toiled long and severely by day and by night. At times the object of his anxiety seemed almost within his grasp, and his heart was cheered with the loftiest hopes, but, alas! the pleasing vision vanished, when cruel disappointment, with a band of furies in her train, rushed upon him and dragged him down to despair. Ah, foolish man! thou sport of fortune, and of insatiable ambition. Thou hast brought thy soul to the very gates of misery, unattended by the luscious fruits of thy toil. The reward of thy folly thou must receive—"Thou shalt eat of thine own ways and be filled with thine own devices."

Another and a nobler course is commended to the attention of the young. Let them rather seek for that which imparts true worth and dignity to man. Let them seek for knowledge, virtue, holiness, and they will possess imperishable worth. To such it makes but little difference what the giddy world may say. They have within themselves a source of exalted happiness which shall bring them true glory beyond the skies. Such lean upon no broken reed. If the acclamations of the multitude follow them, they are calm and humble. But if, on the other hand, their scoffs and sneers, they are equally collected and confident, rejoicing in the assurance that when the revelations of a future world shall be made known, their names will be found emblazoned in light upon the records of eternity. This is *Glory! genuine Glory!*

KINDNESS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

When our bosoms are rack'd with woe
No human heart can cure,
The hardest trial we can know
Is learning to endure!

To him whose life is ebbing fast,
Whose heart outlives its joy,
Dark must be the dull wing'd blast
That gathers to destroy.

Set not then his fond heart aching
By thoughtless acts of pain—
O'er the sunlight sweetly breaking
Throwing shrouds of mist again.

Rather with that magic power
A nature kind hath given,
Tinge with light each darkening hour,
And weave a dream of Heaven!

COMFORT IN OLD AGE.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.—LONGFELLOW.

SIMEON'S CHRISTMAS JOY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

IN the city of Damascus, in Syria, lived Simeon, a man who was pious and feared God after the manner of his fathers, and well acquainted with the holy scriptures of the divine covenant. Beyond all others he loved the songs of the royal Psalmist, and the words of prophecy spoken by the Spirit of the Lord, by the mouth of his servant Isaiah, the son of Amos. Not far from Damascus, in a quiet village, lived Phaniel, the friend of his youth; and every Sabbath he came to the house of Simeon, that he might with him praise the Lord, and inquire in the scriptures after the consolation of Israel. When they had read together in the writings of the covenant, Simeon took his harp and played, while Hannah, his wife, accompanied the harp with a devout psalm of David or Asaph. Then they all fell upon their knees and prayed that the Christ of God might come and enlighten Israel.

But alas! soon the harp grew silent, and the song died away. For Hannah sickened and died. Then Simeon sank weeping upon the grave of his beloved. Lord—so he prayed—take away also my life, and take me to thyself, for my soul is sorrowful even unto death.

So he prayed, and as he looked up, behold! an angel of God stood at his side. "Simeon!"—so ran his heavenly words—"your prayers have come up before the throne of glory, and I come to bring thee consolation from God. Behold! thou shalt not die until thou hast seen the Christ of God. Wherefore get thee hence, and dwell hereafter in Jerusalem; and when thou hast borne the Salvation of Israel upon thine arms, the Lord will permit thee to depart to thy fathers in peace."

Then Simeon arose and went to Jerusalem, and abode there for the space of forty years, serving God. When now he was old and full of days, a heavy sickness came upon him, so that for three months he could not arise from his bed; and his friends said among themselves: "Alas! his hopes will never be fulfilled; we shall soon bury him, and there will be great lamentation over him in all Jerusalem." Simeon smiled secretly, and said: "The word of the Lord is sure, and what he has promised that will he keep. I shall not yet die!"

Now the next day, when the morning dawned, Nathaniel, his youngest nephew, came to his house, fearing that he should find him dead. But behold! the venerable man was walking joyfully up and down in his room like a vigorous youth, and a long festal garland hung down over his shoulders. Then Nathaniel called his father and his brethren, and all were filled with surprise, saying: "What does this mean?" For they knew not that the angel of God had spoken with him in the night, and so strengthened his dying limbs.

Simeon now wandered silently down from his dwelling through the streets of Jerusalem, and all who saw him were filled with surprise and reverence, with such dignity and majesty did he move. Nathaniel accompanied him up to the door of the temple; and when an hour had

passed, Simeon returned to his house, and his countenance shone like that of an angel of God.

Then he came into the midst of his children and nephews, and said : "Blessed be God ! Mine eyes have seen the salvation of God, which He has prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel. Blessed be God !"

Then they all cried out : "Blessed be God !"—and Simeon called for his harp and played upon it : and they all with one accord sang the twenty-second psalm from the holy psalter of David.

"Blessed be God !" said Nathaniel, when the song was ended, "that you, my father, hast renewed thy youth as an eagle ; mayest thou yet live long on the earth, and your years be for ever and ever !"

"Not so, my son !" answered the venerable man, "have I not seen the Christ of God ? Behold ! as the divine babe lay upon my arms it smiled upon me, and its smiles proclaimed to me my speedy deliverance. Children ! my end draws near, sing me a song in whose blessed tones I may expire !"

Then his children and nephews wept together, and with true spirits sang the words of the ninetyeth psalm.

The psalm was ended. The harp was quiet. Nothing but a subdued sobbing was heard in the room, as the angel of death came and bore the spirit of the just away into Heaven !

And a soft voice was heard in the heart of each, which seemed like the echoing shout of a great triumph : "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation !" Simeon rested for ever in the bosom of his God.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

WHERE are the stars—the stars that shone
All through the summer night ?
Where are they and their pale queen gone,
As if afraid to be looked upon
By the gaze of the bold day-light ?

Gone, they are not. In the far blue skies
Their silent ranks they keep ;
Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,
They wait till the breath of the night wind sighs.
They come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer
The night of our distress,
When brighter, gladder hours appear,
Forgotten with our grief and fear,
Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,
Those lamps of love remain ;
And when life's shadows close, and we
Look up some ray of hope to see,
Shall glad our hearts again.

MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

V.

BY NATHAN.

NATIONS like individuals have their periods of life, their seasons of development and decay, their youth, manhood and declining age. As well might an individual expect to evade death as a nation to evade its allotted dissolution. Both are subject to certain fixed laws which inevitably lead to this end. This measurably accounts for the social differences between Germany and America. Here every custom reminds you of a nation in mature life. Not of an *effete* civilization, as our Fourth of July orators are in the habit of calling it, but a people of settled, fixed habits, who attend to their business with calmness and deliberation; who are seldom in a hurry about anything, and take time to enjoy and be comfortable. But they are so stupidly unprogressive. Well, their age of progress has gone by. After a man is full grown, has reached mature life, there is little hope for further development. If he is so unfortunate as to have any, it will be a superfluous corpulency that will rather encumber than promote his activity. They have had an instance of this during the last fifty years. They made fearful progress until '48, when this helpless, corpulent body-national, stumbled and was thrown back fifty years, in its struggles after freedom. Age is strong and firm on its feet, but when it steps or tumbles, it is helpless, labors and frets monstrosously to regain its feet, and most likely will rise with a broken limb, which will leave it a cripple. In America, we can talk of progress, for there we are still in the age of growth. We grow fast. Our habits, customs, fashions, men—great world renowned men—rise and fall, come and go, like the dreams of youth. Here they have no fast men. They had them in '48, and they would have plunged Germany into national perdition in less than forty-eight hours, had not a merciful Providence willed otherwise. The French are an exception. With marvellous dexterity, they turn a political somerset every fifty years, and always safely strike their heels into the old track.

The *élite*, of course, get the fashions from Paris, the great fountain of the universe for taste—good and bad. But the substantial peasantry still wear the short breeches, long-bodied vests, and broad-brimmed hats, which they wore in the days of Frederick the Great. They still sip their wine and beer, and whiff clouds of tobacco fume from their yard-long pipes, as their great-grand-sires did. No reapers or grain-drills have yet profaned their fields, nor threshing-machines their barns. They still reap their grain by the slow process of the sickle, and thresh it with the flail. They have the same skinning, skimming, two-wheeled, half-wagon plough, they had when my father was a plough-boy on the Rhine. In Science and the fine Arts there has been progress in every branch, though it was, sometimes, downwards. But in the mechanical arts they have not advanced a step, up or down, for several generations. The stove in Luther's study, on the Wartburg, is nearly the same as in com-

mon use now, only with some changes which his inventive genius suggested. The wagons, harness, and general farming implements, are the very antipodes of practical utility. They point to a period when the first crude conceptions of agricultural art struggled for expression. Some of their tools show a supreme contempt for all mechanical laws, excellent only to increase the labor and diminish the power to perform it. Their churches, houses, habits, customs, all are old and fixed. Now that they are so, is surely not their fault. It is sad enough that time carries us over the rubicon of five-and-twenty, when we would fain linger longer in the flowery vale of youth and early manhood. But it is verily a cruel philosophy which expects men in mature life, and of a ripe experience, to turn back and dash again through all the pranks and frolics of buoyant, inexperienced youth, when the nimbleness and elasticity of their younger days has left them. The young man is in a constant bustle to acquire money, reputation, learning, and with the least possible labor.

German travelers have given amusing pictures, if true, of this hurry and panic for gain, in America. Some one has said recently, that the hotels of New York, presented most ludicrous spectacles during dinner hours. That crowds of business men would not even take time to eat, but in a few moments gulph down dishes of hot-cakes, sausages and roast beef, with a grabbing voracity; they had no respect for the wants of others, and then quickly rush to their business, with dyspepsia and the fear of poverty at their heels. I will leave that as it is. But the Germans take more time for every thing than we do. They take more time to eat, more time to drink, more time to labor, more time to rest and enjoy. They are slower in good and slower in evil.

The man of riper years, can live on the result of his past labors. So Germany has a fund of mental energy, a literary vitality, which neither admits nor requires any of this helter-skelter, time-saving method of acquiring great ends.

The literature and life of Germany, are peculiar. With us, more like a stream, shallow, broad and brawling. Here, like one that flows narrow and deep. We are practical, they profound. Both united make a consistent and useful compound. Both have their advantages and dangers. Shallow streams are only for light boats, and when they are upset in a gale, we have a hope to reach bottom. Deep streams are more navigable, but many sink therein to rise no more. We are too much given to a certain (*vielwisserei*) intelligence, which would know every thing. Some of our authors write and *talk* about things in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth. Write a book in a few months which will run through several editions before the end of the year. Here a man will spend a long life-time, in writing on a Greek article, or in spinning out the web of one idea; and perhaps even leave that but half finished, when he dies. We, in our youthful hurry, pick up grains of truth on the surface, and we sow them again on the surface. The Germans are the miners in literature and science. They burrow among the ore, and the abundance of this in some of their works, makes it difficult for practical minds to see the gold. Their furnaces do not always separate the gold from the dross. The ore in some of their works gives us more trouble than we are willing to spend.

They have a different national and social temperament; the surface is like a waveless calm, there is often a wild and fearful commotion underneath. It is so now. Germany is apparently in a state of perfect tranquility. Yet I see under currents and repressed passions, which, should they boil to the surface, would raise another tempest, whose waves and surges would lash upon every shore of Europe. With us, every thing, good and evil, moves and ripples at once to the surface. We have not yet been taught the art of concealing the passions. We make no secret of our weaknesses. A slight gale in the political firmament will stir up a short bluster, in the form of a local riot, or a Faneuil Hall indignation meeting, to permit the escape of popular foam. Germany is not irritable, though its subjects are characteristically so. Its powers of endurance are astonishing. An old full grown dog seldom notices the barking and biting of young puppies. And when it does turn, it is with the dignity and ripe experience of age. Young America is at times, exceedingly irritable, though our citizens are less so than the Germans. Even things, trivial in themselves, sometimes have roused him into a short spell of national rage, and led him at once to square-off with a "come on, if you dare."

Our progress and success in the mechanical arts, and the constant demand for them, excites and nourishes a passion for the practical, at the expense of the profound. The study of the mechanical and material, monopolizes the field of investigation. We are prone to forget that however important labor-savers, time-savers, and distance-annihilators are, that the steam engine and electric telegraph will hardly regenerate society. In the great sum of means they have their relative worth; but ideas mould mankind. But here, many are profound to a fault. They dive so much that they are mostly beyond hearing distance of those for whom they write. They expect men to receive their metal in the mine instead of bringing it up to the surface. Still in point of originality, productiveness and solid erudition, they are far our superiors. It would be blindness to deny this. And indeed, this need not excite our jealousy, for it would be a great shame if they were not. Let us once have five more centuries behind us, in which to appropriate the treasures of other nations and assimilate them to our own, as they have done, and we can perhaps also show the world something of our riper years.

The universal custom of living together in towns, gives a peculiar complexion to country life. Here we find no farms, in the American sense, where the owner is snugly nestled down amid his broad acres, a paternal monarch of his little kingdom, where thriving orchards, waving grain fields and verdant and flowery meadows, sloping gently down to some stream spread out before his contented vision, where the sprightly country maiden can find room to go a Maying or gather wild berries, and where the boys may canvass the fields and woods after game. Woe unto the man who wilfully kills a bird or rabbit on his own premises here. All the game on his lots belongs to the Jaeger, (hunter) who pays the Government of the district a fixed annual sum for the privilege of hunting. Here you find little of that lordly, substantial independence, so common to our farmers, which makes them the bone and sinew of our Republic. I do not know why it is, but I have been in many places

where a *Bauer* (farmer,) was synonymous with a rude, uncouth fellow. During the busy seasons their villages present scenes of bustling confusion. Imagine a village of five hundred farmers crowded tightly along compact-built streets, each having his house, barn and stables, skirting a square piece of ground, where the whole would often not be large enough to contain a common size bank-barn; where the streets are narrow and no back alleys to permit the egress and ingress of cattle; where the domestic arrangements are constantly hampered and encroached upon by animal impertinence: imagine what a sudden transition of the village into solitude, during the busy season of hay-making and harvest, when everybody, men and women and children, are out reaping; what continuous lines of loaded wagons from morning till night, when they gather in their crops; and then what a steady shower of sounds during the winter, when a thousand flails are thrashing away wearily at their grain, from day to day. All these combine to form a most striking contrast to rural life in America. Where such a multitude of different interests are crowded together into such a small compass, the most precise regulations must be observed to maintain order and right. The village must have its cowherd, shepherd, swineherd and geeseherd; each has his flock to attend to which he daily leads to their respective pasture. In the morning each will blow his horn along the streets at a fixed hour, as the signal for departure, and in a few minutes the whole army responds most loyally to his call.

A great many German towns, even down to the smallest villages, have been founded by the Romans. Much as we should respect the ancients, for many eminent qualities, they certainly knew little about planning towns. Even larger towns often look as if their streets had been started and finished by accident. Crooked, narrow lanes, intersected at all possible angles, except right angles, parabolas ever approaching but never meeting, most perfect puzzles to a traveler. Some through which I have gone a dozen of times, still remain inscrutable mysteries to me. In Augsburg, I could scarcely venture a hundred yards from my hotel without being lost. In my wanderings I crossed familiar streets, I knew not where nor how. And when I aimed in the direction of known points, the imperceptible curves would lure me to quarters diametrically opposite. To me they were so mysteriously obscure that they became subjects of the profoundest study. Good pavements are a rare luxury throughout Germany. In Cologne, Halle, Wittenberg, and many other cities, there are no side-walks at all. The streets are paved, but the stones expose an uneven surface joined by empty crevices which make them painfully unpleasant to walk upon. Though provided with thick-soled boots, my suffering experience, impels me to designate them as some did the walks of Cologne:

"Pavements fring'd with murderous stones."

As these evils have been entailed upon the Germans by the Romans, they rather deserve our pity than reproof. And a remedy would require a reconstruction of the towns, which would be impossible. Besides, the citizens are measurably compensated for this unavoidable inconvenience by their pleasant promenades through gardens and groves. The Germans are fond of nature; they love birds and trees. Their disinterested

love for these are shewn by a thousand little acts. Some of the roads are lined for miles with trees, old and stately; every town, often down to the rural villages, is skirted with parks. Some are dense forests where trees are growing in their native wildness, among under-bushes and birds, penetrated by promenades fringed with plants and flowers. The present generation ramble among trees which their ancestors have planted five hundred years ago; and they, again, are planting many for a distant posterity. I confess the planting of a tree for the benefit of a coming generation, is such a palpable mark of an unselfish heart, such a purely disinterested act, that this prevalent characteristic of the Germans, has greatly elevated them in my estimation. In Germany, trees have become a municipal necessity. They are seldom found through the town. Their parks are all outside. They are quiet places of retirement, where we can enjoy the sanctuary and solitude of nature, unmolested by the rush and dust of business; where the birds warble their melodies in their native freedom, on their own trees and branches. Here in Berlin, though in the centre of the city, I am within fifteen minutes walk of the *Thiergarten*, a park that looks as forest-like and unartificial as some of our western wilds. The walks crawl through under the closely-woven canopy of overhanging limbs, forming natural arbors, several miles in length. The Spree, a stream remarkably modest and reserved, steals gently and cautiously along its winding path. Here and there, large swans move slowly along its banks, while all is quiet like a house of mourning. In my daily rambles through its leafy streets, I meet many persons, old and young, who resort hither to spend an hour in quiet retirement. Clusters of children lead each other by the hand, vainly looking and listening for summer birds. They have all departed. Occasionally I am startled by a slight rustling among the leaves, by some poor female, gathering small pieces of wood. Sometimes I see aged persons, sitting in some concealed corner for hours; while the yellow leaves are falling fast around them, and the gentle breeze that blows them down, softly waves their silvery locks, they seem to be lost in musing over the spirit of autumn, which is settling upon them. Childhood, age, the seared leaf and the spirit of super-earthly stillness that hovers over this solitude of autumn! O, it prophesies of something better, it points to an approaching spring, when leaves will bud and birds will sing again.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O, gentle Reader, you would find
A tale in every thing.

And then their love and talent for music often throws additional charms around these shady retreats. In Germany you find music everywhere. The smallest *Dorf* has its village choir, that excites in the young a love for song. Every considerable town has its bands, which during the summer season diffuse the "sweet melody of sound." Early in the morning, I often heard them under a tabernacle of dense foliage, through which a thousand birds were chirruping and piping their untutored accompaniments. And such birds as they have here, real Jenny Lind's among the feathery tribe. A short time ago, I was inadvertently thrown into a fit of patriotic indignation, by being told of a German

traveler, that we had no singing birds in America. Why, said he, your nature is fundamentally unpoetic. You have no mountains that deserve the name; your birds can't sing, your very dogs are a set of mean, sneaking, pilfering animals, that are even void of faithfulness, a common attribute of dogs in other countries. You have nothing but your prime-aval forests, but they are so remote that they are rarely seen. In my own heart I pronounced this a vile slander. For my part, I never could see much poetry in dogs. And with German dogs it is a little like with their masters; if they are more orderly and faithful than ours, it is not the result of nature or choice, but of a torturing oppression. The rights of dogs are shamefully trampled upon here. They must do the work of horses, are hitched to regular wagons, and tug sadly along outside of their natural sphere. Whatever good there is in our republican dogs, is not tied on them by harness, but is practised by them from principle. Their birds can not all sing. The stork is a very good-natured bird, whose parental affections are very tender and strong, but it has no ear for music. Its habits put every principle of poetry at defiance. Yet its society is courted by all classes. Cart-wheels are placed on chimneys and house-tops, to invite them to build their nests there. If they accept the invitation it is considered a mark of respect and an omen for good. If any person kills one, he must expect that its death will be revenged on him in some form or other. But let the truth be fairly spoken; the nightingale sings most charmingly. Its plumage is exceedingly plain, and its habits so timid and shy, that it has often reminded me of some bashful maidens, who though able to charm the ear of others, shrink from it in their presence with timid fear. But one can easily steal a song behind a bush or under a thicket; while it warbles and modulates its cheerful notes, its puny form is mostly concealed among the foliage. Modesty and merit are qualities rarely combined, and whenever found elicits our warmest admiration. And then the skylark, whose voice is a little more harsh and shrill, and its habits more bold and aspiring, possesses qualities equally pleasing. Larger and gayer in its dress, it naturally looks a little more to outward show. But its habits and the spirit of its song are always elevating, and are rich in poetry and prophecy. It is the "excelsior" of its race. It is a deeply interesting sight, to see it start from the earth, singing cheerily, as it flaps upwards, its notes becoming clearer as it gains the higher and purer air, mounting higher and higher still, until its form is lost in the blue sky and its ringing notes die faintly away, but sounding upward still. Does not this ascension of song, this upward flight of animal instinct, point to "a better country" above the bondage of sin and the fetters of sense, to a home

Far from these scenes of narrow night,
Where boundless glories rise!

Earthly ties clog our praises. The higher in grace and its attainments, the purer our praise and the more fearless our flight. It seems to me our birds excel these generally, in rich and gaudy plumage. But these are less exposed to danger than ours. To destroy or rob a bird's nest, or in any way injure singing birds, is, in many places, a serious offense, and severely punished. They are treated with all the respect and defer-

ence due to useful members of the community, and receive the protection to which their helpless innocence entitle them.

Trees, birds, music—these are efficient instructors, which elevate and refine. Who does not remember with fondness some familiar tree near his parental dwelling; some favorite bird as an acquaintance from childhood; some family tunes which have vitally identified themselves with his early education? The sight of a tree, the cooing of a dove, the sound of a sacred tune at church, have often in this remote country, called up a thousand pleasant associations of home and its memories. The Germans act wisely in giving all classes of society access to amusements which refine and instruct. They are extremely fond of out-door life. What Goethe said of the Strassburghers, may be said of the Germans generally: "They are passionately fond of walking, and they have a good right to be so." Old and young, rich and poor, wise and unwise, all walk; walk through the same walks, among the same trees to hear the same music; walk every day and walk long too. This practice has its bodily uses. As a nation, the Germans are remarkably healthy. You meet few hot-house plants among them, or sickly appearances, who seem to have been shut out from natural sun-light half their days. The climate may be entitled to some praise for this, but their habits do more, their life in the open air and diet. Their diet is far more simple than ours. They begin and end the day with a very light meal; they do not eat so much heavy, hot, half-baked undigestible food. Their cooks, like their authors, do not deal so much in omnibus dishes. They prefer to undertake less at a time and attend to it thoroughly. Hence dyspepsia and its train of suffering are unknown to them. The Germans pay great respect and veneration to the resting-place of the dead. Their burial-grounds are delightful places of resort, which are visited during all hours of the day. The hillocks are interspersed with shrubbery, the walks are lined with trees, and during the summer, flowers bloom on almost every grave. The "God's Acre" is a spot in which the whole community feels a deep interest, for each has some kindred dust reposing there. The tombstones are nearly all in the form of a cross, with a short inscription, a short passage from Holy Writ, or the beautiful phrase, "AUF WIEDERSCHEN,"—which cannot be rendered into English—often it has greeted me from the adobe of the dead and from the lips of the living, but always kindled new hopes in me for "the land of the blest." The crosses and monuments are hung with wreaths woven by the hand of affection. Bouquets are strewn on the green turf, while plants are busily blooming submissive cheerfulness over their dust. Each cemetery has a dead-house, where persons must be placed soon after their decease, until the day of burial. On a pleasant morning in August, I visited the Cemetery of Munich, in its dead-house were eight corpses, whose coffins were strewn with wreaths of evergreen and flowers. Every grave was a flower-vase, edged with turf, and at one end was a basin for holy water for the whole cemetery. A crowd of well-dressed and ill-dressed persons, rich and poor, were scattered along its aisles, fondling some flowret on the grave of a departed friend, sprinkling the hillocks with water, and putting holy water into the little basin. I will venture to call even the last act a virtue, the token of a tender and well-meant recollection. Each had a little can to carry water. Some brought,

chaplets with them to hang on the cross. A little girl was carefully winding garlands around and across a little grave. I asked her for whom she wove her "*kranz*." She replied, "*fur unsern Heinrich*." When she had carefully done her work, she walked around it with a slight quiver of emotion on her features and wondered whether he saw her, and then turned to me saying "*Nicht wahr, wir sehen ihn wieder?*" I pressed her little hand in mine, and told her of the "Spirit Home" in our Father's house, where all the good shall "meet again ne'er to sever," and how happy the meeting of His children there, and of their everlasting, unbroken fellowship, where there shall be no more

"Sinning nor sighing
Nor weeping nor dying."

This daily bestowment of affection upon the memory of the dead, tenders and soothes the hearts of the living. It makes the grave a spot of pleasure rather than grief, a thin veil which separates time from eternity. It enables them to treat the departed as those who are still members of their household, with whom they still can enjoy a communion as real as when they were visibly with them, if they are "members of the same body." They are to them like those who have gone on a journey, and they can feel pleasure in the prospect of following them. They have only crossed the boundary, which

Like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours.

The early Christians were in the habit of celebrating the days on which their friends died, as birth-day festivals. They would assemble around their graves on each returning anniversary, and sing hymns of praise to God, for having redeemed and triumphantly taken them to *Himmel*. So the Christian still can look into the grave; "Since Jesus has lain there, he dreads not its gloom." And there is a heavenly meaning in hanging a cornet of evergreen over the dust of the pious dead, or twining festive garlands around their turf.

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fall away;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay;
But joys that from Religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe
Smile forth with sweetest light.

Religion's rays no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sends its radiance calm and pure.
Though tempests round it roll;
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still.

JESUS CHRIST: A MEDITATION FOR ADVENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. P. SCHAFF BY REV. G. F. KNOTEL.

WHEN the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, the desire of all nations, in order to redeem the world from the curse of sin, and to establish an eternal kingdom of truth, of love, and of peace, for all that believed in His name.

Jesus Christ is the end and result of a two-fold process, which preceded his personal advent upon earth, and whose first beginning extends back to the creation; yea, has its roots in the counsel of redemption formed by eternal love before the existence of time and the world.

He is, in the first place, the culmination and end of all *revelation*, or God's communication of Himself to His rational creatures. The entire history of mankind before His birth, extending through four thousand years, is a preparation for his coming—the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

This preparation can be most distinctly traced in Judaism, which is a mysterious system of types, shadows, and promises of the coming Messiah. Here the process is from above, downward; here God descends to his chosen people, and reveals himself more and more clearly in word and deed. Here the divine contents of christianity are prepared for mankind. The Mosaic law reveals the holy will of God, and, by contrast, our sin and guilt; and therefore awakens the knowledge of sin, the sense of guilt, and the longing for redemption, far more clearly than this can be done by the voice of natural moral consciousness or conscience, and thereby proves itself to be a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. Comp. Rom. 3: 20; Galat. 3: 24. The daily sacrifice in the tabernacle and in the temple served the same purpose, and the same is true of the entire ceremonial-law, which constantly kept alive the feeling of the need of atonement, and, as the shadow directs to the body, continually directed attention towards the realities of the new covenant, and, above all, to the one all-sufficient atoning sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. As God demands absolute fulfilment of the law and purity of heart, accompanied by the promise of life and the threatening of death; and as He cannot possibly make man the subject of a cruel sport, but is the true faithful and merciful God, the moral ritual law of the Old Testament must already contain, as in a shell, the sweet kernel of the promise, that he will, at some future day, realize the perfect fulfilment of the law, and present the ideal of righteousness and holiness in a living form, and that he will point out to the poor sinner the way by which he may reach it. Without such an assurance the giving of the law upon Sinai would be a fearful irony on the part of God, and would lead man to despair. But we find the promise or prophecy inseparably combined with the law. Yea, it is even more ancient than the law which "entered." Rom. 5: 20. It begins to rise already, like a star of hope in a dark night, immediately after the Fall, in the well-known declaration concerning the

woman's seed, which should bruise the serpent's head; it afterwards beamed with still greater brightness in the age of the patriarchs, through whose descendants all the families of the earth should be blessed; it lived in Moses, who was a prophet as well as a lawgiver, and pointed the people to a greater prophet who should come after him. Deut. 18: 15. But from Samuel's time, about eleven centuries before the birth of Christ, prophecy, which had hitherto been irregular, assumed an organized form, and, as a continuous prophetic office and class, accompanied the Levitical priesthood and the Davidical kingdom up to the time of Babylonish captivity. It survived this catastrophe and superintended the reorganization of the restored people and the rebuilding of the temple, expounding and applying the law, rebuking abuses in church and state, predicting the terrible judgments of God, but also his merciful love; reproving and correcting, but also comforting and encouraging, culminating in an increasingly distinct reference to the coming Messiah, who would redeem Israel and the world from sin and misery, and establish a kingdom of peace and righteousness. Thus ante-christian Judaism on the one hand, as far as it is an economy of law, exhibits itself as a religion of *repentance*, and on the other hand, as far as it is a chain of promises, as a religion of *hope* and of the *future*, which, like John the Baptist, constantly points beyond itself to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Prophecy expired with Malachi; and Israel was now, as it were, left to itself, through a waiting period of four hundred years. But now, immediately before the advent of the Messiah, the whole Old Testament, Moses and Isaiah combined, appeared in a personal embodiment, and after shining for a brief time expired in incomparable humility, like the dawn in the brightness of the rising sun of the New Covenant. John the Baptist, that earnest preacher of the law, who, laying the axe unto the root of the rotting tree of his nation, called to repentance, because the kingdom of heaven was at hand: John the prophet, rich in consolation, who directed his disciples away from himself to the sin-destroying Lamb of God, and, as the friend of the bridegroom, conducted the Messianic bride to the Saviour, was indeed the greatest among them that are born of women, and yet, in regard to his official character, less than the least in the kingdom of heaven of the New Covenant, whose glory exceeds that of the Old Covenant represented by him—the preparatory state of types and shadows—as much as the bright sunlight surpasses the glimmering of the stars, and the light of the moon in a dark night. Such is the Jewish religion, as it flowed from the fountain of divine revelation; as it continued to live on in John and his parents, in the mother of Jesus and her relatives, in the disciples of John and the apostles, in the venerable Simeon, and Anna the prophetess, in Lazarus and his pious sisters, and such it was at its final confluence with christianity.

We cannot so distinctly trace the preparatory steps of christianity in the midst of heathenism. For this, in its essence, is a false religion, a "wild growth" upon the soil of fallen human nature (to employ a descriptive term of the new Schelling school,) a darkening of the original consciousness of God, a deification of the rational and irrational creature, and, intimately connected with it, a corruption of moral consciousness, which went so far astray as formally and religiously to sanction

natural and unnatural vices. Com. Rom. 1: 19, etc. Even the religion of Greece, which, as the artistic creation of the poetical imagination of Homer and the highly-gifted Greeks, has not improperly been termed the religion of beauty, to distinguish it from the Egyptian religion of enigmas, and the Roman religion of politics and expediency, is marred by this moral turpitude. Properly speaking, it totally lacked the proper idea of sin, and consequently of holiness and purity of heart. Sin appears, in Homer and the Greek classics—with the exception of a few deeper perceptions of a Socrates and Plato, who, by being exceptions, only establish the general rule—not as a perversion of will, and as a crime against the gods, but as a folly of the understanding, and a crime against men; and besides this it very often proceeds from the gods themselves; for “Infatuation” is a “daughter of Jupiter.” Diomedes threw stones at Mars, and wounded the finger of the delicate Venus with his spear without committing sin; whilst Clytemnestra, on account of her unfaithfulness to her husband, is a great sinner. According to the popular religion of Greece the gods are nothing but men. They have bodies and senses like mortals, only that they are of colossal proportions; so that Mars marches along like ten thousand men, Neptune covers seven acres, and Juno makes the forests tremble by her steps. They eat and drink as we do, although it be only nectar and ambrosia, and consequently their immortality and olympic majesty is dependant upon the gratification of their stomach. They are confined to the limits of time and space as we are. Although at times honored by the ascription of omnipotence and omniscience, they are nevertheless subject to the blind power of an iron fate, which even rules over father Jove; and they are also deluded, and rail at each other on account of their ignorance. Ulysses conceals himself beneath seal skins, and is thus able to surprise the omniscient Proteus. Their heavenly bliss is disturbed by all the wretchedness of an earthly existence. Jove threatens blows and death against his fellow gods, and makes Olympus tremble, when he shakes his locks; the finger of Venus bleeds when wounded by a spear; Mars is cast down by a stone; Neptune and Apollo are obliged to work for wages, and are cheated; and jealousy and dissension reign in the marriages of the gods. They are indeed called holy and righteous, but in the very same Homer and Hesiod they appear full of envy and contention, hatred and sensuality, and mutually excite each other to lies and cruelty, perjury and adultery!

How deeply must christianity have declined in Germany, when its greatest poet could hold up regenerated Hellenism as the highest ideal of beautiful humanity, and when the next greatest, and at the same time noblest and most thoroughly national of its poets could express a longing after the “gods of Greece,” and, instead of a feeling of joyful gratitude, could sing with a feeling of sad lamentation:

“To enrich *One* among all these
This world of Gods had to pass away.”

This perversion is great and disgraceful enough, even if we give all due weight to the fact, that this same Schiller, in another place, and in a better mood, praised the “Religion of the Cross” as the highest union of “Humility and power;” and at least knew, to some extent, how to

appreciate its influence upon the world in all its ages, when he says in a manner as beautiful as it is true:

The Gods sank down from their heavenly throne,
Down fell the pillars so shining,
And born at last was the Virgin's Son,
To heal every human repining.
The senses vain pleasures were banished apart,
And man reached thinking into his own heart.

But notwithstanding this essential apostacy from the truth and the holiness of the primæval revelation, heathenism was still religion, a dark presentiment and longing, a kind of uncertain groping about after the "Unknown God," to whom the Athenians had built an altar. *Acts* 17: 27, 28. Under the shell of superstition it concealed the necessity of faith; behind polytheism it had a presentiment of a monotheistical background, in that it subordinated the gods to Jupiter, and Jupiter himself to mysterious Fate. It was based upon the feeling of dependance upon higher powers; of reverence for divine things. It preserved the remembrance of a golden age, and of the fall. It had the voice of conscience, and of the thoughts accusing or else excusing one another; —*Rom.* 2: 15—and a consciousness of the guilt of sin, however indistinct it may have been. It felt the need of reconciliation to the deity, and sought to effect this, although unsuccessfully, by prayers, penitential exercises and countless bloody and bloodless offerings. In many pious traditions and customs, it referred back, like a soft echo, to primeval religion, and at the same time, in its meaningless mythological dreams, concerning the union of the gods with men, of heroes and demi-gods, of the redemption by Hercules of Prometheus, chained to the rock, and tried by sore afflictions—points, like an unconscious prophecy and carnal anticipation, to the truths of Christianity. For God has never left himself "without witness" among the heathen. The Logos shone into the darkness before his incarnation, lighting every man that cometh into the world; and he also scattered abroad the seeds of beauty, truth and virtue, even in Hellas and Rome. Thus we are able to explain the many elements of truth which we find in the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Epicetetus, etc., and also the susceptibility of the heathen for the preaching of the Gospel. Therefore heathenism also, especially the classic, or Greco-Roman, was a preparative for Christianity; but, of course, one more negative and indirect. Here the process was not from above, from a special revelation; but from below, from the necessities of man. Here the divine contents of true religion was not prepared for mankind, but mankind for the reception of true religion. Heathenism was the prodigal son, which did not remain in the paternal mansion, like its elder brother Judaism, but carelessly forsook it, spent its patrimony, and sank to the most abject servitude, to the eating of husks; but yet, with a sense of shame and misery, penitently arose, and fell into the arms of the Father of mercy who went forth to meet it.

The character of Heathenism, as preparatory to, and tending towards Christianity, is exhibited in the Greek language, which was to preserve the golden apple of the Gospel, like a basket of silver; and in the entire compass of Greek literature, which, by investigating the fundamental principles of all science, especially of philosophy, and by an artistic

representation of the ideal of beauty, in a manner became a theoretical school-master unto the Gospel, and presented to the latter those forms into which its divine mass of truth should be poured. This classical literature and culture became the inheritance of the church, and in her became the natural basis of a holy science and christian civilization. We furthermore, also trace the hand of Providence in the political movements and appearances of the heathen world, previous to the birth of Christ. Alexander the Great, the enthusiastic admirer of Homer, the imitator of Achilles, the deeply-thoughtful pupil of the philosophical world-conqueror, Aristotle, was not, it is true, able to execute his bold idea to rule the world from Babylon, and to convert that world into a Greece; for he died while still a young man, and his empire was divided immediately after his death; but his ambition to conquer was made subservient to higher purposes, viz.: the diffusion of the Greek language and culture to the borders of India; the union of the Orient and Occident; and by these very means, the rapid expansion of the Gospel, and the establishment of a universal empire of truth and love. That which he was able to accomplish but imperfectly, the Romans realized upon a grander scale. They cast down the frowning walls of separation of ancient nations and religions, although but in an outward manner; and combined all the civilized portions of the then known world into one well-ordered empire, which extended from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules, from the Lybian desert to the banks of the German Rhine; and every where paved the way for the apostles of Christ to proclaim a universal religion. Thus also the political laws and institutions, and the great wisdom of government possessed by Rome, greatly assisted the Christian church in the development of its outward organization and discipline, and rendered excellent practical service, as classical literature had rendered theoretical service. It cannot be denied that the ancient Greek church rests altogether upon the Greek language and nationality; and that the Latin church has its national basis and historical precedent in the Roman nationality, and, in a higher degree, reproduced its virtues, but also its vices.

In addition to this, Christ is likewise the end of the *human longing* after redemption, that breathes throughout ancient history, as it does to this day in every human heart. For man has been created for Christ, and "his heart is restless until it rests in him." Within his heart of hearts he bears a recollection of a lost age of innocence, and a desire after an inalienable paradise of salvation. He feels himself a stranger in the midst of the joys and pleasures of nature, and feels a home-sickness after God, the living God. It is known that Tertullian speaks of the *testimonia animae naturaliter Christianae*, i. e., of the testimonies of the human soul which is predestinated for Christianity, and longs after it, consciously or unconsciously. They sparkle like stars in midnight darkness, in the firmament of heathenism; like moonlight and the dawn in Judaism; and point to the sun-like radiance of the gospel. In Christ, and in Christ alone, all these conflicts, presentiments, wishes, and need of the human heart after light and life, are pacified and gratified. *Le-nau*, who alas! fell in the midst of madness and animal obtuseness, has gloriously expressed this thought, in the Christmas sermon of Savonarola:

The heart of mankind ever yearning
For God; that longing, restless, deep,
Which oft o'erflowed in tears all burning
And as a prayer climbed heaven's steep.

That longing, which from heaven did listen
For the Redeemer stepping near—
Which from prophetic hearts oft sounded
Into this earth—forsaken, dear :

That longing—which so long went straying
To find the God—which it believed.
As tear, and hymn, complaint, or praying—
Was changed to Mary—and conceived.

Christ is therefore the end of the whole history of the world before himself, as well as of every individual human heart. And why? Because he, and he alone, is the God-man and Saviour of the world. According to his divine nature, as the Logos, the eternal reason and eternal Word; he is of the same essence as God, and the medium of the creation and preservation of the world, as well as of all preparatory revelation; according to his human nature, as Jesus of Nazareth, he is a product of history, the ripest blossom and fruit of the religious development of mankind; and has an earthly genealogy, which the Jewish-Christian, St. Matthew, traces back to Abraham, and the gentile-Christian evangelist Luke, to Adam, the progenitor of all men. In him the fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily; and in him, at the same time, the ideal of human virtue and piety is realized. He himself is eternal truth and life, in personal union with our own nature; our Lord and our God, and yet at the same time, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. In him the great problem of all religion, reconciliation and communion of man with God, has not merely been attempted, but solved; and we must not expect a higher revelation of God, nor a greater moral, religious perfection of man, than that which is already given and guaranteed in his person.

But as Christ thus represents the final result of the history of the development of ante-Christian humanity, extending through four thousand years; so also, on the other hand, he is the starting point of an endless future, the cause of a new creation, the second Adam, the progenitor of a regenerated humanity, the head of the church, which is his body, the fullness of Him, in whom all fullness dwells. He is the pure and inexhaustible fountain of those streams of light and life, which have since then uninterruptedly flowed through nations and ages, and which will continue to flow, until the whole earth shall be filled with his glory, and all tongues shall confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The universal diffusion and unconditional supremacy of the spirit and the life of Christ, will, also at the same time, be the consummation of the human race, the end of temporal history, and the beginning of a glorious eternity.

Jesus Christ was born during the reign of the Emperor Augustus, of the Virgin Mary, the bride of the Holy Ghost, who belonged to the fallen royal house of David, in Bethlehem of Judea, at least four years prior to the beginning of our Dionysian mode of reckoning; for Herod the Great did not die so late as 754, but as early as 750 after the foun-

dation of Rome. Angels of heaven announced the glad tidings with hymns of praise, and the Jewish shepherds from the fields, and heathen wise men from the East, full of believing adoration, first greeted the new-born King in the manger. Quietly and unobservedly he grew up in Nazareth, the despised little city of Galilee, under the eyes of his poor but godly parents, without enjoying any other means of cultivation than the secret communion of the soul with God, and the religion of the Old Covenant. He began his public ministry in the thirtieth year of his life, and from the midst of uneducated Galilean fishermen selected twelve apostles for Israel, and seventy evangelists for the Gentiles. Three years he went about Palestine doing good, uttering words of spirit and life, and performing miracles of merciful love. He had no earthly possessions, not even a place of his own where he might lay his head; a few pious women from time to time filled his purse, which was carried by a thief and traitor; he never sought the society or the favor of the great, but was hated and persecuted by them; he never flattered the prejudices of the aged, but rebuked vice and sin in all classes of society. He was neither a learned man nor an artist, nor an orator in the usual sense of the word; and yet he was wiser than all philosophers, spoke with greater authority than any orator, and made an impression upon his age, and upon all after ages, so deep and ineffaceable, such as has never been, nor ever can be, made by any man. He overcame the power of sin and death upon their own territory, and thus redeemed and sanctified human nature. In his private life and public conduct he exhibited the purest and deepest love of God and man, an unclouded harmony of all the powers of the soul, and of all virtues, an unexampled combination of dignity and humility, of self-control and self-sacrifice, of greatness and simplicity, in short, the ideal of moral perfection without the least admixture of sin and error. Finally he completed his active spirit by suffering obedience, in unrivalled patience and resignation to the holy will of God, and before he had reached the prime of life—the Saviour of the world a young man!—he died, condemned by the Jewish authorities, forsaken by the people, denied by Peter, betrayed by Judas, but surrounded by his sorrowing mother, and his faithful disciples—male and female—by the shameful death upon the cross: he the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, a voluntary self-sacrifice of eternal love for the redemption of the world. On the third day he rose from the dead, a victor over the grave and hell, a prince of life and of the resurrection; he appeared to his disciples; he took possession of the heavenly throne, and, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he formed the church, which he has protected, nourished, strengthened, and comforted since that time, and with which he has promised to be always, until he shall come again in his glory, to judge the quick and the dead.

This is a feeble outline of the life of the God-man upon earth, to which a human pen is as little able to do full justice as, to use the language of Lavater, one is able to paint the sun with a lead pencil and the dawn with a piece of charcoal. The entire history of the church, with its innumerable blossoms of the divine life, is but an incomplete commentary upon that delineation, which the evangelists have given us, in childlike simplicity, and yet also with unfathomable depth. No cata-

logue of virtues, however perfect it might be, would be able to give us a correct conception of the intense peculiarity of the character of Christ, of the beautiful symmetry of all the moral powers, and of the wonderful harmony of a soul which was never darkened by a single cloud of passion and selfishness, and which never, even for a moment, permitted itself to be separated from the most intimate communion with the Father in heaven, and an unconditional surrender to the eternal welfare of mankind. Here we truly find the fountain of life; here is the highest union of piety and virtue, of the purest love to God, and the purest love to man that ever appeared upon the earth; here is the holy of holies of mankind, in whose presence even infidelity entertains some reverence and awe. For even a Rousseau was compelled to exclaim: "Socrates lived and died like a philosopher, but Christ lived and died like a God."

HUMBUG AGAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have neither time nor space to expose one-half of the humbugs that come to our notice. Nor is this necessary. It is sufficient if we give our readers a specimen now and then. One of a class will always answer to set a whole host naked and in the light. If our young readers will closely examine these examples, they will soon be able to catch humbugs as easily as the Editor. It is only necessary to study their habits, notice carefully their colorings, and watch their movements, to know them afterwards at first sight.

It must be confessed, however, that we have a little the advantage of our readers; for humbugs find it necessary to swarm around Editors. Indeed, they can only live when the periodicals bless them, and help them to warm into life. Thus they cozy up to the editors, as naturally as a torpid snake crawls to the fire. Or, to use another illustration, they come to the Editor's chair like a moth to the candle—sometimes to be singed! The other day there was one came buzzing up to us, in the shape of a letter, swollen with credentials—the document itself, a letter of commendation, and two cards, that by the mouth of these two witnesses every word might be established. Let us open the precious budget, and we shall see him as he is. Here is the letter:

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: Please insert the enclosed advertisement in your paper for three months. Send me the full amount of the bill immediately, and at the termination of the first month I will forward you one-half the amount of the bill, and at the termination of the second month I will forward the remainder. Please insert the first three words in quite large type. I trust you will charge me a moderate price. Allow me to say that Mr. Monroe has got something which is new, and is needed in every family in the United States, and it is everything that he advertises. I am good for the advertisement.

I remain, yours truly,
A. L. BALDWIN.

Now for the Advertisement. The reader will please notice that the advertiser is not Mr. Baldwin, but another man. It must be true charity

that induces him to inform us "Mr. Monroe has got something which is new." In another document however he says: "Direct your communications to A. L. Baldwin." After all he must have some finger in the pie. It seems that Mr. Monroe "*has got something*" and Mr. Baldwin *wishes* to get something. So the reader, if he is green enough, will be sure to direct his two dollars to Mr. Baldwin! But here is the advertisement which the Editor of the Guardian is to "insert for three months." Hear, ye poor who are out of employment, how it jingles! Why the very first blast, is like music in one's pocket. Hear! Hear!

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! WHY BE WITHOUT MONEY? when it is just as easy for any one to be around with a pocket full as not, if they only think so. I have got a new article, from which from five to twenty dollars a day can be made, either by male or female. It is highly respectable business, and an article which is wanted in every family in the United States. Enclose me two dollars by mail at my risk, and I will forward by return mail a Circular with full instructions in the art. The business is very easy.—Try it, if you are out of employment, and you will never regret it; for it will be better for you to pay the above sum, and insure a good business, than to pay twenty-five cents for a spurious advertisement. This is no humbug. TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

DWIGHT MONROE, New York.

I sent one of my Circulars to an Editor in Georgia, and he gave me a notice in his paper like the following: "Mr. Monroe sent me one of his Circulars, and I will just say to my readers that whoever of you are out of employment that Mr. Monroe's business is a good business and money can be made out of it by any one who engages in it, for it is no humbug."

His grammar is a little bad. It is as easy for "any one" to be "around" with a pocket full of money as not, if only "*they think so.*" This "they" must mean Messrs. Baldwin & Monroe. "I have got an article" is decidedly unrhethorical. "It"—that is this *article* that he "*has got*"—"is" a "*highly respectable business.*" "Enclose me two dollars by mail"—he evidently means in the mail. Otherwise the direction is clear enough. The closing sentence is decidedly emphatic: "*Try it! Try it! Try it!*" But the direction says, "Address your letters to Dwight Monroe, New York." This is a puzzle; for does not the other document say: "Direct to A. L. Baldwin?" Now I have it. The letter is for the Editors alone, *sub rosa*—We ought not to have published it. The advertisement is for you, gentle reader. The whole means: Mr. Editor send your bill for advertising to "A. L. Baldwin," and *if there is such a man in existence* you will get your money. Mr. Reader, send your \$2 to me, for I "*have got something*" for you.

We forgot to inform the reader that the precious budget also contained two cards; on one of which Mr Baldwin is said to be "Proprietor of the Literary Journal," and on the other "Agent of the Mausoleum Daguerreotype Company." He says of this part of the business: "I inclose cards that you may know that I am good for the amount." Now, a Philadelphia lawyer may perhaps be able to tell how these cards prove that he is "good for the amount;" but it is too great a problem for us. Besides, if the grammar and rhetoric of the advertisement are from Mr. Baldwin, then we would love to see a copy of "*The Literary Journal.*"

Wonder what is the name of that Editor in Georgia, or, the name of his paper. Poor lone voice from the sunny land! Why do not other Editors join in, to tell the world "that Mr. Monroe has got something." Especially now, as winter is setting in and employment scarce. "Why

be without money? when it is just as easy for any one to be around with a pocket full as not, if he only *thinks* so." O, reader, why do you go about moneyless, sometimes even pondering in your heart whether you can afford to take your old friend The Guardian another year. Why do you not "just think so," send on \$2, and have your pockets full? The editor in Georgia, says "Mr. Monroe's business is a good business." We have no doubt of it, as there are no doubt many persons foolish enough to send him two dollars. It is perfectly easy for him to "be around with a pocket full," if there are only enough \$2 victims to "think so."

He hopes Editors "will charge him a moderate price." As he is generous enough to leave the charge to us, we are generous enough to charge him nothing for this insertion, and our comments also shall be gratis. Any man that can fill the pockets of our readers with money, "just as well as not," ought to be aided. It is our interest to do so. For when the Circular is recived, and pockets are full, our list of subscribers will certainly increase.

The intelligent reader may suppose it almost impossible that any one could be humbugged by such schemes; be assured there are many who are drawn into the trick in the vain hope of making "from five to twenty dollars a-day." At this period of the year, when work is scarce in many places, how strong the temptation to one who lives retired in the country, and is himself too honest and innocent to believe that any one could be deprived enough to publish such a falsehood. Besides, is not the advertisement in "our newspaper?" The Editor is a "nice man," and he would not publish it if there was not something in it. We must again ask, how can an honorable editor, for the paltry price of an advertisement—which he may never get—aid these schemes of shameless imposition?

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FEMALE CHARACTER.

DAUGHTERS should thoroughly acquaint themselves with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of a woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. They should learn neatness, economy, industry, and sobriety. These will constitute their ornaments. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and dining-room, and ornaments in the sitting-room and parlor. Everything, domestic or social, depends on female character. As daughters and sisters, they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the character of their husbands, and their condition also. It has been not unmeaningly said, that the husband may ask the wife whether he may be respected. He certainly must inquire at the altar whether he may be prosperous and happy. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constructed them the early guardians and instructor of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this end.

Life—Light—Love.

VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1855. No. 1.

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,



DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor.

LANCASTER, Pa.:
JOHN H. PEARSON, PUBLISHER,
No. 9½ West King-st.

"God is Love."

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

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RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

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VOL. VII.

Henry Shafer 1 00

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

In the Monthly Retrospect of the January number of The Guardian, there were some allusions to political questions which we can readily imagine must have been unpleasant to some of our readers. The Editor desires to say, that the Monthly Retrospect was not prepared by himself, and inadvertently found its way into the magazine without his review. The Guardian will adhere to its original pledge, to be free from all political bias and religious sectism. In regard to all political jangling, the sentiments of The Guardian are those which Nehemiah expressed in reference to Sanballat: "I am doing a good work, so that I cannot come down."

Books for Mourners.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

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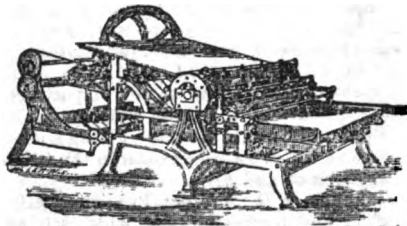
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THE GUARDIAN.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE Guardian is sacredly devoted to the highest interests of the Young, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and solemn period of human life. It includes the transition time in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life.

We know of no periodical suited to the serious wants of this age. The light reading which so easily falls into the hands of the young, by means of many of our city publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, morbidness and disappointment in its fearful wake. The Guardian will discourage light reading. It will be the aim of the Editor to make it true, pure, fresh, healthy and animated, as the morning of life in which the young have their being. It will seek to encourage self-culture among the young, and lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational or party bias, The Guardian advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

The Guardian enters on its SIXTH VOLUME with the January number. It contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year. NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. The Guardian has worked its way silently upward ever since its commencement, and it is still gaining in favor and, we believe, also in merit.

The Publisher therefore respectfully makes the following requests:

1. Pastors, who receive this Prospectus, are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor, gratis.

2. We respectfully ask Young Men to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

3. The largest lists we have yet received were from Young Ladies. We respectfully ask them to continue their favors. It is a mode of doing good which admirably suits their sphere.

4. Some School Teachers have done kindly and well for The Guardian. May we not hope for their co-operation in a work which so well falls in with their own?

5. Postmasters are requested to act as our agents, to whom we will allow the usual per-centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

The sixth volume will appear with various improvements. Among these may be mentioned THREE STEEL EMBELLISHMENTS. Also, an increase of interesting reading matter, by opening a new department, which will occupy four pages, set in small type. This will contain notices of New Books, and a Monthly Record of Current Events—giving a condensed view of the noticeable occurrences of the preceding month in the Old World and the New, in Literature, News, Science and Art.

The Guardian in the hands of the present Publisher will be printed on good white paper, and clear and handsome type, which will add much to its appearance.

TERMS—ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—IN ADVANCE. Any one who sends us five subscribers, with \$5 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Twelve copies will be sent for \$10; twenty-five copies for \$20.

ADDRESS THE PUBLISHER,

JOHN H. PEARSON, Lancaster, Pa.

JANUARY, 1855.

Life—Light—Love.

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THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,



DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor.

LANCASTER, Pa.:
JOHN H. PEARSON, PUBLISHER,
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"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

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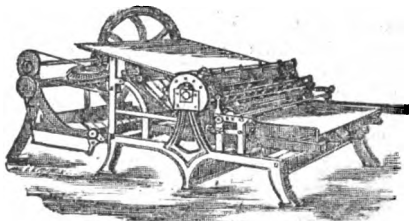
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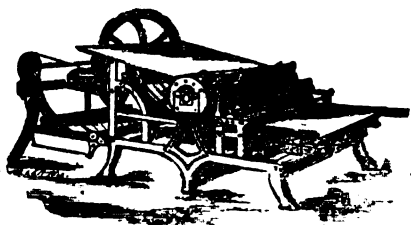
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